

ORATIONS
Edinnois OF *Y. d. 2*
DIVERS SORTS,

Accommodated to
DIVERS PLACES.

WRITTEN
By the Thrice Noble, Illustrious, and Excellent
PRINCESS,
THE
Duchess of Newcastle.

The Second Edition.



L O N D O N.
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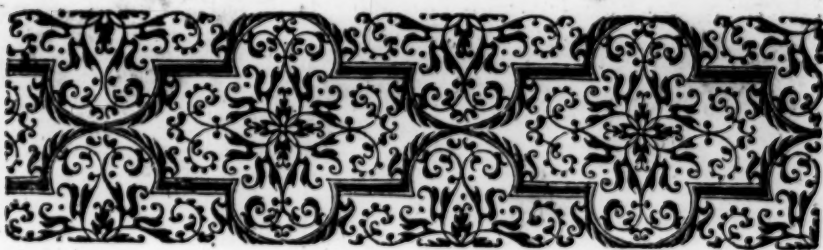


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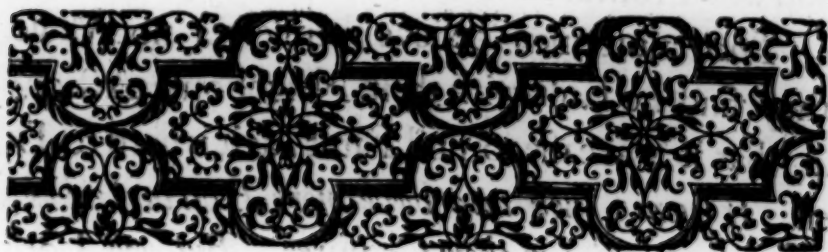
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TO HER
G R A C E
THE
Duchess of Newcastle,
On Her Book of *ORATIONS*.

VVEre all the *Grecian Orators* alive,
And Swarms of *Latines*, that did daily strive
With their Perfum'd and Oily Tongues, to draw
The Deceiv'd People to their Will and Law;
Each Word so soft and gentle, every Peece,
As it were spun still from the Golden-Fleece;
How short would all this be, did you but look
On this Admired Lady's Witty Book!
All *Europe's* Universities, no doubt,
Will study *English* now, the rest put out.

W. Newcastle.



TO HIS
G R A C E
T H E
Duke of Newcastle.

My LORD,



Have mentioned in my other Books, That I think it not fit I should Dedicate unto your Grace, the Single Parts of my Works, before I Dedicate all the Parts in the Whole: yet, I cannot chuse but declare to the World, how happy I and my Works are in your Approvement; which makes the Pastime of my Writing, very delightful. Besides, it makes me confident and resolute, to put them to the Press, and so to the Publick View, in despite of these Critical Times, and Censorious Age, which is apt to find fault with every Action, let it be never so Innocent or Harmless; and will sling Spiteful Aspersions on any Work, although

Good and Profitable. *But I have heard your Grace say, That most men believe themselves not Wise, if they find no fault with their Neighbours Actions: and, that it is as easie to find Fault, as it is hard to Do well. It seems, such men have more Evil in their Natures, than Justice in their Censures. But your Lordship, who is full of Truth and Generosity, Reason and Knowledg; will give your Opinion clearly and uprightly; and my Works having your Approbation, I regard not the Dislike of other men: for, I have dedicated my Self, and all my Actions, to your Grace, as becomes*

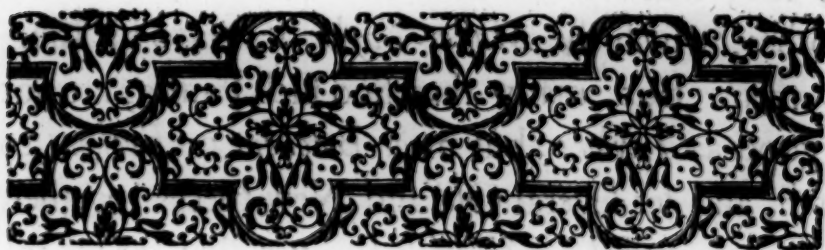
Your Grace's

Honest Wife, and

Humble Servant,

M. Newcastle.

TO



TO THE
READERS
OF MY
WORKS.



Know not how to please All that
are pleased to read my *Works*: for,
do what I can, Some will find fault.
And the worst is, that those *Faults*
or *Imperfections* I accuse my self of,
in my *Prefactory Epistles*, they fling back with a dou-
ble strength, against my poor harmless *Works*; which
shews their *Malice*, and my *Truth*. My *PLAYS*,
they say, are not made up so exactly as they should
be, having no *Plots*, *Designs*, *Catastrophes*, and such
like, I know not what: which I expressed in the *E-*
pistles prefixed before them; acknowledging, that I
had neither *Skill* nor *Art*, to form them as they should
be:

To the Readers.

be: for, that Work is like the Work of making Clothes, which the *Master-Taylor* leaves to his Journey-men. But, many that find such Faults, are not so good as *Taylors*; but meer *Botchers*, or *Brokers*, to Patch, and set several Old and New Pieces together, to make up a *Play*. Which I never did: for I thank my *Fates*, that all I have presented to the World, is not only *New*, but *my own*. But this Age is so Censorious, that even the best Poets are found fault with; wherefore, it is an Honour to my Writings, which are so much inferior to theirs. Neither can their *Dislikes* deterr me from writing; for I write to please myself, rather than to please such *Crabbed Readers*. Yet, all my *Readers* have not been so *Cross*, nor *Cruel*: for there are many, to whom my Endeavours are acceptable: and to be *approved* and *known* by VVorthy and Judicious Men, and Noble Persons, is the more Honour to my VVorks. But, many men have more Ill natures to find Faults with their Neighbours, than Vertue to mend Faults in themselves. Also, they are apt to censure other men's VVit, and yet have none of their own. The truth is, they are a sort of Persons that, in *Playes*, prefer *Plots* before *Wit*, and *Scenes* before *Humours*: In *Poems*, *Rhyme* before *Similizing*, and *Numbers* before *Distinguishing*: In *Theologie*, *Faction* before *Faith*, and *Sophistry* before *Truth*: In *Philosophy*, *Old Authors* before *New Truths*; and *Opinions* before *Reason*: And in *Orations*, they prefer

To the Readers.

fer *Artificial Connexions*, before *Natural Eloquence*; all which, makes them *Foolish, Censorious, and Unjust Judges*. Wherefore, I desire these my *Orations* may not be read by such Humour'd men, but by the Just and VVise; which will be a Satisfaction to me.

'Tis probable, had I been a Learned Scholar, I might have written my *Orations* more short than I have done: but yet some of them are so short, that had they been shorter, they would not have been of force to perswade; whereas the intention of an *Orator*, or use of *Orations*, is to perswade the *Auditors* to be of the *Orator's* Opinion or Belief; and it is not probable, that Forcible Arguments or Perswasions, can be contain'd in Two or Three Lines. Also, had I been a Learned Scholar, I might have written them more close, and not so loose; but I affect Freedom and Ease, even in my VVritings. Besides, I have observ'd, that whatsoever is bound or knit, is difficult to disclose; and for VVritings, whatsoever is very compendious, requires some study to conceive, and understand the sense and design of the Author's Meaning. But I hope, that Defect or want of Learning, will not blemish my VVork, nor obstruct the sense of my *Orations*, nor puzzle the Understanding of the *Reader*. Only one thing more I desire my *Noble Readers* to observe, which is, That most of my *Orations* are *General Orations*, viz. such as may be spoken in any Kingdom or Government: for I suppose, that in all, at least, in most Kingdoms and Governments, there are

To the Readers.

Soldiers, Magistrates, Privy-Councillors, Lawyers, Preachers, and University-Scholars.

WE have, it's true, gotten a Foolish Custom, both in our Writing and Speaking, to endeavour more to match or marry *Words* together, than to match and marry *Sense* and *Reason* together; which is strange, we should prefer *Shadows* before *Substances*; or the *Spig* or *Tap*, before the *Liquor*: for, *Words* are but to convey the *Sense* of an *Oration* to the Ears, and so into the Understanding of the Hearers, as *Spouts* do *Wine* into *Bottels*: And who, that is wise, will regard what the *Vessel* is, so it be wholesom and clean? For, Should not we believe those to be Fools, that had rather have *foul Water* out of a Golden Vessel, than *pure Wine* out of Earthen or Wooden Pots? The like may be said for *Words* and *Sense*: for, Who, that is wise, would chuse *fine Words*, before *profitable Reasons*? Wherefore, *Noble Readers*, let me advise you to leave this Custom in *Writing* and *Speaking*; and rather be *silently wise*, than *foolish in Rhetorick*.

I have endeavoured in this Book, to express *perfect Orators*, that speak *perfect Orations*, to cause their Auditors to act or believe, according to the *Orator's* Opinion, Judgment, Design, or Desire. But, before I did put this my Book forth, know, *Noble Readers*, I did enquire to find whether any Person had composed and put out a whole Book of *Pure and Perfect Orations*: but, I could neither hear of, nor see any such Works
of

of any Person that compos'd and set forth to the Publick View, a Book of Pure *Orations*, compos'd out of one *Orator's* own Fancy, Wit, and Eloquence. 'Tis true, I have heard of Single *Orations*, made by Single Persons: also, I have seen *Orations* mixt with *History*, wherein the Substance of the *History*, is the Ground of their *Orations*: also, I have seen Two Translations, call'd *Orations*: but, they are rather *Orations* in Name, than in Reality: for, their Nature is *History*; the One contains Relations of several Countreys; and in the Other, are Relations from several Princes, of their Actions, or Fortunes, or Both, express'd in an Oratory Style: yet, those are not Perfect or Right *Orations*; but adulterated, or rather *Herma-phrodites*. But, perchance, my *Readers* will say, I understand not, True *Orations*: If I do not, I am sorry for't, and ask their Pardon for speaking what I understand not. But I desire, *Noble Readers*; you will not think or believe, I speak to Illustrate my Own Works; and to detract from the Works of Others: for, upon my Conscience, I speak and write as I believe; and if I commit an Error in this Belief, I ask your Pardon; and if you excuse me, I shall take it for a Favour and Obligation.

I have written *Orations* and *Speeches* of all sorts; and in all Places, fit for *Orations*, *Speeches*, or particular *Discourses*. And first, imagining my Self and You, to be in a Metropolitan City, I invite you into the

To the Readers.

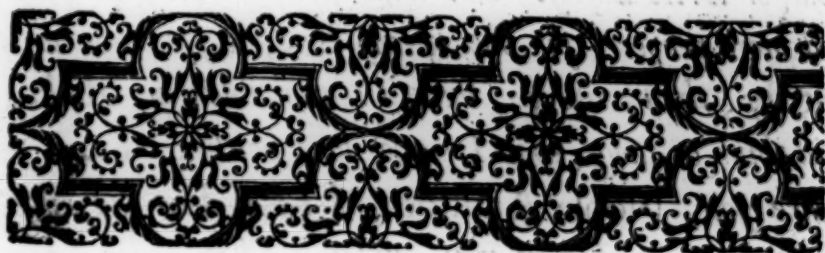
Chief Market-Place, as the most Populous Place, where, usually, *Oration*s are spoken; at least, they were so in Older times; and there you shall hear *Oration*s concerning Peace and Warr: but, the generality of the People being more apt to make Warr, than to keep Peace, I desire you to Arm your selves, supposing you to be of the *Masculine* Sex, and of Valiant Heroical Natures; to enter into the Field of Warr. And, since Warrs bring Ruine and Destruction to One or Some Parties, if not to All; and Loss causes men to desire Peace; out of Warr, I bring you into great Disorders, caused by the Ruines Warrs have made; which I am sorry for, yet it must be so; the *Fates* have decreed it: and Misery causing men to be Prudent and Industrious, they come to flourish again; at least, their Successors: and, to shew you their Industry, I bring you out of the Field of Warr, into a New-built City: where you must stay the building of it; for it will soon be built, having many Labourers: and after it is built, there being a large Market-Place, you may stand or sit with ease, and hear the *Oration*s that are there spoken. And, by reason there are some Causes or Cases to be Pleaded, I shall endeavour to perswade you, after some time of Refreshment at your own Homes, to go into the Courts or Halls of Judicature. After these Causes are Judged, or at least, Pleaded, I shall desire you to adorn your selves fit for the Court, then to wait upon the King's Majesty;
and

and if you be Privy-Councillors, or have any Business or Petitions at the Council-Table, by the Kings permission, you may enter into the Council-Chamber. But Great Monarchs, having many Subjects, whereof some are more *Active* than *Wise*; and more apt to *Complain*, than to *Obe*y; you may hear the *Petitions* of the Subjects, and the *Speeches* or *Oration*s of the *Sovereign*; and, after a good Agreement, *Unity*, and *Love*, you may rest yourselves in Peace, until such time that your Charity calls you forth to visit the Sick. And, when Death hath releas'd those Sick Persons of their Pains, Humanity will perswade you to wait on their Dead Corps to the Grave. And, after some Tears show'd on their Graves, and having dryed your Eyes, and heard some Sermons of Reproof and Instructions, you will be invited, as Bridal-guests, to see some Men and VVomen united in Holy Matrimony. After the VVedding-Ceremonies are ended, you may, as formerly you have done, go into the Market-Place again, and hear what *Oration*s there are spoken; wherein, one short *Oration* concerning the Liberty of VVomen, hath so anger'd that Sex, that after the Men's *Oration*s are ended, they privately Assemble together; where Three or Four, take the place of an *Orator*, and speak to the rest: the only difficulty will be, to get undiscover'd amongst them, to hear their Private Conventicles. But, if you regard not what VVomen say, you may ride to a Countrey Market-

To the Readers.

Town, and hear the Discourses and Pastimes of a Company of Gentlemen associate together. And, if you like not their Pastime, then you may walk into the Fields of Peace, to receive the Sweet and Healthful Air, or to view the Curious and Various Works of Nature: and, for variety of Pastime, you may stand or sit under a Spreading-Tree, and hear the Country-Clowns, or Peasants, speak concerning their own Affairs, and course of Life. In which Shady Place, Sweet Air, and Happiness of Peace, I leave you, unless you will Travel to see the Government, or rather, Disorders, in other States or Kingdoms. To which Observation, I will wait upon you; and when all is in Peace, before we return Home, we will, if you please, enter some of their Colledges, and hear some School-Arguments: after which Return, I shall kiss your Hands, and take my leave.

M. Newcastle.



A

Prefatory Oration.

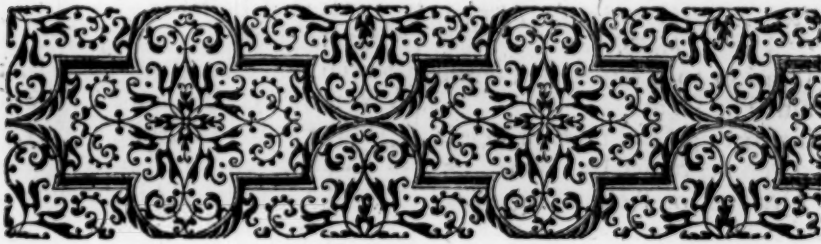
Worthy Countrey-men,



YOU know, that there is difference between Orations of Fancy, and Orations of Business: as also, between Orations of Publick Employments, and Private Divertisements. The one sort requires Rational Perswasions. The other, only Eloquent Expressions. And as there are different Subjects of Orations; so, there are different Places for Orations: and, the Subjects of my Orations being of the most Serious and most Concerning-Actions and Accidents amongst Mankind; and the Places most Common, and Publick; it hath caused me to write my Orations, rather to benefit my Auditors, than to delight them. But, by reason I have not been bred (being a Woman) to Publick Affairs, Associations, or Negotiations, it is not to be expected I should
Speak

Speak or write wisely. The truth is, it were more easie, and more proper, for one of my Sex, to speak or write wittily, than wisely: but, 'tis probable, my Auditors will think or judg, that I have done neither. Yet I can assure you, Noble Auditors, I have done my endeavour; and my Desire was, and is, That every several Oration may be acceptable to your Minds, profitable to your Lives, and delightful to your Hearing.

THE



A Table of all the *Orations* and *Speeches* contained
in this BOOK.

Part I.

*Orations to Citizens in a Chief City,
concerning Peace and Warr.*

A N Oration for Warr,	1
An Oration for Peace,	4
An Oration against Warr,	7
An Oration, perswading to the breach of Peace with their Neigh- bour-Nation,	8
An Oration against the breaking of Peace with their Neighbour- Nation,	10
An Oration to prevent Civil-Warr,	12
An Oration to send out Colonies,	14
An Oration concerning Shipping,	15
An Oration for Contribution,	18
An Oration to perswade a City not to yeeld to their Enemies,	19
An Oration for those that are slain in the Warrs, and brought home to be buried.	22

Part II.

Orations in the Field of Warr.

An Oration from a Besieged City, ready to yeeld, or else to be ta- ken, made to the Enemy,	25
A Common-Soldier's Oration, to take the City by Force,	27

An Oration to those Soldiers that are against an Agreement with the Citizens,	28
An Oration to Soldiers after the loss of a Battel,	31
An Oration to Soldiers in Necessity,	32
An Encouraging Oration to Fearful Soldiers,	34
An Oration to Soldiers that fled from their Enemies,	35
An Oration to Run-away Soldiers, who repent their Faults,	36
A Mutinous Oration to Common- Soldiers, by a Common-Soldier,	37
An Oration to stay the Soldiers from a Mutinous Return from the Warrs,	39
A General's Oration to his Mutinous Soldiers,	41
A Speech of a Commander, refus- ing the Offer of Mutinous Sol- diers, who deposed their General, and would chuse him in his Place,	44

A General's Oration to his Evil-de- signing Soldiers,	46
An Oration to Soldiers who have kill'd their General,	48
An Oration to Soldiers which repent the Death of their General,	49
An Oration to Distressed Soldiers,	50

*

Part

The TABLE.

Part III.

Orations to Citizens in the Market-Place.

- An Oration to a dejected People, ruined by Warr, 53
 A Comforting-Oration to a dejected People, ruined by Warr, 55
 An Oration for Rebuilding a City, ruined by Warr, 57
 An Oration for Building a Church, 59
 An Oration, perswading the Citizens to erect a Statue in Honour of a Dead Magistrate, 62
 An Accusing-Oration, for refusing the Office of a Magistrate, and so neglecting the Service of the Commonwealth, 64
 An Excusing-Oration, in answer to the former, 65
 An Oration against some Historians, or Writers of State-Affairs, or Policy, 67
 An Oration, concurring with the former, 69
 An Oration somewhat different from the former, 70
 An Oration against those that lay an Aspersion upon the Retirement of Noble-men, 71
 An Oration for Liberty of Conscience, 74
 An Oration against Liberty of Conscience, 75
 An Oration, proposing a Mean betwixt the two former Opinions, 76
 An Oration, reproving Vices, 77
 An Oration concerning the Forrein Travels of Young Gentlemen, 79
 An Oration concerning Playes, and Players, 80

Part IV.

Several Causes, Pleaded in several Courts of Judicature.

- Pleading at the Barr before Judges, for and against a Woman that hath kill'd her Husband, 83
 A Cause of Adultery, pleaded at the Barr before the Judges, 86
 A Cause pleaded at the Barr before Judges, concerning Theft, 90

- A Cause pleaded before Judges, betwixt two Bastards, 94
 A Cause pleaded before Judges, between an Husband and his Wife, 96
 A Widows Cause, pleaded before Judges in the Court of Equity, 99
 A Cause pleaded before Judges, betwixt a Master and his Servant, 102
 Two Lawyers plead before Judges, a Cause betwixt a Father and his Son, 104

Part V.

Speeches to the King in Council.

- A Privy-Councillor's Speech to his Sovereign, 107
 A Petition and Plea at the Council-Table, before the King and his Council, concerning two Brothers condemned by the Law to dye, 108
 A Speech of one of the Privy-Councillors, in answer to the former Plea and Petition; together with the Petitioner's Reply, and the King's Answer, 110, 111, 113.
 A Privy-Councillor's Speech at the Council-Board, 113
 A Privy-Councillor's Speech to his Sovereign, concerning Trade, 115
 An Oration to his Majesty for preventing imminent Danger, 117
 A Privy Councillor's Speech to the King at the Council-Board, 118
 A Privy-Councillor's Speech to his Majesty at the Council-Board, 121
 A Privy-Councillor's Speech to his Majesty at the Council-Board, 123

Part VI.

Orations in Courts of Majesty, from Subjects to their King, and from the King to his Subjects.

- Complaints of the Subjects to their Sovereign, 127
 The Subjects Complaint to their Sovereign, of the Abuses of the Magistrates, 129
 A Speech of a King to a Rebellious Rout, 131
 A Speech of a King to Rebellious Subjects, 132

The TABLE.

A Speech of a King to Discontented Subjects,	133	A Funeral-Oration for a Judge,	164
A Speech of a King to his Rebellious Subjects,	135	A Funeral-Oration for a Serjeant, at Law,	165
A Recantation of the Poor Petitioning Subjects,	136	A Funeral-Oration for a Magistrate,	167
A Speech of Repenting Subjects, to their Sovereign,	137	A Funeral-Oration for a Student,	168
A Speech of a King to his good Subjects.	138	A Funeral-Oration for a Divine,	170
Part VII.		A Funeral-Oration for a Poet, <i>ibid.</i>	
<i>Speeches of Dying-Persons.</i>		A Funeral-Oration for a Philosopher,	172
A Speech of a Dying-King, to his Noble Subjects,	139	A Funeral-Oration of a Dead Lady, spoken by a Lady,	174
A Speech of a Dying-Daughter, to her Father,	143	A Funeral-Oration for a Stranger,	175
A Speech of a Dying-Soldier, to his Friends,	144	A Funeral-Oration for a Post-Rider,	177
A Speech of a Loving-Dying-Mistress, to her beloved Servant,	145	A Funeral-Oration for a young Virgin,	178
The Speech of a Forrein Dying-Traveller,	146	A Funeral-Oration for a New Married-Wife,	180
A Speech of a Dying-Lover, to his beloved Mistress,	148	A Funeral-Oration for a Widow,	182
A Speech of a dying Son, to his Father,	149	Another Funeral-Oration for a Widow,	184
A Speech of a young dying Virgin,	150	A Funeral-Oration for a young Child,	186
A Speech of a dying-Husband, to his Wife,	151	A Funeral-Oration for an Old Lady,	187
A Speech of a dying Common Courtizan,	<i>ibid.</i>	A Funeral-Oration for an Ancient Man,	189
A Speech of a young dying Lady,	153	A Funeral-Oration for an Old Beggar-woman,	191
The Speech of a Father on his Death-bed, to his Son.	154	A Funeral-Oration for a Young Bride,	192
Part VIII.		A Funeral-Oration for a Woman dead in Child-bed,	194
<i>Funeral-Orations.</i>		A Funeral-Oration for a Soldier,	196
An Oration to the People concerning the Death of their Sovereign,	157	An Oration concerning the Joys of Heaven, and Torments of Hell,	198
A Funeral-Oration for a young Noble-man,	159	An Oration to a Congregation,	204
A Funeral-Oration for a General,	161	An Oration to a sinful Congregation,	206
		An Oration, which is an Exhortation to a Pious Life,	208
		* 2	Part

The TABLE.

Part IX. *Marriage-Orations.*

- A Marriage-Oration to a Congregation met for a young Bride and Bridegroom's sake, 211
 A Marriage-Oration to a Congregation, met in the behalf of an Old Bride, and a Young Bridegroom, 213
 A Marriage-Oration to a Congregation, met in the behalf of a Young Bride, and an Aged Bridegroom, 214
 A Marriage-Oration for two Poor Servants. 215

Part X. *Orations to Citizens in the Market-Place.*

- An Oration against Excess and Vanity, 217
 An Oration, contradicting the former, 220
 An Oration against Usurers and Money-Hoarders, 223
 An Oration concerning the Education of Children, 226
 An Oration concerning the Plague, 227
 An Oration against Idle Expences, 230
 An Oration, that Men ought to please themselves, 232
 An Oration against Vice-Actors, 233
 An Oration against a Foolish Custom, 234
 An Oration against the Liberty of Women, 235
 An Oration for the Liberty of Women. 237

Part XI. *Containeth Seven Female Orations, from Page 239, to 246.*

Part XII. *Nine Orations in Countrey Market-Towns, where Countrey Gentlemen meet, from Page 247, to 254.*

Part XIII. *Orations in the Field of Peace.*

- A Peasant's Oration to his Fellow-Clowns, 255
 A Peasant's, or Clown's Oration, spoken in the Field of Peace, concerning Husbandry, 257
 A Peasant's Oration to his Fellow-Peasants, 261
 A Peasant's Oration, to prove the Happiness of a Rural Life. 262

Part XIV. *Orations in a Disordered and Unsettled State or Government.*

- An Oration against Taxes, 267
 An Oration, contrary to the former, 269
 An Oration against Collectors, 272
 An Oration for Taxes, 275
 An Oration, to hinder a Rebellion, 276
 An Oration against Civil-Warr, 279
 An Oration against a Tumultuous Sedition, 282
 An Oration to Mutinous, yet Fearful Citizens, 284
 An Oration, concerning Trade and Shipping, 287
 An Oration for the Disbanding of Soldiers, 290
 A Soldier's Oration, for the Continuance of their Army, 291
 Another against the former, 293
 A Soldier's Oration, concerning the Form of Government, 294
 Another Soldier's Oration, contrary to the former, 296
 Another Oration, different from the Two former, 297
 An

The TABLE.

An Oration, which is a Refusal of an Absolute Power, 299	A Waking-Oration, of the former Sleepy-Discourse, 317
An Oration concerning Disorders, Rebellion, and Change of Go- vernment, 301	Of Parts and Wholes, 321
An Oration to a Discontented Peo- ple, 305	Another of the same Subject, 322
An Oration in Complaint of the former, 306	Of the Soul, 323
An Oration or Speech of a King, to his Subjects, 307	A Speech concerning Studies, 324
An Oration of a General, to his Chief Commanders, 308	Another of the same Subject, <i>ibid.</i>
Part XV.	Another concerning the same Sub- ject, 326
<i>Scholastical Orations.</i>	Another concerning the same Sub- ject, 327
A Sleepy Speech to Students, 311	Another of the same Subject. 328

ORA-



ORATIONS
TO
CITIZENS

In a Chief CITY, concerning
PEACE and WARR.

PART I.

An Oration for WARR.

BE not offended, *Noble Citizens*, if I labour to perswade my Countrey to make Heroick Warrs, since it is neither Safe, Profitable, nor Honourable for it to live in Sluggish Peace: for, in Peace you become ignorant of the Arts of Warr; living sluggishly, you lose the Courage of Men, and become Effeminate;

nate; and having neither Skill nor Courage, you cannot expect Safety: for, should you chance to have Enemies, you would not have Abilities to help yourselves; having neither Experience by Practice; nor Courage, by Use and Custom: for, Custom and Use, work much upon the Natures of Men. And as for Arms, they lye, in times of Peace, like Garments out of fashion, never worn, but despised and laught at, as ridiculous things; and Men of Action, as well as Arms, are jeer'd and mock'd. Thus Martial Men, and Arms, in time of Peace, are scorned; although, in time of Warrs, they only are the Kingdom's Safety, to guard it from Forrein and Intestine Enemies. Indeed, Peace spoils both Youth and Age; it makes the one, Covetous; the other, Wanton: for, Aged Men study only to get Wealth; the Young Men, how to spend it. Besides, it makes the Poor Men, Rich Men's Affes; and Rich Men, Poor Men's Burdens. Also, Peace makes Old Men, Fools; and Young Men, Cowards: for, in long times of Peace, grave Councillors-Meetings, are meer Gossipings; rather Idlely to Talk, than Wisely to Advise: They *propound* many things; but, *resolve* not any: *debate*, but *conclude* not: and, sometimes, *find faults*; but never help to *mend them*. The *truth is*, for the most part, they rather make *Errors*, than help to rectifie *Defects*: and in Warrs, they had rather *suffer Calamity*, than *stirr for Necessity*: neither will they

they believe they are in danger, until their Enemies be at their Gates. And as for Youth, Peace quenches out their Heroick Spirits, and Noble Ambitions: for, their only Ambition, is their Mistresses Favours; and they will go to no other Warrs, but of *Venus*, where *Cupid* is General, and where they only make Love-Skirmishes, and are shot through their Hearts, with glances from their Mistresses Eyes. Thus Peace makes Men like Beasts: for, in Peace, they feed like Swine, sport like Apes, live like Goats, and may be brought to the Shambles, like silly Sheep: nay, it makes men not only *live*, but *dye* like Beasts; having neither Spirits, Skill, nor Conduct, to defend themselves, or fight an Enemy. And how should it be otherwise, when the Young Men being only armed with *Vanity*, march with *Pride*, intrench with *Luxury*, fight with *Bacchus*, and are overcome by *Venus*? Thus we may observe, That Peace takes away the Courage of Young Vigorous Men, rots their Bodies with Excess, and corrupts their Blood with Idleness; by which their Spirits are quenched, their Strength's weakned, their Minds softned, and their Natures become effeminate; which makes their Lives meer Idleness; and when they dye, they are buried in Oblivion: for, *Fame* lives in Heroick Actions. And surely, it is better for Noble-men to have *Fame*, than *Wealth*; and for young Gallants, to have *Honour*, than *gay Clothes*; and it is more honour to

have *Scarrs*, than *Black-Patches*; to *fight* with an *Enemy*, than to *dance* with a *Lady*; to *march* to a *Battel*, than to *tread a Measure*. And for the meaner sort, it is better for them to wear *honourable Arms*, than to bear *slavish Burdens*; and how happy is that Man, that can raise himself from a *low Birth*, to a *glorious Renown*? Thus, from the *Noblest*, to the *Meanest*, *Warr* is the way to advance them to Honour, if the *Common-Soldiers* fight with *Courage*, and the *Nobles* Command and Direct with *Skill*; for which, their *Posterity* will glory in their *Valours*, *Poets* will sing their *Praises*, *Historians* write their *Acts*, and *Fame* keep their *Records*, that after-Ages may know what *Heroick Men* they were. And as for *Kingdoms*, those are safest, that are protected by *Mars*.

An Oration for P E A C E.

Noble Citizens,

THE Oration that was last spoken unto you, hath stirr'd your *Spirits*, and incumbred your *Thoughts* with *Warrs*; and your desire for *Warr* is such, that you will not only seek for *Enemies*, but make *Enemies* to fight with; that is, you will fight with those that have done you no *Injury*: which is neither *Just*, nor *Heroick*; nor can there be a more unworthy *Act*, than to assault *Peaceable Neighbours*.

It

It cannot be call'd an *Honourable Warr*, but a *Base Outrage*: as *Pyrats* are at Sea, so you will be *Robbers* at Land, taking that from others, which you have no right to. But, say you have some slight *Injuries* done you; if you were wise, you had better wink at small *Faults*, than make *Warrs*, which will exhaust your *Treasures*, waste your *Strength*, depopulate your *Nation*, and leave your *Lands* unmanured. Besides, *Warrs* corrupt all good *Manners*, nay, even good *Natures*; making the one *Rude*, and the other *Cruel*. And, though long *Warrs* may make men *Martial*, *Skilful*, and may heighten their *Courage*; yet, neither *Skill*, nor *Courage*, can always bear away *Victory*, especially from a *Powerful Enemy*, unless *Fortune* be on their side. The truth is, *Fortune* is the chief *Actor* and *Decider*, in *Warrs*; and who, that are wise, will trust their *Goods*, *Lives*, and *Liberties*, to *Fortune's* disposal, if they may chuse? Wherefore, they are either *Fools*, or *Mad*, that will make *Warr*, when they may live in *Peace*. And give me leave to tell you, That it is not the way to keep our *Countrey* safe, to make *Warrs* abroad: but, let us make our *Countrey* strong with *Forts* on the *Frontiers*; and *Ships* on the *Seas*, that beat on our *Shores*; and practise our *Men* with *Training*, not *Fighting*: for, it is easier to keep out an *Enemy*, than to conquer an *Enemy's Kingdom*; having, at home, all *Provisions* needful, and near at hand; when in a *For-*

rein Countrey we shall be to seek. But say, good Fortune may enrich us, though ill Fortune may absolutely ruine us. I answer, Warr enriches few, for it makes spoil of all. The truth is, Warr is a great Devourer; for it consumes almost all that is consumable, wheresoever it comes; and is like a Glutton, that eats much, and yet is very lean: for, most commonly, the Common-Soldiers are very poor, and the Commanders only rich in Fame, if they have good Fortune; otherwise, if they have ill Fortune, they are usually scorn'd, at least, but pitied, and never praised. Wherefore, it is neither Courage nor Conduct, that gets Fame in the Warrs, but it is *Fortune* that gives it; and she, many times, gives glorious Fame to Cowards and Fools; and blemishes, at least obscures, the Worth and Merit of *VV*ise and Valiant men. *VV*herefore, let me perswade you not to follow unjust and inconstant *Fortune*, to the *VV*arrs; but, to live at home in Peace, with *Minerva* and *Pallas*: the one will Defend you, the other will Employ you; and both will make you happy in your present Life, and will give you Fame and Renown, according to your Desert, that your Memory may live in After-ages.

*An Oration against WARR.**Dear Countrey-men,*

I Perceive all this Nation, or the most part, have their Minds hot, and their Spirits inflam'd through an over-earnest desire to be in Warr; which expresses, You have surfeited with the delicious Fruits of Peace, which hath made your Reason, Judgment, and Understanding, sick and faint; so that it desires a change, from Rest, to Trouble; from Plenty, to Scarcity; from Palaces, to Tents; from Safety, to Danger; from gay Apparel, to bloody Wounds; from Freedom, to Slavery: all which, Warr will bring upon you. The truth is, Warr is more likely to kill you, than cure your Surfeit: for, Warr is a dangerous Physick; and the more dangerous, by reason your Enemies must be your Physicians. But, let me advise you, to cure your selves with Temperance and Prudence, by which you will flourish with Wealth, and grow strong with Wisdom: for, Wealth and Wisdom, is the Health and Strength of a Commonwealth, which will preserve it from destruction. For, what is the strength of a Kingdom, but Riches, and wise Government? And, what exhausts the one, and confounds the other, more than Warr? which, for the most part, is in Fortune's Power, to order as she pleases; and Fortune, in Warrs, hath power to puzzle the Wise, and

and impoverish the Rich. VVherefore, *Noble Countrey-men*, do not make your selves *Beggars* and *Fools*, in VVarring-actions; and ruine not your Countrey, through the ambition of *Prebeminence* or *Applause*; or through the ill nature of *Revenge*: but, be wise and rich with Peace, by which you will become impregnable against your *Enemies*, and happy amongst your selves: for certainly, VVarr is better to *bear of*, than to *feel*: for, though in VVarrs you may *covet much*; yet, in the end, *enjoy but little*; you may have *high Designs*, but you are not sure to have *prosperous Success*; and, instead of being *Conquerors*, may be *Conquered*; instead of being *Masters*, may become *Slaves*. But, to conclude, It were more happy to lye peaceable in the Grave with our Fore-fathers, than to live in the turmoils of VVarr with our *Enemies*.

An Oration perswading to the breach of Peace with their Neighbour-Nation.

Dear Countrey-men,

OUR Neighbours, the *U.C.* have done us many Injuries, contrary to the Articles of Agreement made with our Nation, by which they have broken the Peace: but yet we, out of Laziness or Fearful natures, suffer them to make Riots, and never

ver stir against them; and we are so far from being *Abusers*, that we suffer our selves to be *abused*. 'Tis true, the *first* shews us to be *Honest Men*; but the *last* proves us to be *Fools*, if not *Cowards*; which if our Enemies know, (for now they are but proving, and making a trial of us) they will overcome us, without Resistance, and inflave us in our own Territories: so that, we labour for our Enemies, and shall have no Profit our selves. Thus, whilst we sit still, we shall have a Yoak cast on us, we shall be bound in Fetters, and they enjoy their own, and our Liberties: which, rather than suffer, or yeeld to, it were a thousand times better to dye. Wherefore, bethink your selves, and consider the Danger: be not so surpris'd, as if you were not able to help your selves; and if you be *Wise* and *Valiant*, as I hope you are; be *Watchful* and *Active*: let not your Enemies tread you into the Earth, like dull Worms; or drive you into Bondage, like silly Sheep into a Pinfold; but rather, be as the *subtil Serpents*, and *dreadful Lyons*, in taking your advantages, and making them your Prey. Suffer them not to be your *Vulturs*; but, be their *Eagles*: let them not feed on our Ruins; but, be you their *Emperors*, to Command them: Make them march under your Banners, and suffer them not to lead you as Slaves.

*An Oration against the breaking of Peace with their
Neighbour-Nation.*

Dear Countrymen,

I Perceive you desire, or rather are already resolved, to be no longer in Peace, but to make Warr on the U. G. for some sleight Injuries, which, perchance, could not be avoided: for, there is no Friendship between Man and Man, or the dearest natural Affections betwixt Brethren, or Parents and Children, or Husbands and Wives; but will give some occasions, either by Words, or Actions, or both, to take exceptions, and to be angry with each other: and should they, for some small Offences, or indiscreet Actions, break off all Bonds of Friendship, or Natural Affection; or, should they endeavour to destroy each others Lives, it would be *Inhuman, Unnatural, Uncharitable, Unjust, and Irreligious*: and, if near and dear Friends cannot live without *Exceptions* and *Faults*; much less can Two several Nations, under Two several Governments. And give me leave to tell you, That if it be not *wicked*, yet it will be very *unwise*, to hazard your *Lives, Liberties, Possessions, and Habitations*, in Warr, only to be revenged for some few *Abuses*, or *Faults*, that should rather be winked at, than taken notice of. But, should you be *Victorious*, (though it is probable you may be *Overcome*) you will

will be, in the end of the VVarr, but like *Chymists*, who, to make some Grains of Gold, spend many Thousands, or at least Hundreds, of Pounds; and ruine their Estates and Posterity, through Covetousness: so will you, through Anger, and desire of Revenge, lose many thousand Lives, and impoverish the State. But, Experience will tell you, That *Anger* and *Rashness*, for the most part, cause *Repentance*; whereas *Patience* and *Discretion*, many times, bring men out of great Evils: and, though VVarrs begin *flantingly* and *boastingly*; yet, commonly, they end *miserably* and *dejectedly*, at least, on *one side*, if not on both; and the Soldiers are more certain to have *Wounds*, or *Death*, than *Victory* and *Spoils*. And again, though *Covetousness* and *Revenge*, be their *Hire*; yet, *Loss* and *Slavery* is, many times, their *Reward*: they advance with *Hopes*, but draw back with *Doubts*, and are oppress'd with *Fears*. But you imagine, You shall be Victorious, otherwise you would not make VVarr: for, *Imagination* can easily and suddenly conquer all the VVorld: yet, you will not find it so in *action*, as in *thought*. It is one thing to fight a Battel in the *Brain*, and another thing to fight a Battel in the *Field*: and if I might advise you, you should fight only with *Thoughts*, and not with *Arms*; with *supposed*, not with *real Enemies*. But to conclude, This VVarlike Preparation, or Resolution, is not only inconsiderable and foolish, but mad: for, you leave

and forsake your *delicious Pleasures*, *sweet Delights*, *happy Contents*, *dear Friends*, and *safe Habitations*, which you enjoy in Peace; to put your selves into *many Inconveniences*, *much Troubles*, *great Hazards*, *dangerous Adventures*, and *uncertain Successes* in Warrs.

An Oration to prevent Civil-Warr.

Noble Citizens, and dear Countrey-men,

GIVE me leave to tell you, I do foresee a Civil-Warr, if not timely prevented: The chief Signs of its approach, are, *Vanity*, *Pride*, and *Luxury*, amongst our young Nobles; *Envy*, *Ambition*, and *Faction*, amongst our States-men; *Corruption* and *Extortion* amongst our Magistrates and Officers; and *Poverty* amongst our Commons; as also, in our Publick Treasury: all which, will bring our City and Kingdom to ruine, if the Disorders and Grievances be not timely rectified. Wherefore, *Noble Citizens*, and *Dear Countrey-men*, prevent your own ruine, by reforming your own State, both of publick and private Misdemeanors: but, the chief *Rectifiers* must be the *States-men*, *Magistrates*, and *Officers*: for, wise Statesmen, and good Magistrates, will not only endeavour to abolish *Vanity* and *Luxury*, by their *frugal Examples*; but, by their *wise* and *severe Laws*: for, without

out strict and severe Laws, wise Government cannot be: also, wise Statesmen, and honest Magistrates, will endeavour to fill the Publick Treasury, by Just and Regular Means, and not their private Purses, by *Extortion* and *Corruption*: for, the one *relieves* the Poor, the other *starves* them; and not only relieves the Poor, but is a means to supply the *Publick Wants*, to guard the *Publick State*, and to keep the *Publick Peace*: all which, makes Wise and Honest States-men and Magistrates, to be *provident* to Enrich, and *sparing* in Spending the *Publick Treasure*; that the Publick State may have Means and Wealth for Necessary Occasions. Besides, Wise States-men and Magistrates, will employ the Common People, to keep them from *Want* and *Idleness*, which will also keep them in *Order* and *Peace*. But the greatest *Good*, and greatest *Scarcity* in a Commonwealth, is Wise States-men, and Just Magistrates, free from private Interest, and Ambition of particular Power, not making their *Self-designs*, the *General Ruine*; and such Men (if any such there be) ought to be chosen out from the rest of the People, to Govern and Rule, so that *Prudence*, *Fortitude*, *Justice*, and *Temperance*; as also, *Charity*, *Love*, and *Unity*, may be the Bond and Security of the Publick Weal; which I pray the gods to give you, and bless you with *Peace*, *Plenty*, and *Tranquillity*.

An Oration to send out Colonies.

Noble Citizens, and dear Countrymen,

GIve me leave to tell you, That both the Young and Aged Men, in this Nation, spend their times idly; the one *sleep* away their time; the other *play* it away. But it may be said, That *Rest* is proper for Aged Men, and *Pleasure* for Young Men. I answer: *Rest* to the Bodies of Aged Men, doth well; and *Action* for Young Men: but, Aged Men might employ their *Brains* in Counsels; and Young Men, their *Arms* in Warrs: for Aged *Brains* are *wisest*; and Young Men's *Bodies*, *strongest*; and both may be employed in the Service of this Nation. But, this Nation is like a Man that encreases his *Issue*, and doth not encrease his *Estate*: for, this Nation grows *Populous*; but the Men not *Industrious* to enlarge it. The truth is, we have more *Men*, than *Means* to maintain them, or *Business* to employ them; which makes them *idle*, having nothing to husband, or manage; and *Idleness* will, in time, make them *evil*: Wherefore, if some of the *wise Aged Men*, send not some of the *Young strong Men*, to make Warrs abroad, to employ or enrich them, or to destroy them; they will make Warrs at home, and destroy themselves and others, for want of *VVealth* and *Employment*: for, this Nation is like a Body overgrown, or rather full of Hu-

Humors, which requires Evacuation. Wherefore, send some by Sea, others to march by Land, to seek new Habitations, and to conquer Nations; and Men of Fortune will be more willing to go, than you to send them, if you help them with Necessaries to begin the Warr; and they, having nothing to *lose*, and nothing to *live on*, will fight without *fear*, and therefore, probably, destroy their Enemies without *favour*, that they may come to be *Absolute Conquerors*.

An Oration concerning Shipping.

Noble Citizens, and dear Countrey-men,

YOU know, that this Countrey is an Island; and therefore it is well to put you in mind of the Proverb, which sayes, *Take care of your Ships, and look well to your Tacklings*, otherwise you can have no Safety: for, the Strength of an Island, is Ships, which are the Guard to defend it; not Empty, Unrigged Ships in your *Havens*; but, good strong Ships, well Mann'd, on the *Sea's*: for, to have Ships only in your Havens, will be no security: besides, it spoils both Ships and Mariners, for want of Use and Practice. Thus the *close Havens* destroy more Ships and Mariners, than the *open Sea's*: for, that which makes good Mariners, is *Navigation*; and the more Storms they have

have been in, the more Experience they have gained. It is true, 'tis a *laborious* and *dangerous* Profession; but yet it is expedient, both for Security and Profit, to those that inhabit an Island: for, Islands commonly have more *Men*, than *Land*; and therefore require Provisions from abroad, besides many things for Pleasure and Delight. But, though Islands be not so *spacious* as Continents; yet they are, for the most part, *richer*: for, Shipping for Burdens, is *profitable*; although Ships of Warr be *chargeable*. And perchance you will say, That the *Charge* of the one sort, eats out the *Profit* of the other, unless you can make them serve both for *Traffick*, and for *Warr*; which, in my opinion, cannot well be done: for, Ships for Warr, will be too heavy and unwieldy for *Burden*, and too big for *Speed*; as also, too slow for *Flight*: for, Merchants do seldom *fight*, if they can possibly *flye*; not only that their *Wealth* makes them fearful; but their Rich Fraights would be spoiled, although they should not be taken from them. But howsoever, *Safety* is to be preferr'd before *Wealth*: wherefore, *Ships of Warr* are to be considered before *Ships of Burdens*. And let there be good Mariners and Ship-Masters for both; and do not only *repair* Ships, but *build* Ships yearly, that you may be so strong, as to be Masters of the Seas. Pay also well your poor laborious Mariners, and careful and skilful Ship-Masters, who keep you in Safety, and bring you Riches, and Forrein Rarities

ties and Curiosities, for Pleasure and Delight; although they be but Poor themselves, and have less, or as little *Pleasure*, as *Riches*; being, for the most part, accompanied with *Dangers* and *Fears*, as much as with *Want* and *Necessity*. The truth is, they oftentimes endure great Extremities: for, in a *Storm* they *fight for Life*; and in a *Calm* they *starve for Want*: for, they fight not like those that fight at Land, Men with Men; but, they fight with the blustering Winds, and raging Waves; where, although they get the Victory, yet they are sure to be Losers; their Ships being wounded, and their Tacklings tatter'd and torn and every thing out of order: besides, their Spirits are spent, and their Limbs sore, and their whole Bodies wearied and tir'd with Labour, having nothing to refresh them, but joy that they were not drown'd. Wherefore, *Mariners* deserve more Pay and Thanks, than *Land-Soldiers*, who fight with Men equal to them, not with the Elements above and beneath them, Wind and Water, which are strong, fierce, and devouring. Besides, when *Land-Soldiers* get a Victory, they are enriched with the Spoil, refreshing themselves with Luxurious Pleasures, Sporting and Feasting: whereas poor *Mariners* and *Sea-men*, are forc'd to Fast, rather than to Feast; having never much *Plenty*, but, after a Storm, more *Scarcity*; their Provision being spoiled by their Enemies, the Elements. But, to conclude, the *Sea-men* want Pay,

and their *Ships*, *repairing*; for which you must disburse a sufficient sum of Money to *mend* the one, and to *relieve* the other, who deserve not only *Pay*, but *Reward* to encourage them.

An Oration for Contribution.

Noble Citizens, and dear Countrey-men,

IT seems you are *Covetous*, but not *Prudent*, that you are so loath to *raise*, and so slow to *pay* Contribution-Money, towards the Maintenance of the Army, which is to fight, not only for your *Lives* and *Liberties*, but to protect your *Goods*; and that every man may, without disturbance, enjoy his own: but, you are so covetous, that rather than you would part with *some*, you will endanger the *whole*. And as you are *covetous*, so you are *fearful*: for, you will neither maintain poor Soldiers that are willing to fight for you, nor yet go to the Warrs to fight for yourselves. You *fear* your Enemies, and yet will take no care to *overcome* them. And, give me leave to tell you, That your *Covetousness* and *Fear*, doth make you *Treacherous*: for, if you will neither help with your *Purse*, nor your *Person*, you betray your Countrey to the Enemy's Power, as also, your old Parents, tender Wives, and young Children, that cannot help themselves, all which you betray to Slavery,

very, leaving them for a prey to the Enemy; and not only your *fertile Countrey*, and *shiftless Friends*, and *near Allies*; but, your *own Lives*: for it seems, by your *Covetousness* and *Cowardliness*, that you had rather have your *Throats* cut, than part with your *Money*, or fight in your own *Defence*; which is a strange *Madness*, To be *afraid to dye*, and yet to take no care to provide for your *Safety*, nor have *Courage* to fight for your *Lives*. The best that can be said or thought of you, is, That you *rely upon base hopes*, that the Enemy may *spare your Lives*, to *enslave your Persons*. But, I can only say this, That either you must fight *your selves*, or *maintain others*; or else *others* will take what *you* have, to maintain *themselves*, to defend their *Countrey*.

*An Oration to persuade a CITY, not to yeeld
to their Enemies.*

Worthy Citizens,

I Do not doubt your *Courage* in *Resisting* and *Fighting* your *Enemies*; nor your *Patience* in *Sufferance*; nor your *Care* in *Watching*; nor your *Industry* in *Labouring*; nor your *Prudence* in *Ordering*: and all for the defence of your *City*, which is besieged by your *Enemies*; whom you endeavour to keep out by all possible means, sparing neither your *Limbs*, nor

your *Lives*. Nor do I fear the Power of your Enemies: for, whilst your *Courages*, *Strengths*, *Patience*, and *Industries*, are united together, it is more probable you will *raise the Siege*, than the Enemies *take your City*: for, though your *Victuals* be scarce, and your *Ammunition* wasted; yet, your *Temperance* doth supply the *scarcity* of the one; and your *Courage*, the *want* of the other. The only thing that I fear will make you yeeld upon any Conditions, is, The Love to your Wives, Daughters, Mothers, Kinswomen, and Female Friends. Whose Safety, as long as your *Lives* last, you will defend: but, if you yeeld to your Enemies, by yeelding to the Women's Effeminate Fears; if your Enemies do not say or think you *base Cowards*, they will say or think you *facil Fools*: for, give me leave to tell you, That, though Men of Honour and Valour, will fight for the safety and protection of Women, not only for those that are near allied to them; but, for those that are neither of their Countrey, nor Kin: yet, no Man, that would keep the Reputation of *Valour*, will quit his Honour for a Woman's sake; no, although it be to save his Daughter, Wife, or Mother, from their Enemies: for, a gallant Man dreads more the name of a *Coward*, than any thing in the *World*: and it is no dishonor to a Man to have his Wife taken and abused by his Enemy, when he could not honourably help her: for, *Force* is no Dishonor, but a *base free*
Act

*A*ct is: for, a Man cannot be forced to be a *Coward*, nor a Chaste Woman, to be a *Whore*: they may both have Misfortunes, Injuries, and hateful Abuses done to them; but not Wicked, Base, or Ignoble Minds. Wherefore, let me perswade you, for your own Honour's sake; not to yeeld, through the Women's desires: let not their *Tears* move you, nor their *Entreaties* perswade you: for if you yeeld, though upon the assurance of your *Lives* and *Liberties*, where will you wander to seek an Habitation? And if you could not keep your own City, and Wealth, it is not likely you will get the like from other men: Alas! your Neighbours will shut their Gates and Doors against you; for *Poverty* and *Misfortune*, hath not many Friends; and few are so Hospitable, as to entertain either: and you will not only find *Charity* cold; but, those that have *envied* you in your *Prosperity*, will despise you in your *Adversity*; and what *Masculine Spirits* can bear such Misery, as *Neglect*, *Want*, and *Scorn*, and the Infamy of *yeelding-Courages*? Wherefore, it is better to dye in the defence of your own City, and be renowned for your *Valour* and *Constancy*, in After-ages, wherein your *Lives*, *Acts*, and *Deaths*, will be mentioned to your Honour and Renown.

An Oration for those that are slain in the Warrs, and brought home to be Buried.

Worthy Citizens,

YOU lament over the Corps of your Friends, slain in the Warrs; sheading your *Tears*, and breathing your *Sighs* on their Herfes: 'Tis true, they are *natural Showers*, and *Zephyrus's Airs*, of *loving Affections*, and *passionate Hearts*: yet, give me leave to tell you, You have more cause to *rejoyce*, than *grieve*; first, That their *Death* begets their *Renowns*; and it is an honour to their *Memory*, to dye in the Service of their *Countrey*: for, all Men that have Worth and Merit, would willingly, nay gladly, dye to save their Countrey, or for the Honour of their Countrey: and all wise Men will gladly quit a present, frail, and uncertain Life, to live eternally in the memory of the present and future Ages; in whose memories their Actions live like *glorified Bodies*, and *purified Souls*: for thus they become, from *Terrestrial*, *Cælestial*. The next cause you have to rejoice, is, That their Bodies are brought home as a Witness of their Victory, and their Deaths are their Triumphs, which are adorned and set out with numerous and glorious Praises: besides, they have the happiness to be in-urn'd with their Fore-fathers, where, by a natural Instinct or Sympathy, they may

may mutually intermix, and, perchance, transmigrate one into another: and since they *fought valiantly*, and *died honourably*, they shall be *buried happily*, and will be *remembered eternally*, and have an everlasting Fame; and you must rejoyce with Musick, Bells, and Bonfires, and offer unto the gods Oblations of Thanksgiving.

ORA-



ORATIONS

IN THE

Field of Warr.

PART II.

*An Oration from a Besieged City, ready to yeeld or else
to be taken, made to the Enemies.*



AM come here to entreat you, our
Over-powerful Enemies, to be our
Merciful Saviours; and that, though
you are determined to destroy our
City, and possess our Goods; yet,
you would be pleased to spare the
Lives of the Inhabitants: for, what profit will it be,
to destroy Numbers of *defenceless*, and *powerless*
Persons, only to satisfy your Fury, which will be

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fatisfied with *Time*, better than with *Blood*? for, though our *Blood* may quench your present *Rage*, yet it may afterwards clogg your *Consciences*, and cause a sorrowful Repentance, which may disturb the Peace of your Minds, and so your Thoughts will be in a perpetual Warr: for, to kill us after our *submission*, and when we have made a *satisfaction* for our *faults*, in yeelding up our City and Goods, without any further resistance, our *Deaths* will be but *Murders*; whereby you will blemish your *Conquest*, and from being *Noble* and *Generous Conquerors*, become *Cruel* and *Inhuman Murderers*: whereas, the sparing of our Lives, will be acceptable to *God*, *Nature*, and *Mankind*; and the Trumpet of your Fame will sound sweetly and harmoniously in the Ears of After-ages; where you will get as much Love and Praises for your *Clemency* and *Mercy*, as Admiration and Renown for your *Valours* and *Conducts*: but else your Cruelty will sound so harshly, and with such Discords, that it will beget dislike, and so much hate, as to bury all your *Valour* and *Wisdom*, in *Fortune's* partial and unjust *Favours*; ascribing that to her, she had no Right to Challenge.

*A Common-Soldier's Oration to take the City
by Force.*

Fellow-Soldiers,

WE have been long at the Siege of this City, where we have not only been obedient to our Commanders; careful, watchful, and laborious; as also, valiant in assaulting, regarding not our Limbs, nor Lives; and we have patiently endured want of Victuals: but yet for all this, the Town being ready to be taken, our Commanders intend to rob us of the Spoils, which by the Law of Arms ought to be ours, as a Reward: for, those that venture most, ought to have the greatest shares in the Conquest; and the *Common-Soldiers*, venturing more than the *Commanders*, ought to have the *Spoil*; because, though they *direct*, yet it is we that *fight*, and win the Victory. Wherefore, let us not suffer them to make a Composition, but enter the Town by Force, and plunder it; otherwise the *Commanders*, or rather, the *General* alone, will be the only *gainer*, and all the rest, *losers*; and shall one man go away with the *Wealth*, when the poor *Common-Soldiers* are naked, and almost starved for *Want*? Shall our sick and wounded Friends, that cannot remove, or be removed, nor help themselves, be left as a prey to those whom they have helpt us to conquer with the loss of their Blood and Limbs? For no doubt, but

those new-made Friends, will be their deadly Enemies, and cut their Throats when we are gone and left them. Thus we shall betray our *Friends*, and lose our *Shares*, if they make Peace, and enter not the Town by Assault: for, to take a Town by *Force*, is a gain to the Common-Soldiers, but little or none to the General, or great Commanders: whereas, to take a Town by *Composition*, is a gain to the General, and chief Commanders, but not to the Common-Soldiers: for, we shall lye without the Gates, whil'st they are receiv'd in Triumph within the Town; where they will *feast*, while we do *fast*; and will be enriched with *Treasures*, but we shall remain in *Want*.

An Oration to those Soldiers that are against an Agreement with the Citizens.

Fellow-Soldiers,

LET me tell you, That you speak against your own Profit, when you speak against Compounding and Agreeing with the Besieged Citizens: for, it is not only *Human* and *Charitable*, *Generous* and *Noble*, to spare the Lives of *yeelding* and *conquered Enemies*; but *Profitable*: since it is certain, that their *Lives* will *serve you*, and their *Industry* maintain you. Therefore resolve to spare their Lives, and to make Peace with them; to take their Money, and spare their

their cumbersome and combustible Goods, which would trouble your *Carriage*, and hinder your *March*; nor can you make so much Profit of them, as they will give you for them. And as for their *City*, and *Lives*, it were a great folly to kill and destroy them to no other purpose, but to satisfy your *bloody Minds*, and *furious Rage*: for, *Death* and *Destruction* will bring you no profit: but, if you give them their *Lives*, and let their *City* stand, they will give a constant and settled Contribution towards your Maintenance, and will be *Chirurgeons*, *Physicians*, and *Nurses*, to our sick and wounded Soldiers, by which means they may recover their former Health and Strength again, and be able to do their Countrey more Service: but if they be left behind us, and none to take care of them, and neither Men to help them, nor Houses to lodge in, they must of necessity perish in great misery. And we have no reason to fear that the Citizens will be cruel to them, because they know we shall return to revenge their Cruelty; but rather, they will be very careful of them, kind and helpful to them, to keep Peace, and to merit our Favours: for, Conquerors are always flattered, obeyed, and served, with Ceremony, Industry, and Fidelity, so long as Fortune favours them. Thus you know, by what I have spoken, that it is the best for the Common-Soldiers and Commanders, to spare the *City*, and *Citizens*. And now give me leave to

tell you, That you are Unjust Judges of me, your General, and of my Actions; and evil Censurers, and malicious Accusers, to accuse my *Prudence* for my Soldiers, of *Covetousness* for my self, and my careful love for my sick and wounded Soldiers, of an insensible and cruel Neglect: whereas you might more truly accuse me for using too much *Clemency* to my Mutinous and Rebellious Soldiers, winking at their Faults, and pardoning their Crimes, when they ought to have been severely punished; by which they would have been better *taught*, and I *obeyed*: for, *Severe Generals* make *Humble, Obedient, Industrious, Laborious, Patient, and Courageous Soldiers*: whereas a *Compliant General*, quite spoils them. But I have shewed Mercy to Offenders; Love and Care, to the Wounded, Sick, Tyred, and Weary; and I have been Bountiful to the Well-deservers. All which, I am forced to remember you of, because you have forgotten, at least, are unwilling to take any notice thereof: yet, I perceive it is the nature of most Mankind, especially *Mean Births, Low Fortunes, and Brute Breedings*, to be *Ingrateful, Malicious, Revengeful, and Inhuman*.

*An Oration to SOLDIERS after the loss
of a Battel.*

Fellow-Soldiers,

I Perceive you are dejected at your ill Fortune; for *Fortune* is a Thief, robbing some, to give partially to others: wherefore, we Soldiers (with whom she busies her self most, to shew her Power and Agility) ought to be so careful and watchful, as to lock and barracado out *Fortune's* Malice, giving her no advantage; if you can possibly, hinder her from taking any. Yet was it neither for want of Conduct, or Valour, that we won not the Victory, but Heaven and Earth was against us: for, the *Sun*, *Wind*, and *Dust*, beat on our faces: and your endeavouring to get the side of the *Wind*, went against the *Sun-beams*; so that, with the *Sun-beams*, and the glittering *Dust*, that flew up by the motion of the *Wind*, we could neither see to assault our Enemies, nor to defend our selves; nay, we were so blinded, as to mistake our *Friends* for our *Foes*, and our *Foes* for our *Friends*: but, had that tempestuous *Wind* been before we begun to fight, we might have prevented the Mischief it did us, some way or other: but, the *Wind* did rise when we were so engaged, that we could not help our selves: the truth is, it blew so fully against the main part of our *Battalion*, and with that

that violent force, press'd the former Ranks so much back, that they did disturb the hinder Ranks, and so disorder'd them, till, at last, it blew them quite away: for they were forced to turn their backs, and to flye for their Lives; and when that part of the Army fled, the others had no hearts to stay. But do not mistake so, as to believe, that the Divine Power was against us; it was only the Elements, and they were against us, more by *Chance* than *Malice*. Wherefore, take Courage again, and rowse up your dejected Spirits, and repine not for that, we could not fore-see to avoid: for I make no doubt, but the next time we encounter our Enemies, we shall not only get the Reputation you think you have lost; but, we shall add to what we formerly had, and pull down their *haughty Pride*, that now seems to insult on our *Misfortunes*.

An Oration to Soldiers in Necessity.

My good Soldiers,

I Cannot much blame your Murmuring and Complaining Words and Speeches, by reason our Camp is vexed and tormented with *Scarcity*, *Sickness*, and great *Inconveniencies*: and although we cannot tell how to *mend*, or *help* our selves in these Extremities; yet, it troubles our *Patience*, and somewhat alters

alters your *Natures*, at least, divulges them more, making you *froward*, *testy*, *choleric*; and froward Minds, and testy Thoughts, are apt to send forth out of the Mouth, lamenting Words, and Complaining Speeches: Yet give me leave to tell you, It expresseth, you have partaken too much of your Mothers Natures; which is not so well for Soldiers, who should be no ways Effeminate: for, Women naturally are impatient, fretting, chafing, and complaining without cause. I do not deny but you, at this present, have great cause, and therefore some reason, for what you speak: yet, I hope, though you *speak* like your Mothers, you will *act* like your Fathers. Wherefore, give me leave to remember you of *Cesar's* Soldiers; for surely you cannot chuse but hear of them, their Fame being so great, and sounding so loud, for their *Patience*, *Sufferance*, *Hardiness*, *Industry*, *Carefulness*, *Watchfulness*, *Valours*, and *Victories*; yet were they no more than men, and I hope you are not less than so. But, there are two sorts of Courages; and they, as the Story says, had them both; namely, *Fortitude in Suffering*, and *Valour in Acting*: which made them so fortunate in overcoming, as to conquer the most part of the World: and, though I cannot hope you will conquer All the World; yet, I hope you will have Victory over your Enemies; so shall you be *Masters*, and not *Slaves*, as else you would be.

An Encouraging Oration to fearful Soldiers.

Fellow-Soldiers, and dear Countrey-men,

I Perceive by your *dejected Countenances*, and *drooping Spirits*, you are afraid of your Enemies: but I am more afraid of your *Fears*, than of the Enemies *Power*: for *Fear* makes *powerful Armies*, *powerless*; As a *little Body*, with a *great Spirit*, is stronger, and more vigorous, than a *great Body*, and a *little Spirit*: so a *little Army*, with *great Courages*, is more forcible than a *Great or Numerous Army*, full of *faint Hearts*, and *cowardly Fears*. Wherefore consider, there are but three ways; the one is, to *Run away*: but remember, you cannot run from *Shame* or *Disgrace*, though you may run from your *Enemy*. Another way is, You may *yeeld* up your selves to the *Enemy*; but then, you must yeeld up your *Liberties*, with your *Persons*, and become their *Slaves*; in which *Slavery*, you live in *Scorn*, are used as *Beasts*, and dye as *Cowards*. The third and last way, which is the best, is, *To fight your Enemy*; whom if you overcome, you will have the *Honour of Victory*, and the *Profit of the Spoils*; and if you be kill'd, you dye *Unconquer'd*: for *Courage* is never overcome; nor do *Gallant Heroick Actions*, ever dye; and their *Fames* will be their perpetual *Triumphs* to all *Eternity*. Wherefore, my good Soldiers, fight valiantly for *Life*, *Victory*, and *Glory*. An

*An Oration to Soldiers, that fled from their
Enemies.*

WHat shall I call you? for I cannot call you, *Fellow-Soldiers*, because you have degraded your selves of that honourable Title, by *Running away*; which shews, You have but *Effeminate Spirits*, though *Masculine Bodies*. Nor can I call you, *Dear Countrey-men*; for you have unnaturaliz'd your selves, by betraying your Countrey, with your *Cowardly Fears*, to the Power of your Enemies. Nor can I call you, *My good Friends*; for you did forsake me in *Danger*, and left me to *Death*, had not *Fortune* rescued me. So that you cannot *challenge*, nor I cannot *give* you, any other Names, but *base Cowards*, and *Traytors*; which words cannot chuse but sound grievously, sadly, and scornfully, to your *Own*, your *Friends*, and *Enemies*, hearing. And that which will heighten your Reproach, is, That you were not forced nor necessitated to *flye*, being not *overcome*, or *overpower'd*: but you fled, not only before you had tried your Enemies Force; but when, in all probability, you should have had the Victory; having all the Advantages of your side, and against your Enemies, that could be, viz. *Ground*, *Place*, *Wind*, *Sun*, *Form*, *Order*, and *Number of Men*; and yet to run away! O horrid shame to all Posterity!

rity! The truth is, I am so out of countenance in your behalf, and so sorrowful for you, that I cannot chuse but blush for shame, and weep for grief, when I look upon you, to see so many *Able* and *Strong*, yet *Hearilefs Men*, that have soiled your bright Arms with *Disgrace*, and not with the *Blood* of your *Enemies*. Wherefore, you may now pull off your Arms, since you have *Coats of Dishonor* to wear; and break your *Swords*, for the *Tongues of Reproach* are unsheathed against you, which will wound your Reputations, and kill your Renowns; and your Infamy will live in After-ages eternally.

*An Oration to Run-away Soldiers, who repent
their Fault.*

Sorrowful Penitents, (for so you seem by your Countenances, and your Words, the one being *sad*, the other full of *Promises*) I must confess, it becomes you well; for you have been great Cowards, and fearful Run-aways, which are faults that cannot be enough lamented: but, your Actions may be amended, and so you may have a Pardon, and your Disgrace taken off, with some Valiant and Courageous Exploits against your Enemies, where I, your General, who am one of *Mars's* High-Priests, shall guide and direct you the way: and you may relye upon

upon me; for I am well learned and practised in the Mystery of Warr. But, pray be not as a Flock of Sheep, making me like a *Parish-Priest*, only to talk, and you to *run away*; for then I shall *curse you*, instead of *blessing you*. And though it be requisite, you should be as *meek Sheep* in *Jove's Temple*; yet, you must be as *raging Lyons* in *Mars's Field*; and the Prayers you make to *Mars*, must be for *Victory* and *Fame*. But let me tell you, You must implore *Pallas's Help*, and *Fortune's Favour*: and therefore, fight *valiantly* and *fiercely*; and take your advantages *prudently*; stick *closely*, and fight *orderly*, and leave the rest to *Fortune*; which if you do, as I advise you, your Actions will wipe out all former *Faults*, and take away all your *Reproach*, or *Disgrace*, so clean, as if they had never been, especially if you have the Victory.

*A Mutinous Oration to Common-Soldiers, by a
Common-Soldier.*

Fellow-Soldiers,

Give me leave to tell you, That although you have proved your Valours in the Battels you have fought, and the Assaults you have made; yet you have not proved your selves Wise, to leave your *Native Countrey*, and *Peaceable Habitations*,

only to fight with *Forreiners*, who are as *Industrious*, *Valiant*, and *Active*, to overcome and kill you, as you to overcome and kill them: And what do we fight and hazard our *Lives* for? Not for *Riches*: for what we get, we are subject to lose again. And should we get *Riches*, we should soon consume them, having no settled abiding-place, to thrive upon the *Stock*, or to get *Use* of the *Principal*, nor to have any *Returns* by *Traffick* or *Commerce*: but, those *Spoils* we can get, are only *Cumberfome Goods*, which we are forced to fling away in times of *Danger*, or when we make sudden or long *Marches*: and albeit we could easily carry them along with us; yet, we should make but *small profit* of them, and get little *ready money* for them, although they were not spoiled in the *Carriage*. By this we may know the *Warrs* will not *Enrich* us. And as for *Fame*, *Common-Soldiers* are never mentioned, although they are the only *Fighters*; but *Thousands* of them, when kill'd, are buried in *Oblivion's Grave*, and no other *Burial* they have: for, their slain *Bodies*, for the most part, lie and rot above ground, or are devoured by the *Carrion-Birds*, or *Ravenous-Beasts*. But the *Fame* and *Renown*, is given to the *General* alone: some *Under-Commanders* may chance, I confess, to be *slightly mentioned*, but never *gloriously famed*. And, if you can neither get *Wealth* nor *Honour*, in or by the *Warrs*, Why should you be *Soldiers*?

diers? Let us therefore return home, and rather be *Plow-men* in our *own Countrey*, than *Soldiers* in a *Foreign Nation*; rather *feed* with our *own Labours*, than *starve* at our *General's Command*; and rather chuse to *dye peaceably*, than to *live in the Warr*, wherein is nothing to be gotten, but *Scarrs* and *Wounds*; where we may lose our *Limbs* and *Lives*, but not make our *Fortunes*.

An Oration to stay the Soldiers from a Mutinous return from the Warrs.

Fellow-Soldiers, and dear Countrey-men,

THE *Mutinous Soldier* that spake to perswade you to leave the *Warrs* dishonourably, hath done that, by which any Man of Courage will believe him to be a Coward: for, no Man of Courage, would leave an *Enemy* in the *Field*, which would be as bad as *Running away*: and will you, who have gotten honourable *Renown* by the *Warrs*, quit that *Renown* for *Disgrace*? Shall the *Speech* of a Cowardly, Idle, Base Man, perswade you more than your *Reputations*? Can any Man *live*, *act*, or *dye*, more *honestly*, than in the *Service* of his *Countrey*? Besides, it will not only be a *Disgrace* to *You*, and to your *Countrey*, to leave the *Warrs*; but, you will endanger your *Countrey*: for, no question but your
Enemies

Enemies will follow you at the heels; so that instead of carrying home *Victory* and *Spoils*, you will carry home *Danger*, and perchance, *Ruine*; betraying your *Countrey* by *Faction*, *Mutiny*, or *Cowardly fears*. Thus, although you came out of your *Countrey*, *Soldiers*; you will return, *Traytors*. But, should they not follow you, they will scorn you, and your Friends will despise you at your return: and, What is worse than to be scorned and despised of *Enemies* and *Friends*? When-as, by your gallant Actions, the one will be afraid, the other proud of you. And let me tell you, To be a *Soldier*, is the Noblest Profession in the World: for, it makes *Mean men*, like *Princes*; and those *Princes* that are not *Soldiers*, are like *Mean men*: and though *Fame* doth not mention every particular *Soldier*, but generally all together; yet the memory of every particular *Soldier*, and their particular *Actions*, never dye, as long as their Successors live: for, their Children mention their Fore-fathers Valiant Actions, with *Pride*, *Pleasure*, and *Delight*; and glory that they descended from such *Worthy Ancestors*. And as for Scarrs gotten in the Warrs, they are such Graces, and becoming Marks, that they woo and win a *Mistress*, and gain her Favour sooner than *Wealth*, *Title*, or *Beauty*. But, I hope you will neither shew your selves *Cowards*, nor prove your selves *Traytors*, by leaving the Warr, when you ought to follow it.

*A General's Oration to his Mutinous Soldiers.**Fellow-Soldiers,*

I Hear you *murmur*, *complain*, and *speak against me*, forgetting your *Respects*, *Obedience*, *Duty*, and *Fidelity* to me your *General*; of which I am sorry, not for my self, but for my *Soldiers* sake: for, I am never the worse for my *Soldiers* being evil; but I am sorry, my *Soldiers* are not what they ought to be. And though I do not wonder at the *Disobedience* of my *Common-Soldiers*; yet, I cannot but wonder at the *Baseness* of my *Under-Officers*, and *Commanders*: for, though *Inferior men*, have *Inferior minds*, *rude* and *wild Natures*, and *barbarous Manners*; yet, *Men of Quality*, usually have *generous* and *noble Minds*, *gentle Natures*, and *civil Manners*; and of all men, *Gallant Soldiers* have the *noblest Minds*, and ought to have the *reformedst Manners*: for, though *Heroick Men* fight in *hot-Blood* to kill their *Enemies*; yet, they will spill their own *Blood*, and sacrifice their *Lives* for their *Friends* and *Countrey*; as also, for *Honour*, *Generosity*, and *Fame*: and they will rather chuse to endure all manner of *Torments*, and to dye a *Thousand*, nay *Millions* of *Deaths*, if it could be, than to do one *Act* of *Dishonour*, or that is not fit for a *Man of Honour* to do. Indeed, *Heroick* and *Honourable Men*, are *petty Gods*; whereas

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other men are *Beasts*: the one having Celestial Natures, the other Terrestrial. But, by your Mutinous Speeches, I perceive I have not those *Gallant*, *Noble*, *Generous*, and *Valiant Soldiers*, as I thought I had in this my Army; which I am sorry for, especially, that there is none like my self: for, I utterly renounce all Actions, or Thoughts, that ought not to be done by Worthy Men, or to be inherent in Gallant Spirits. I hate *Treachery*, as I hate *Cowardise*; and I hate *Cowardise*, as I hate *Disgrace*, or *Infamy*; and I hate *Infamy* worse than *Oblivion*, which is the Hell of Meritorious and Gallant Men. And as I prefer to the present Life, an *After-memory*, which is *Fame*; and *Fame*, is the Heaven wherein Worthy and Honorable Men, and Actions, are glorified, and live to all Eternity: so, would I have my Soldiers to live there, and be glorified; which Desire, expresses, That I love my Soldiers equally with my self. And, as I do prefer *Honour* and *Fame*, before *Sensual Pleasures*, or *Life*; so I have always preferr'd my *Soldiers Lives*, before my *Own*: for, I never endeavoured to save my own Life, when my Soldiers Lives were in danger; but, have put my Person in the same danger they were in; nay, I have ventured one Danger more than they have done; for, I have led them, singly, to the *face* and *front* of their Enemies. Neither have I been *idle*, when my Soldiers have *taken pains*; but, to the contrary, I have *taken pains*, when they have been *idle*:
for,

for, my Person hath not only been employed in Ordering, Appointing, and Directing of every particular; but I have march'd on foot with the Infantry, whilst the Cavalry hath rid easily on Horses; or the chief Commanders have rid lazily in their Waggon. I have, also, taken pains in *Teaching*, *Ordering*, and *Marshalling* my Soldiers, as well as *Time*, *Place*, and *Opportunity*, would give me leave; and my *Body* hath not only labour'd; but, my *Mind* and *Thoughts* were always busily employed for the Affairs of the Army, and for my Soldiers Advantage; contriving the *best*, and endeavouring to prevent the *worst*. Thus my Thoughts have labour'd for you continually; keeping me waking, whilst you have slept and rested at your ease. Neither did I ever rob my Soldiers of their Spoils, but was pleas'd to distribute my Share amongst them. Nor did I ever make a Scarcity of your Vi&uals, through my *Luxury*. Nor have I ever brought my Soldiers into Want, through my *Imprudence*: for, whatsoever *Want* or *Loss* you have had, it came meerly from *Fortune*, whose Power the Wisest and Valiantest cannot always withstand. But yet, the *Common-Soldiers*, and *Under-Commanders*, for the most part, accuse their *Generals*, laying the Disfavour of *Fortune*, to their *General's* charge, although it is not in any man's Power to avoid *Fortune's* Malice, unless men could divine what would fall out, against all Reason or Probability: and, though

Wise men may imagine such Chances; yet, they will never order their *Affairs* or *Designs*, or any *Action*, against *Reason*, *Sense*, and *Probability*: besides, *Foolery* and *Knavery*, cause *Loss* and *Misery*, without *Fortune's* help; making more Disorder and Confusion, than the wisest men can rectifie. But, I will not trouble you with many more *Words*, nor *Reproofs*; for, neither *Words*, *Reproofs*, nor *Perswasions*, will do any good on a *Mutinous* and *Rebellious Army*, who have more *Strength* to do Evil, than *Honesty* to do Good; more *Fury* to mutiny, than *Courage* to fight; more *Envy* to their Leaders, than *Love* to their own Honours. I add only this: Your *Baseness* I abhor, your *Rudeness* I scorn, your *Malice* I despise, your *Designs* I slight, and your *intended Cruelty* I fear not.

A Speech of a Commander, refusing the Offer of Mutinous Soldiers, who Depos'd their General, and would chuse him in his Place.

Fellow-Soldiers,

YOU have forcibly, against my will, proclaimed me your *General*: and because I sent you word, I would not Command you; you sent me a Threatning-Messsage, That although you, at first, chose me through your Love and Kindness; yet now, because

because I did slight your Love, you would force me to take that Charge upon me. But let me tell you, I care not for your *Favour*, nor do I fear your *Anger*, being neither a *Knave*, nor a *Coward*: for, to be a Friend to Mutinous Soldiers, is to be a *Knave*; to fear them, is to be a *Coward*; and to be chosen General to a Rebellious Army, is a Dishonour. Wherefore I, preferring *Honour* before *Life*, will rather dye, than be your General. But, Who gave you Authority to depose your General, and to make another? Or, What Right have you to *take away*, and *give* Commissions? You will say, By *Force of Arms*: Rather, by *Force of Rebels*: for, Arms are, or ought to be, for *Justice*, *Right*, *Truth*, or *Honour*; not for *Injustice*, *Wrong*, *Injury*, *Falshood*, and *Dishonour*; and *strong Arms*, and *couragious Hearts*, do not agree with *mad Heads*, and *wild Passions*. But, you, by your *Disobedience*, seem to be *Cowards*: for, Valour is *obedient*; nay, Valiant men will obey Unreasonable Commands, rather than oppose their Commanders; and chuse rather to dye obediently, than to live disobediently. But, your Actions have shew'd you to be *Rebellious Cowards*: for which, I am not only asham'd, that you are my *Countrey-men*, or *Fellow-Soldiers*; but hate you, as Enemies to *Honour* and *Honesty*; and therefore, if it lay in my Power, I would destroy you, as being unworthy to live.

A General's Oration to his Evil-designing Soldiers.

Fellow-Soldiers,

I Have not call'd you together, to perswade you to *fight your Enemies*: for, I perceive you are turn'd *Cowards*, and *Cowards* are deaf to all perswasions of *Adventures*. Nor do I go about to perswade you to *Patience*, although it be the part of good Soldiers, to suffer patiently, and to be patient in painful Labours, as well as to fight vigorously: but I perceive, *Patience* and *Industry*, that accompany *Valour*, have also forsaken you. Nor shall I perswade you, to stick close to me, and to defend my Life from the Enemies, although I have been more careful to defend your Lives with Skill and Knowledge in Warr and Arms, than you have been to defend mine with your Strength and Courages. And give me leave to tell you, That the *Renown* you have gotten in the Warrs, hath been gained as much by my *Conduct*, as by your *Valours*. Thus I neither perswade you to *fight*, to *suffer*, nor to *help me in time of need*: but my desire is, To perswade you, not to bury the *Renown* you have gotten in these Warrs, in the Grave of *Treachery*; nor to cast down your glorious Acts, from the *Palace of Fame*, into the *Pit of Infamy*; which you will do, if you put your evil Designs, into Acts: for I perceive well,
by

by your secret Meetings, and gathering in Companies together, without Order; and by your whisperings into each others Ears; as also, by your Murmurs, Complaints, and Exclamations, you intend some Evil; but, in what manner you will execute your Evil Designs, I cannot tell; I suppose it is, Either that you will desert me, or make Peace with the Enemy, without me, on dishonourable Terms; or, that you will betray me to the Enemy, and deliver me into their hands: or else it is, That you have conspired to Murther me with your own hands; either of which, will be unworthy for good Soldiers to do. Wherefore I would, if I could, dissuade you, for your own sakes, and not for mine, Not to do such Acts that will cause *Honest men* to hate you, *Valiant men* to despise you, *Wise men* not to trust you, your *Enemies* to scorn you, your *Countrey* to exclaim against you, your *Acquaintance* to shun you, your *Friends* to grieve for you, your *Posterity* to be ashamed of you, and disgraced by you: for, when After-ages shall mention you, your *Posterity* (if they have any *Worth* or *Merit*) will hang down their heads for shame, to hear of your Evil Deeds: All which will be, if you be Mutinous Conspirers, Traytors, or Cowards. But, if neither *Honour*, *Honesty*, *Fidelity*, nor *Love*, can dissuade you from your *Base*, *Treacherous*, and *Wicked Designs*, or that your Design is against Me; Here
I offer

I offer my self to you , to dispose of my Person and Life as you please: for, I am neither *asham'd to suffer*, nor *afraid to dye* ; knowing, I have not done any thing that a Man of Honour ought not to do : And as *Fear* hath no power over my *Mind*; so, *Force* hath no power over my *Will*; for I shall *willingly dye*.

An Oration to Soldiers , who have kill'd their General.

B *Arbarous Soldiers*, or rather, *Cruel Murderers* ! You who have inhumanly kill'd your *General*, your *Careful*, *Painful*, *Prudent*, *Valiant*, *Loving*, and *kind General* , ought to be *generally kill'd* : but, *Death* would be too great a Mercy and Happiness, for such Wretches as you are: for, you deserve such Torments and Afflictions, that are above all Expression; and your Bloody Action hath made you appear to me so Horrid, that, me-thinks, *Life* is terrible, because you live; and *Death* is amiable, since our *General* is dead. *Honour* lives in the Grave with him, and *Baseness* lives in the World with you: *Devils* possess your Souls in your living Bodies; when as *Angels* have born away his Soul from his lifeless Corps, to be Crown'd with Everlasting Glory. You shall not need to fear your Enemies now; for surely, they will flye you, not for fear you should kill them; but,
for

for fear you should infect them: they fear not your *Courage*, but your *Wickedness*: neither shall you fear *Oblivion*, for you will be infamous; and the very report of your *Murdering-Act*, will cause a trembling of Limbs, and chilness of Spirit to all the Hearers; and you will not only be *scorn'd*, *bated*, and *curs'd*; but, *Prayers* will be offer'd against you, and Men will *bless* themselves from you, as from a *Plague*, or *Evil Spirit*. Thus your *Enemies* will despise you, your *Friends* renounce you, *Honest men* exclaim against you, *Men of Honour* shun you, *good Fortune* forsake you, *Heaven* shut all *Mercy* from you, your *Conscience* torment you; insomuch, that you will be *asham'd* to live, and *afraid* to dye.

*An Oration to Soldiers, which repent the Death of
their General.*

P*Enitent Soldiers*, (for so you seem to be by your Tears, Sighs, Groans, and Sorrowful Complaints) I cannot forbid you to weep, for your *Fault* requires great and many showers of Tears, to wash away your Crime. Indeed, there is no other way to purge your Souls, and to cleanse your Consciences from the stains of your *General's Blood*, but by penitent Tears. Wherefore, let me advise you, to go to his Urn; and there humbly, on your Knees, lamenting

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your Sorrow, pray to Heaven for Pardon. After that, make him a Statue, and carry his Image in your *Ensigns*, and set his Statue under your *Banner*. Thus, make him that was your *General*, your *Saint*; and let his *Memory* be famous by your *Valour*, that his Enemies may know, the *Power of his Name* is able to *destroy them*: so will you make him *Victorious* in his *Grave*, and appease his *angry Ghost*.

An Oration to distressed Soldiers.

Dear Countrey-men,

YOU know we are a People that have been conquered, and made Slaves to our Enemies; which *Slavery* we did *patiently* endure a long time; but, at last, we had an *impatient* desire of *Liberty*; and, had our *Prudence* been according to our *Desires*, no doubt but we should have gain'd it: but, our over-hasty *Desires*, have put us into a greater *Misery*: for, now we are not only like to lose our *Liberties* again, but our *Lives* also; or to live in worse Bondage than we did before, which we had better dye, than endure. But, since we were not so *wise* for our selves to prevent our *Danger*, as we were *just* to our selves to endeavour our *Liberty*; yet, we must not leave endeavouring our own Good, so long as Life lasts: wherefore, we must consider what is best to be done
in

in this Extremity. First, We have, of our selves, a Great Body, though not so well Armed, as I wish we were; yet so, as we are not left naked to our Enemies. But, though we have a *great* Number; yet, our Enemies have a *greater* Number: and, though we be armed; yet our Enemies are *better* armed. The worst of all, is, That we are in a place of such disadvantage, that, either we must *starve*, or *yeeld* our selves, or *fight* it out at all hazzards. As for *starving*, it is a lingring and painful Death; and to *yeeld*, will be a miserable and painful Life: wherefore, to *fight it out at all hazzards*, will be the best for us to chuse: for, *Death* is the end of all *Misery*; and *Pain* is not felt in a *Raging* or *Acting Fury*. And if we resolve, let the worst come to the worst, we can but dye; and that we must do in time, had we no other Enemies than what are natural, *Sickness* and *Age*. And these Hopes we have, That *desperate Men*, in *desperate Adventures*, have many times good *Fortune*: and those that are *desperate*, want no *Courage*; but they are apt to be *careless* of *Conduct*. Wherefore let me advise you, to listen to *Direction*, and be careful to obey your *Instructions*: for, if we should overcome our Enemies, we should not only save our *Lives*, which we give for lost; but, we should have our *Liberties*, and also, *Honour*, *Power*, and *Wealth* too: whereas our Enemies only venture their *Lives* to keep us in subjection; which will cause

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them

them to fight but faintly : for, where there is neither *Profit* nor *Honour* to be gain'd, they will sooner run away, than venture their *Lives* in the *Battel*. So that, our *Poverty* will defend us; and our *Necessity* help to fight for us: *Prudence* shall guide us; and then, perchance, *Fortune* may favour us. Wherefore, let us assault our *Enemies*, before they expect us; and endeavour to overcome them, before they are ready to fight with us: for, if we take them *unprepar'd*, we shall find them without *defence*, and in such *disorder*, that we shall destroy them without hazzard.

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ORATIONS
TO
CITIZENS
IN THE
Market-Place.

PART III.

An Oration to a dejected People, ruined by Warr.

Unfortunate Citizens, and Countrey-men,



YOU now seem to be as much cast down and dejected in your *Misery*, as you were puffed up with *Pride* in your *Prosperity*; in which *Prosperity* you were so confident, and so careless of your *Security*, that you would neither believe your *Danger*, nor provide for your *Safety*; in so much, that you murmured

mured and mutin'd against all *Assessments* and *Payments*, although it were to keep the Kingdom in Peace, and to strengthen it against Forrein Force. But now, you do not murmur at small Taxes, but mourn for your great Losses; not for your want of *Security*, but your *Ruine*. Your *Vanity* is vanished, your *Pride* humbled, and *Plenty* and *Prosperity* fled from you. Where are your *brave Furnitures*? your *gay Adornings*, your *far-fetch'd Curiosities*, and your *curious Rarities*? Your *numerous Varieties*, and *rich Treasures*? All plunder'd, and gone! Where are your *Chargeable Buildings*, your *Stately Palaces*, your *Delightful Theaters*, your *Pleasant Bowers*? All burnt to Ashes! Where are your *Races of Horses*, your *Fleecy Flocks*, your *Lowing Herds*, your *Feather'd Poultry*, and your *full-stored Barns*? All ruined and gone! Where are your *Rich Merchandises*, and *Thriving Trades*? All spoiled! Where are your *Wise Laws*? All broken! Your *Sporting Recreations*? All ceased! Your *Ancestors Monuments*? All pull'd down! And, your *Fathers Bones* and *Ashes*? Dispersed! Where are your *Camerads*, *Companions*, and *Acquaintances*? Most of them kill'd! Where are your *Beautiful Wives*, *Daughters*, *Sisters*, and *Mistresses*? The Enemy enjoys them, and your Countrey is desolate, ruined, and forlorn; and you that are left, are miserable! But, what was the cause of your Misery? Your *Pride*, *Envy*, *Factions*, *Luxury*, *Vanity*,
Vice,

Vice, and *Wickedness*: for, you would neither be Instructed, Advised, Perswaded, nor Ruled. You neglected the Service of the *Gods*, disobeyed the Orders of your *Governors*, trampled down the Laws of the *Nation*, and despised your *Magistrates*, and did all what you would; which brought this *Confusion*, and so a *Destruction*; in which you must have *Patience*, for *Patience* will moderate and qualify your Misery.

*A Comforting Oration to a dejected People, ruined
by Warr.*

Noble Citizens, and dear Countrey-men,

I Confess, our Condition is miserable, and our Lives unhappy, in that we are so unfortunate, as to be overcome by our *Enemies*, and impoverished by our *Losses*: but yet it was *uncharitable*, nay *inhuman*, for the former *Orator*, to open our *wounded Thoughts* with repetition of our *Losses*; and to rub our *sore Minds*, with *bitter* and *salt Reproaches*: for, if we have committed Faults, I am sure we have been sufficiently punished for them: and if the *Gods* be Just, as we believe they are, our *Loss* and *Misery* hath made them a Satisfaction; for which, I hope they are pacified. And, though we ought to repent of our *past Disobedience* to the *Divine* and *National* Laws;

Laws; yet we have no reason to repent of our *past Lawful Pleasures*: for who, that is wise, will not make use of his Riches and Liberties, whilst he hath them? For, were it not a Madness, for fear of Dearth, to starve our selves in Plenty? For fear of an Enemy, to make our selves Slaves in Prosperity? This were as much as if we should take away our own Lives, before their natural time, because we know we shall dye. No, *dear Countrey-men*, it is soon enough to quit *Pleasure, Liberty, and Life*, when we can enjoy them no longer: and since our Fortune is bad, we must endeavour with *industry* to amend it; and if we cannot, we must *suffer patiently*, and please our selves with *Hopes*: for, *Hope* is a Food, the Mind delights to feed on, and it is entertain'd thereby with pleasing Imaginations; and those are Fools, that will trouble their Minds for that which cannot be help'd: for, Shall we have not only Enemies *without us*, but also *within us*? Shall we torture our Minds with *Grief, Sorrow, Fear, and Despair*, for our Misfortunes? No, *dear Countrey-men*, let us wipe the Tears from our Eyes, and defie *Fortune's* Malice; and when she knows we regard not her Frowns, she may chance to favour us: for, she is of the *Female gender*, whose Nature is such, as the more they are neglected or despised, the kinder they are.

*An Oration for Rebuilding a City, ruined
by Warrs.*

UNfortunate Citizens; for so I may call you, having been ruined by Warrs, and spoiled by our Enemies: Our City is not only burnt to the ground, and all our Goods plunder'd; but, many of our Citizens and Countrey-men, kill'd; and we that remain, are preparing, with our Wives and Children, to seek new Habitations and Acquaintances in Forrein Countreys, from which I would, if I could, dissuade you, since our Enemies are gone, and not like to return: for, though they had the Victory, and have won our City; yet, it was with such Loss to them, as will force them to keep Peace for a long time, not being able to make Warrs any longer: for, their Valiant'st and most Experienc'd Soldiers, are kill'd, and most of the Flower of their Youth: besides, they have spoiled and lost many of their Horses, and have wasted and spent abundance of Ammunition, and Arms: all which consider'd, they have not gain'd much by this Warr. Indeed, Warr makes more *Spoil*, than *Profit*: for, though we are *Ruined*, yet our Enemies are not much *Enriched*. But, leaving them, let us consider what is the best for our selves in these our *Misfortunes*, and be industrious to repair our *Losses*. My advice

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is,

is, Not to *separate*, but to keep in an *united Body* together, and to Rebuild our City: for, Shall we be worse *Citizens*, than the *Ants* or *Pismires*? which will Rebuild their *Hill*, or *Mount*, over their Heads, whensoever it is pull'd down, either by Beasts, Men, or Birds; and though it be often pull'd down, and the Dust dispers'd, yet they will bring new Earth, or gather up the Relicks of the former Earth, to rebuild; and will never leave rebuilding, so long as they live: And certainly, they are very wise in so doing. The like should Men do: for it is better, and the wisest way, to unite in a Commonwealth, than to live dispers'd, and to wander about, like Vagabonds, or to live with Strangers in Forrein Lands, or to be governed by unknown, or new Laws, or to marry with Strangers, that mix and corrupt their Generations: for, those Men are happiest, that live in their Native Countreys, with their natural Friends, are govern'd by their ancient Laws, marry into their own Tribes, and in their Native Countrey; encrease their own Breed, continue their own Races, uphold their own Families, and are buried with, or by their Forefathers. Wherefore, *Good Citizens*, be industrious to Rebuild your City, whereby, and wherein, you may be as Happy and Flourishing, as formerly you were. But if, through a Dejected Discontent, you leave your City in its Ruines, 'tis probable you will live unhappy, and

and in Slavery all your Lives, and your Posterity after you.

An Oration for Building a Church.

Noble Citizens, and dear Countrey-men,

YOU have built many *Streets of Houses*, but never a *Church*; which shews, You think more of the *World*, than you do of *Heaven*; you take more care for your *Bodies*, than your *Souls*: for, you build *stately Palaces* to live in, but not a *Church* to pray in; *Rooms* to feast in, but not *Churches* to fast in: *Halls* to unite in *Riot*, not to unite in *Religion*: to *Talk* exrtavagantly, not to *Pray* piously: to rejoyce in *Evil*, not to rejoyce in *Thanksgiving*. But, the nature of *Mankind* is such, that they *spend* foolishly, and *spare* foolishly: they will *spend* to their own hurt, and *spare* to their own hurt: they *fear* *Evil*, but never endeavour to *avoid* *Punishment*: they repent what is *past*, but never take warning for what is *to come*. As for spending their *Means*, they vvill spend so much, as to make themselves *sick*, and *poor*, vvith *Surfeiting Feasting*, *Drunken Drinking*, *Pocky Whoring*, *Covetous Gaming*, *Vain Shevvs*, *Idle Sports*, and the like. And vvhen they *spare*, they are so miserable, as not to allowv themselves *Necessaries*: so that, they make themselves unhappy

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through

through *Want*, and yet have more than enough to *spend*. They also *fear* Pain and Sickness, but will not endeavour to *avoid* either: for, Men drink so much, that they are sure to be so sick, as to vomit; and will eat such *Meat*, or drink such *Drinks*, that they are sure to have painful Fits of the Gout after them. But, it may be said, *That the inticing Appetite is so perswading and over-ruling, that they cannot forbear*. But, some men will drink when they are not dry, and eat when they are not hungry, or have any desire thereto; but will drink meerly for Company, or being perswaded by others, or out of a Humor; and so in Eating. Which is strange, that men should be perswaded to suffer and endure great Pain, for idle Company's sake, or through the perswasion of Fools, or out of a foolish or mad Humor! Likewise, all men are loath to dye; and yet, most men will venture their Lives unnecessarily, or for very small occasions. All men are afraid of *Damnation*; and yet they will not endeavour *Salvation*: nay, they will venture *Damnation* for a trifle; yea, for nothing: as for example, They will lye, swear, and forswear, when they are not provoked, or have any occasion to do it. And as for *Worldly Wealth*, men are so covetous and greedy, that they will extort, cozen, steal, murder, and venture Soul, Body, and Life, for it: yet, when they have it, they spend it, as if they did not care for it; nay, as if they did hate it.

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And, although not any man would willingly be *poor*; yet, they will spend their *Wealth* so foolishly, as neither to have *Pleasure*, *Thanks*, nor *Fame* for it. The truth is, that by men's *Actions*, it could not be believed that *Mankind* had *Rational Souls*: for, though many men will *speake* wisely; yet, most *act* foolishly, or rather madly: so that, men's *Rational Souls* live more in their *Words*, than in their *Deeds*. But, if you have *Rational Souls*, and a *Saving-belief*, you ought to build a *Church*, wherein you may gather together, to repent your *Sins*, to pray for *Forgiveness*, to promise *Amendment*, and to reform your *Lives*: also, to hear *Instructions*, and to give good *Examples* to each other, and to accustom your selves to *Devotion*: so shall you become *Holy Men*. Besides, *Churches* ought to be built, not only for the good of the *Souls* of the *living*, but for the honour of the *Bodies* of the *dead*, that they may be inurned *decently*, *humanly*, and *religiously*, in them.

*An Oration, perswading the Citizens to erect a Statue
in honour of a Dead Magistrate.*

Noble Citizens,

N N. who is now dead, was the most *Wise, Just,*
and *Honest Magistrate*, that a Common-
wealth could *desire*, or *have*: And as he served the
Commonwealth *justly*, so he ought to be rewarded
honourably; for he has well deserv'd it. But, his *death*
must not be an excuse for *Ungratefulness*: for, *Honours*
are given to the *dead*, as well as to the *living*;
and mens *good Works* live after them, although their
Bodies dye; and living men are benefited thereby.
But, should the *Benefit* cease with their *death*, yet
men ought not to forget the *Good* they have recei-
ved: for, those are very unthankful, unworthy, and
base men, that will not acknowledg what they have
had, but only respect the present *Good*: Indeed,
such Men are worse than *Beasts*, and ought to live
and dye like *Beasts*; to live in *Slavery*, and to dye
in *Oblivion*. Whereas *Virtuous, Worthby, Honourable,*
and *Noble men*, ought to live free, and be remem-
bered after their *Lives*. And those that have done
wise, or *ingenious*, or *good*, or *profitable*, or *valiant*,
or *great Works, Deeds, or Acts*, ought to be remem-
bered in the *Minds* of Men, mentioned by their
Tongues, and figured by the *Hands* of *Art*, to have
them

them live in the *Minds*, *Ears*, and *Eyes* of living men. Their *Merits* ought to be praised, their *Acts* recorded, and their *Bodies* figured to the life; not only Pencilled, but Carved in Stone, or Cast in Metal; that all Ages may not only hear of their *Name*, read of their *Acts*, but see their *Figures*. All which, are *due Rights*, and *right Honours*, to the memory of Worthy deceased Men. Wherefore, this Worthy deceased Man, who was a Wise and Just Magistrate, ought, at the Commonwealth's Charge, to have his Statue in Stone or Metal, and to be set up in the most publick Place in the City, that every particular person may think of Him, and remember his Acts, when they see his Figure; which will not only be a *due Honour* to Him that is dead; but, an *Encouragement* to those that live after Him, to imitate and follow his Example; and that such Magistrates and Ministers of State, that are employed after him, may do as he hath done, be *Just*, *Prudent*, *Careful*, and *Industrious*: Which the gods grant, for the good of the Commonwealth.

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*An Accusing-Oration for refusing the Office of a
Magistrate, and so Neglecting the Service of
the Commonwealth.*

Noble Citizens,

I Have assembled you at this time, to make a Complaint against *D. D.* who being chosen a Magistrate, (because he is believ'd to be one of the ablest Men for his Wisdom, amongst us; and so, fittest to be employed in the Service and Affairs of the Commonwealth) hath refused the Office and Employment; chusing rather to live *idly*, than to take *pains*, and *labour* to do *good*; for which he ought to be punished, either in *Body*, or *Estate*: for, it is not only an *Obstruction* to the Affairs of the Commonwealth, but a *dangerous Example*: for, if all the wisest Men should refuse the Employment and Management of State-Affairs, leaving the Government only to *Fools*, the Commonwealth would be quickly brought to ruine; in which Ruine, the Wise men would suffer as much as other men. Wherefore, for their own sakes, as well as for the sake of their Country, they ought to employ their *Bodies* and *Minds* in the Service of the Commonwealth; otherwise, Foolish States-men and Magistrates, will make such Disorder, that no particular Family, or Man, can live *safely*, much less, *plentifully*: for, *Peace* and *Plenty*,
would

their half-dying Posterity, to some time of Life; should they be Rail'd and Exclaim'd against? Can Heaven bless a State, or Kingdom, that will suffer such *Uncharitableness* and *Inhumanity*? Or, Can Nature suffer her most Noble-minded Creatures, to stay in the presence of *Publick Affronts*, *Disgraces*, and *Neglects*, and not *humbly* turn their Faces from them, or *honestly* endeavour, not to trouble those that have a desire to please? And if, by their *wise Prudence*, those Retired Persons can afford themselves some Harmless Recreations, to mix and temper their Over-careful and Industrious Labours, they ought not to be condemned for it: for, God and Nature mixes *Good* and *Evil*; and the greatest Grief, hath some Refreshment of Ease; and the hardest Labours, some Rest: but only, these *Find faults* are restless, through Envy and Ambition; hoping, by their *Bussie Heads*, *Restless Pens*, and *Abusive Exclamations*, to rise to Promotion and Preferment. And, though they pretend to discover *Seditions*, they are the only Authors of *Factions*. Wherefore it would be very fit, *Noble Citizens*, that our Ministers of State, and Magistrates, should silence such bold Persons, that dare Censure our Nobles private and particular Actions: for, if they should have that Liberty, they would, in time, Censure the Government, and our Governors of State, and Commonwealth; and who can foresee, but that the Common-Rout might

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take their Factions, or Ill-natured, or Medling-Dispositions, for Wisdom?

An Oration, for Liberty of Conscience.

Fellow-Citizens,

IT is very probable we shall fall into a Civil-Warr, through the divers Opinions in one and the same Religion. For, what hath been the cause of this Hash in Religion, but the suffering of *Theological Disputations* in Schools, Colledges, Churches, and Chambers; as also, Books of Controversies? All which, ought not to have been Suffered, but Prohibited, by making Laws of Restraint. But, since that *Freedom* hath been given, the Inconveniency cannot be avoided, unless the Magistrates will give, or at least, not oppose a *Free Liberty* to all: for, if the People of this Nation, are so Foolish, or Wilful, or Factious, or Irreligious, as not to Agree in *One Opinion*, and to Unite in *One Religion*; but will be of *Divers Opinions*, if not of *Divers Religions*; the *Governors* must yeeld, or they will consume the *Civil Government* with the Fire of their Zeal: indeed, they will consume themselves, at last, in their own Confusion. Wherefore, the best Remedy to prevent their own Ruine, with the Ruine of the Commonwealth, is, To let them have *Liberty of Conscience*, conditionally,

onally, That they do not meddle with Civil Government, or Governors: and, for Security that they shall not, there must be a Law made, and enacted, *That whosoever doth Preach, Dispute, or Talk against the Government, or Governors, not only in This, but of any other Nation, shall be punished either with Death, Banishment, or Fine.* Also, for the Quiet and Peace of this Kingdom, there ought to be a strict Law, *That no Governor or Magistrate, shall in any kind Infringe our Just Rights, our Civil or Common Laws, nor our Ancient Customs:* for, if One Law should be kept, and not the Other, the People would be *Slaves*; and the Governors, their *Tyrants*.

An Oration, against Liberty of Conscience.

Fellow-Citizens,

I Am not of the former Orator's Opinion: for, if you give *Liberty* in the *Church*, you must give *Liberty* in the *State*, and so let every one do what they will. Which will be a *strange Government*, or rather, I may say, *No Government*: for, if there be no Rules, there can be no Laws; and if there be no Laws, there can be no Justice; and if no Justice, no Safety; and if no Safety, no Propriety, either of Goods, Wives, Children, or Lives: and if there be no Propriety, there will be no Husbandry, and the Lands will lye

Unmanured: also, there will be neither Trade nor Traffick. All which, will cause *Famine*, *Warr*, and *Ruine*; and such a *Confusion*; as the Kingdom will be like a *Chaos*: Which the gods keep us from.

An Oration, proposing a Mean betwixt the Two former Opinions.

Fellow-Citizens,

I Am not of the Two former Orators Opinions, for an *Absolute Liberty*, or a *forced Unity*; but, between both: Neither to give them such *Liberty* as to gather into several Congregations, according to their several Opinions; nor to *force* them to such Ceremonies as do not agree with their Consciences: And if those *Sects* or *Separatists*, disturb not the *Canon*, *Common*, or *Civil Laws*; let us not disturb their *Bodies*, *Minds*, or *Estates*: for, if they disturb not the Publick Weal, Why should you disturb their Private Devotions? Wherefore, give them leave to follow their several Opinions, in their particular Families; otherwise, if you force them, you will make them Furious; and if you give them an *Absolute Liberty*, you will make them Factious.

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*An Oration, reprov'g Vices.**Noble Citizens,*

BEing a *Fellow-Citizen* with you, I ought not to forbear from perswading you to Reform the Disorders of this City, and not to suffer Loose and Idle Persons to live without Employment; or to pass by their Abuses without Punishment: as also, to Reform the Excess of *Vanity*, *Luxury*, *Drunkenness*, and *Adultery*; of which, the *Chiefest* are most guilty: for, the Poor and Inferior Sort, hath not Means to maintain those Vices, although they endeavour it to the utmost of their Abilities: and as they have not *Means*, so they have not that *Courage*, or rather, *Impudence*, to act Vices so publickly as the Richer Sort doth: for, Poverty is *humble*, which makes it modest; whereas Riches is *proud*, and bold. The truth is, This City is like a Surfeited Body, full of Diseases; and, I fear, Easie Remedies, which are Perswasions, will not cure you, except *Warrs*, *Plagues*, or *Famine*, come amongst you, or be applied to you: for, they may *cure some*, although they will *kill most*. But, one thing I wonder most at; That you send your Children to School, to be instructed in *Divinity* and *Morality*! which is, To teach them to Pray, and to Fast; to be Humble and Charitable, to be Prudent and Temperate: yet, at Home, they have

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leave

leave and liberty to be Vain, Idle, and Expensive; to feed Luxuriously, to play Wantonly, and to live Riotously: so that, what good their Tutor teach them, by *Reading* and *Preaching*; their Fathers corrupt, by *Example* and *Precepts*. They go forth to be *schooled*, and come home to be *fooled*. Wherefore, I cannot imagine why you should put yourselves to that Charge, to have your Children taught and instructed to that which is *Good*, and yet suffer them to do what is *Bad*; unless you desire to see, whether *God*, or the *Devil*, be strongest in them. But, if you cannot live more Soberly, Moderately, Orderly, and Honestly; the best way would be, To send your Children so far from you, as not to hear of you, until you dye; so that the next Generation may be better, unless, by Nature, you leave your Son to inherit your *Vices*, as they do your *Goods*, by Birth; and then there is no hopes of Amendment. It is likely you will say, Why do I stand here talking to you, and exhorting you? I answer, That Saint *Paul* saith, *By the foolishness of Preaching, men may be saved*. So, I hope, my Words may work upon your hearts, to perswade you, not to spend your *Wealth*, to waste your *Time*, to end your *Lives* so unprofitably, as neither to serve your *God*, your *Countrey*, nor your *Friends*.

*An Oration, concerning the Forrein Travels
of Young Gentlemen.*

Noble Citizens,

YOU think your Sons not *well bred*, unless you send them to travel into Forrein Nations, to see and understand the Fashions, Customs, and Manners of the World, by which they may learn the better to know themselves, and to judg of others. But, though you send your Sons abroad, in hope they will profit by their Travels; yet you are, for the most part, deceived in your Hopes and Expectations: for our Young men, in this Age, get nothing by their Travels, but *Vanity* and *Vice*, which makes them *Fools*; and never gain any profitable *Understanding* or *Knowledg*, to make them *Wise men*. The truth is, they go forth of their own Countrey, *Civil Men*; but return *Brute Beasts*, and like Apes, Goats, and Swine; and some few, return Foxes. So that their Travels metamorphose them from *Men*, to *Beasts*. And as for their learning of several Languages, give me leave to tell you, That they learn more *Words*, than *Wit*; which makes them speak *much*, but not *well*. But, to come to the drift of my Speech: Since our Travelling-Gallants bring home only *Vanity* and *Vice*; more *Prodigality*, than *Frugality*; more *Luxury*, than *Temperance*; more *Diseases*, than *Health*;
more

more *Extravagancy*, than *Discretion*; more *Folly*, than *Experience*; and more *Vice*, than *Vertue*: It were better they should stay at home, than travel as they do: for, their Travels are not only unprofitable to Themselves, and their Countrey, but destructive; and their *Vices* and *Vanity*, do not only corrupt their own Natures, and Civil Manners, and waste their Bodies and Estates; but, they corrupt all good Government in the Weal-Publick: for which Reason, I think it most requisite and fit, that, as none should travel without leave of the State, or Publick Council; so, at their Return, they should be accountable to the State, and Publick Council, of their Travels, and the Advantages they have made. Thus their Travels would be profitable both to Themselves, and to their Countrey: for they would be as a Nursery, and School, to breed up *Youth* to be *Wise men*.

An Oration, concerning Playes, and Players.

Noble Citizens,

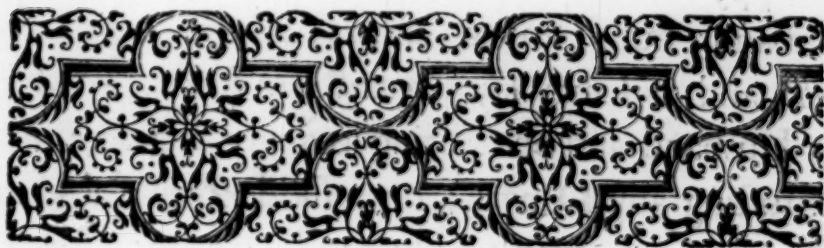
Here is a Company of *Players*, which are for Pleasure and Pastime, to those that have Nothing to do, and have Money to spend. But give me leave to tell you, You mis-spend your Time, and also your Money, unless the Players were better

better Actors, and their Playes better Playes: for, as their Playes have no *Wit* in them, so the Actors have no *Grace*, nor *Becoming-behaviour*, in their Actions: for, what is *Constraint*, is Mis-becoming, being not Natural; and whatsoever is Unnatural, is Deformed. But, pray mistake me not, believing I am an Enemy to Playes, or Players: for, I am an Enemy only to Foolish Playes, and Ill Actors; but, for Good Playes, well Acted, I am so far from being an Enemy to them, that, I think, there is nothing so profitable for Youth, both to encrease their Understanding, and to fashion their Behaviour; and, for those that have spare-time, they cannot pass it more pleasingly. Therefore, let me advise you that are Magistrates of this City, to set up a Company of Players at the Common-Charge, and to maintain some Excellent Poet to make Good Playes; and certainly, you will be no Losers in so doing, but Gainers; being the best and readiest way of Education for your Children: for, the Poet will inform them both of the World, and of the Natures and Humors of Mankind, by an Easier and Delightfuller way, than the School-men do: and the Actors will shew them to behave themselves more gracefully and becomingly, than their Dancing-Masters. Thus they will learn more, both for their Bodies and Minds, of the Poet and Players, than of their Tutors and Governors, or by Studying or Travelling, which is Expensive, La-

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borious,

borious, and Dangerous; whereas the other is Easie, Delightful, Safe, and Profitable. Also, one thing more I must advise you, That you provide a *Practick Judicious man*, to instruct the Players to act well: for, as they must have a Poet to make their Playes, so they must have a Tutor to teach them to act those Playes, (unless the Poet will take the pains to teach them himself) to *humour* the Passions, and to express the *Humours* naturally; and not to act after the *French Fashion*, with High-strained Voices, Constrained Motions, Violent Actions, and such Transportation, as is neither *Graceful*, *Becoming*, nor *Natural*: but, they must make *Love* soberly, implore *Favour* humbly, *Complain* seriously, *Lament* sadly, and not affectedly, fantastically, constraintly, ragingly, furiously, and the like: All which, in my Opinion, they do *senslessly*, *foolishly*, and *madly*: for, all *Feignings* must be done as naturally as may be, that they may seem *Real Truths*.



SEVERAL
CAUSES
Pleaded in several
Courts of Judicature.

PART IV.

*Pleading at the Barr, before the Judges, for, and against
a Woman that hath kill'd her Husband.*

Most Reverend Judges,



His Woman, who is accused not on- *Plaintiff:*
ly for killing a *Man*, but her *Hus-*
band; we have, for this Grievous and
Horrid Fact, brought before your
Honours, to be judged according
to the Laws, delivering her to your Justice and
Judgment.

Most Reverend and Just Judges, 'Tis true, that this *Defendant*
Unhap-

Unhappy Woman hath unfortunately kill'd her Husband; but, Heaven knows, it was *against her Will*; and, as I may say, *against her Knowledge*: for, her Husband and She, being lovingly together, not mistrusting any Danger; on a sudden came a Man, who, as it seems, was her Husband's Enemy: for, he assaulted her Husband with a drawn-Sword. This Woman seeing her Husband in danger, (being unarmed, and defenceless) was so affrighted, that she knew not what she did: wherefore, she having got a Dagger, which lay in the room they were in, and thinking to thrust it into her Husband's Enemy; unawares, thrust it into her Husband's Body, where-with he fell down, and immediately dyed. Which, when she saw, and perceived the Mistake, she was like a Distracted Woman; and, at last, fell into a Trance: but, being recovered out of that Faint-Fit, she hath since remain'd a most Sorrowful and Lamenting Widow. I express her *Sorrow*, to prove her *Innocence* from all evil Constructions: for, the Death of her Husband, was not designed or intended by Her, but by *Fate* and *Fortune*. And it is the duty of a Loving Wife, to defend her Husband's *Honour*, *Person*, and *Life*, with all her Power; and if the Success of her *Honest*, *Loyal*, and *Loving Endeavours*, fall out unfortunately, contrary to her expectation, she ought not to be punished for her Misfortune; (Misfortune being no Crime) but rather, to be pitied and

and comforted: neither can *Justice* find a Law that makes *Misfortune* to be enough to condemn any to dye: for, Shall *Duty* and *Loyalty*, be made Traytors? Shall *Honest Love*, be punished with Torments and Death? No, (*most Reverend Judges*) *Love* and *Loyalty* ought to be honoured with *Praise* and *Respect*, and not punish'd with *Torments* and *Death*. And the Death of this Woman's Husband, was caused by a *Fear*, which did proceed from an extraordinary *Love*. Thus his Death was a *Chance*, not an *intended Murder*.

Most Reverend Judges, There can be no Witness *Plaintiff* of the *Intention*, but her own *Knowledge* and *Conscience*, which are invisible, and not to be heard; and therefore insufficient to acquit Her. But, that which is a sufficient Witness against her *Intention*, and may lawfully condemn her, is, Her Endeavour to resist the Judgment and Sentence of Death: for all Good, Loyál, and Loving Wives, ought, nay, do desire to live and dye with their Husbands; when they are free from all Suspition: wherefore, much more ought they to accompany their Husbands in Death, when they are liable to be Judged and Condemned for Treason and Murder: for, as it would be Unlawful and Irreligious, for her to act her own Death; so it is Dishonorable and Impious, to endeavour to resist the Judgment of Death, to be given by Lawful Authority, pleading by her Lawyers most shamefully for Life.

Defendant. *Most Reverend Judges,* It is not, that she desires to live; but, that she would not dye *infamously*, as a Murderer of her Husband: for, though her Husband was kill'd by her *Hand*; yet, he was not kill'd by her *Intention*, but by *Chance*. Which Misfortune, makes her Life a Torment to her, for being so unhappy, as unwittingly to destroy him with whom her Life was most delighted: but yet she would, if she could, rather live *miserably*, than dye *dishonorably*: for, in her Dishonorable Death, both she, and her Husband, doubly dye.

Plaintiff. *Most Reverend Judges,* It were better, Two Persons should dye Four times over, than such a Crime should be Once pardoned: for, the Example of it would be more *dangerous*, than to have an Innocent Condemned, would be *grievous*. But however, it is most probable, She is Guilty.

A Cause of Adultery, Pleaded at the Barr before the Judges.

Most Reverend Judges,

Plaintiff. **H**ere is a Man and a Woman, that were taken in *Adultery*, and brought hither to be judged, that they may suffer Death according to the Law.

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Most Reverend Judges, This Adulteress, and A-plaintif.
dulterer, (for so, in truth, they are) although the
Woman is ashamed to confess it in Words, but only
in silent Tears: yet, the Man confesseth his Fault
publickly, and asks Pardon; only he says, It is a Na-
tural Fault: for the Desire of Procreation, is born and
bred in all Animal Creatures. That it is an Original
Appetite, he is sure of; but, whether it be an Original
Sin, he says, He doth not know: yet, if it be, it may
more justly be pardoned, than Gluttony, which was
the cause of Man's Fall; witness Eve, and the For-
bidden Fruit: and of that Damnable Sin, Gluttony,
that destroys many Lives through Surfeits, the Law
takes no notice. But Procreation, that begets and
makes Life, is Punish'd by the Law: which seems
strange to Reason, That Cursed Gluttony should be
Advanced, and Loving Adultery, Hang'd! Indeed,
it is a great Injustice, at least, a grievous Law! And
surely, our Forefathers that made that Law, were
defective either in Bodies, or Minds; or, at least, in
Judgment. And though I confess, It is not fit we
should break or dissolve those Laws, be they never
so Erroneous, that our Predecessors made; yet we,
their Posterities and Successors, may Sweeten and
Qualifie their Extream Rigor: as in this Case of
Adultery, to Punish the Bodies, but to Spare the
Lives; or, to Fine their Estates, and Spare their
Bodies: for, if the Rigor of the Law should be put
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in Execution in all Cafes, and to all Persons, there would no man be free, either in his *Estate, Person, or Life*. But howsoever, this *Male-Offender*, my Client, says, That if he must dye, yet he shall not dye basely, or dishonourably, by reason he shall dye *Love's Martyr*. As for the *Female-Offender*, she says, That she was seduced by *Nature*, as *Eve* was by the *Devil*; and Women, being of soft and tender Dispositions, do easily yeeld to an *Enticing Appetite*: besides, men being Eloquent in *Perswading*, Prevalent in *Flattering*, Free in *Protesting*, and Earnest in *Vows and Promises*; all which, hath such force with Females, (who are Credulous and Believing Creatures) that she had no power to deny him his Desire. But, both these *Lovers* desire these *most Noble and Just Judges*, to consider, their Crime is not caused through Spight, Envy, Malice, Revenge, Scorn, Pride, Hate, or the like Sins; but, through Love, Kindness, Friendship, Charity, Generosity, Humility, and such like Vertues: so that, *Adultery* is the only Sin that is built upon Vertues. Besides, this Sin hath a well-pleasing Countenance, a Courtly Behaviour, and an Eloquent Speech; which is the cause, most Men and Women are in love with this Sin; the gods forgive them for it. For, this Sin doth not appear with Terrible and Horrid Aspect, as *Murder*, which causes the very Soul, as much as the Senses, to be *masked* with Fear. Nor doth it appear of so foul an Aspect

Aspect as *Gluttony* and *Drunkennes*, to cause *Hate* or *Aversion*; but it hath an amiable Aspect, to cause *Love*; and so fruitful an Effect, that will cause *Life*, and living Creatures. They implore *Mercy*, and beg your favourable Sentence: and since it is a Natural Effect, for Males and *Females* to be *Adulterers*, at least *Lovers*; you may as soon destroy all Animal Creatures, as this Sin, if it be one. And if there be some Men and Women purely Chast, those are of Divine, and not of Natural Compositions; their Souls and Bodies having more of the *Purity* of the *gods*, than of the *Gross Corporality* of Nature. But these two Offenders confess, they have proved themselves Nature's Creatures; and the Woman says, she is *Eve's Daughter*; but, if you will spare her *Life*, she hopes to be as great a Saint as *Mary Magdalen*: for, she will beg Pardon by Repentance, and wash out her Sin with her Tears.

Most Reverend Judges, This Pleader ought to be *plaintif*. condemned, not only for a Corrupt Lawyer, but a Wicked man; and may very well be believed to be Guilty of the same Crime, he pleads so well for: for, if he were not guilty of the Crime, he would not plead for a Pardon.

Most Reverend Judges, I am no more guilty of *Defendant* the Sin, than the Saints in Heaven, that intercede for Sinners on Earth. But, if the *Pleader* should be condemned for the Cause of his *Client*, neither *Truth*

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would

would be heard, nor *Right* decided; so that all Justice would be overthrown with Malicious Accusers, and False Witnesses. But howsoever, *Most Reverend Judges*, I am not to decide the Cause, though I plead in the behalf of my Clients; and it is the Profession of a Lawyer, to speak *for* his Clients, and not *against* them, whatsoever their Cause be: for, it is the part of their Opposites, and not Mine, to fling the first Stone.

Plaintif. *Most Reverend Judges*, What ever he be, whether Evil, or not; yet, the Cause he pleads, is a Wicked Cause, and the Offenders ought to be severely punished, according to the Laws for such Offences, and Offenders: and if *Adultery* should be suffered, *Propriety*, and the *Right of Inheritance*, would be lost in the Obscurity of *bidden Adultery*; or in the Uncertainty of the *right Children*, or *right Fathers*.

*A Cause Pleaded at the Barr, before Judges,
concerning Theft.*

Most Reverend and Just Judges,

Plaintif. **H**ERE is a Man, which is accused for *Stealing privately*, and *Robbing openly*, against all Law and Right, the Goods of his Neighbours: for which, we have brought him before your Honours, appealing to the Laws for Satisfaction of the Injuries, Wrongs,

Wrongs, and Losses, and leaving him to your Justice and Judgment.

Most Reverend Judges, I am come here to plead *Defendant* for this Poor man, my Client, who is accused for *Stealing*, which is a silent obscure way of taking the Goods of other men, for his own Use. Also, this Poor man, (for so I may say he is, having nothing of his own to live on, but what he is necessitated to take from other men) is accused for *Robbery*, which is, to take away the Goods of other men, in a visible way, and forcible manner. All which, he confesseth to be true: for, he did both Steal and Rob, for his own Livelihood, and Maintenance of his old Parents, which are past Labouring; and for his young Children, that are not able to help themselves; and for his weak, sick Wife, that labours in Child-Birth: For which, he appeals to Nature, who made all things in common: She made not some men to be *Rich*, and other men *Poor*; some to Surfeit with over-much *Plenty*, and others to be Starved for *Want*: for, when she made the World, and the Creatures in it, she did not divide the Earth, nor the rest of the Elements, but gave the Use generally amongst them all. But, when Government and Laws were devised by some Usurping Men (who were the greatest Thieves and Robbers; for they robbed most of Mankind, of their Natural Liberties and Inheritances, which were to be equal among all): These Grand and Original

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Thieves,

Thieves and Robbers, (which are call'd *Moral Philosophers* , or *Commonwealth-makers*) were not only Thieves and Tyrants to the generality of Mankind, but they were Rebels against Nature , imprisoning her within the Gaol of *Restraint* , keeping her to the spare Diet of *Temperance* , binding her with *Laws* , and enslaving her with *Propriety* ; whereas all is in common with Nature. Wherefore, it being against Nature's Laws , for any man to possess more of the World , or the Goods of the World , than another man ; those that have more *Wealth* or *Power* than other men , ought to be punished as Usurpers and Robbers ; and not those that are *Poor* and *Powerless*. Therefore, if you be just Judges of *Nature* , and not of *Art* ; Judges for *Right* , and not for *Wrong* ; if you be Judges of the most *Ancient Laws* , and not *Usurping Tyrants* , you will not only quit this Poor man , and set him free from his *Accusers* , which are His , and such Poor men's *Abusers* ; but, you will cause his Accusers , who are Rich , to divide their *Wealth* equally with Him , and all his Family : for which Judgment , you will gain Nature's Favour ; which is the Empress of Mankind : Her Government is the *Ancientest* , *Noblest* , most Generous , most Heroick , and most Royal ; and her Laws are not only the *Ancientest* , (for there are no Records before Nature's Laws ; so that they are the Fundamental Laws of the Universe ; and the most Common Laws , extending

tending to all Creatures) but they are the *Wiseſt* Laws, and yet the *Freeſt*. Alſo, Nature is the moſt Juſt Judg, both for *Rewards* and *Puniſhments*: for, ſhe rewards her Creatures, that obſerve her Laws as they ought to do, with *Delight* and *Pleaſure*: but, thoſe that break or abuſe her Laws, in deſtroying their fellow-Creatures by *untimely Deaths*, or *unnatural Torments*; or do Riot, and oppreſs her with Exceſs; ſhe puniſhes them with Grief, Pains, and Sickneſſes: and, if you will avoid the Puniſhment of Remorſe, Grief, and Repentance, ſave this Poor neceſſitated man, from the Violence and Cruelty of theſe Inhuman, Unnatural, and Deſtroying Laws.

Moſt Reverend Judges, This man, who is Na-^{Plaintif.}ture's *Lawyer*, and *Pleader*, ought to be baniſh'd from this Place, and his Profeſſion of *Pleading*, out of all Civil Governments: for he talks he knows not what, of Nature's Laws; there being no Law in Nature, who is Lawleſs, and hath made all her Creatures to be Wild and Ravenous, to be Unſatiable and Injurious; to be Unjuſt, Cruel, Deſtructive, and ſo Diſordered, that if it were not for Civil Government, ordained from an Higher Power, *viz.* from the Creator of Nature her ſelf; all her Works would run into Confuſion, and to their own Deſtruction. But, Man is not all of Nature's Work, but only in his Outward Frame; having an Inward, Celeſtial, and Divine Composition, and a Supreme Power

given him by the gods, to rule and govern Nature. So that, if your Honours submit to the Plea of this Babler, you will make the Rulers and Governors of Nature, the Slaves of Nature. Wherefore, if you be Celestial, and not Natural Judges, and will give Divine Judgment, and not judg according to Brutal Senses, you will condemn this *Notorious Thief*, and *Wild Robber*, to the Gallows, that the loss of his Life, may be a Satisfaction for the Wrongs he has done; and his Death, an Example and a Warning to prevent the like Crimes.

*A Cause Pleaded before Judges, betwixt
Two Bastards.*

Most Reverend Judges,

Plaintif.

THere are two Laws in this Kingdom, which seem to be very Unjust: The one is, That if a Woman be got with Child by one Man, and Marries another before her Child is born; that Child must Inherit her Husband's Estate, if it be a Son: so that, one man's *Son*, comes to be another man's *Heir*, by this Law. The other is, That if a Man begets a Son before Marriage, and he Marries not the Woman till after his Son is born; though the Marriage cancels the Fault of *Adultery*, and is an Atonement for the Sin or Crime, both to God, and the Law; yet

yet the Innocent Child, that was in *no fault*, is put by the Inheritance, by the Law. Indeed, the Son so born, inherits only the *Disgrace* of a *Bastard*, but not his *Father's Estate*. And thus, if the Woman be Incontinent, a man's *own begotten Son* shall not Inherit; and another man's *Bastard* will be his Heir. The same Case is now brought to be Pleaded before your Honours, for Two Sons of one Woman, but not of one Father; the Eldest, being her Husband's, Begotten and Born before Marriage: The Other, Begotten by another Man, but Born a Month after her Marriage with the First Son's Father. The Son Born after Marriage, Claims his Mother's Husband's Estate as Inheritance, by *Law*: The Other Claims the Estate as a *Natural Right*.

Most Reverend Judges, The Son born to Inhe-^{Defendant}rit, Claims the Estate by the *Right of Birth*; and hopes, your Honours will not suffer his *Birth-right* to be taken from him.

Most Reverend Judges, The Right-begotten Son^{Plaintif.} doth not Challenge his Father's Estate, as his *Right by Birth*; but, as his *Right by Gift*: for his Father, by Deed, gave him that which the Law took from him: for, his Estate being not Entail'd, he might give it to whom he would; and he could not give it more Justly, Honestly, and Lovingly, than to his own Son: but, had he not a Child of his own to have given it to, yet, surely, he would never have

have left it, if he had Power to dispose of it to a Son of his Inconstant Wife, who bore that Child to the Shame and Dishonor of her Husband. But, the Case is so clear for his True-begotten Son, as it needs no more Pleading.

A Cause Pleaded before the Judges, between an Husband and his Wife.

Most Reverend Judges,

Plaintif.

HERE is a Woman, born of Good Parents, who has brought a Great Portion, and makes a Chaste Wife; yet her Husband is so Unkind, and so Cruel, that he doth not only Beat her often, but so Grievously and Sorely, that she is weary of her Life: And therefore she beseeches your Honours to take so much Commiseration of her Cause, as to *bind her Husband to a Good Behaviour*; or to grant her a *Bill of Divorce*, and some *Allowance* from him, that she may live absent, in Peace.

Defendant

Most Reverend Judges, Neither a Husband's Anger, nor his Corrections, are a sufficient Plea for a Wife to part from her Husband: for a Woman, when she Marries, makes a Promise before God, and his Divine Minister, in the Sacred Temple, *That she takes her Husband, to have, and to hold; for better, for worse; and, that she will be Dutiful, Obedient,*

ent, and constant to him, as long as life lasts; and so plights her troth. Wherefore, it is against the Laws of God and his Church, to sue for a Divorce; and against her Duty to Complain: for she ought, by the Laws of God, and consequently, by all other Laws, to suffer patiently, did she give her Husband *no cause* to use her so severely.

Most Reverend Judges, A Wife is not bound by *plaintif*. any Laws, or Religion, to hazard her Life: and she fears he will kill her in his Fury. And therefore, for the safety of her Life, she desires your Honours will quit her of the Danger.

Most Reverend Judges, A Wife is bound both *Defendant* by the Law of Nature, and God, to hazard her Life, (besides the danger of Child-birth) not only for her Husband's *Safety, Honour, and Pleasure*, but for his *Humour*: for, a Wife is bound to leave her Parents, Countrey, and all things else, to go with her Husband wheresoever he goes; and will have her go with him, were it on the Dangerous Seas, or into Barren Desarts, or Perpetual Banishment, or Bloody Warrs; all which, is more Dangerous and Painful, than Blows. But howsoever, it is as lawful for an Husband to Govern, Rule, and Correct his Wife; as for Parents to Rule, Govern, and Correct their Children; or for Masters to Rule, Govern, and Correct their Servants, or Slaves.

Plaintif. But, Parents ought not to Strike, or Cruelly use their Children; nor Masters, their Servants or Slaves, without Faults committed.

Defendant Parents, Masters, and Husbands, in the case of Ruling, Governing, Correcting, Punishing, or any other way using their Children, Servants, Slaves, and Wives, ought to be their own Judges, and no other. But, *most Reverend Judges*, she is not free from Fault: for, though she be *Chast*, yet she is a *Scold*; she gives her Husband more *unkind Words*, than he gives her *unkind Blows*; and her *Tongue* provokes his *Hand* to strike her. But, as she is lavish of her *Words*, so she is of his *Estate*; not so much with what she *spends*, as with that she *spoils*: and, though he can keep her from the *one*, he cannot hinder her from the *other*: for, she is not only unhousewifely, and careless of the main Stock; but, she breaks, rends, and spoils all his Goods, out of a Malicious Revenge, and Evil Nature. Yet, howsoever, were she the Best Wife that could be, and he the Worst Husband, the Law hath no power to *mend* him, and *help* her: for, the Law ought not to intermeddle in their Quarrel; having no more Power to take away the Prerogative of a Husband, than the Prerogative of Parents and Masters: for, whensoever the Law takes the part of a Servant against his Master, of a Subject against his Prince, of a Child against his Parents, or of a Wife against her Husband, the Law doth unjustly usurp
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on their Rights and Priviledges; which Rights and Priviledges, they receiv'd from *Nature, God, and Morality.*

A Widows Cause pleaded before Judges in the Court of Equity.

Most Reverend Judges,

Here is the *Poor Widow* of a *Rich Husband*; who *Plaintif.* in his life-time did allow her *little*; and, at his death, left her *less*: for, he only left her a small Pension during her life; which is so small, that it cannot maintain her, neither like his *Widow*, nor indeed in any Decent fashion: and she having no Joynture, he (to barr her of her *Widows-share*) gave her this small Annuity, knowing that otherwise she should have had the Third part of his Estate during life: but he, by a Deed of Gift of a *Little*, hath cast out her Claim from the Common-Law: Wherefore, she doth appeal to this *Court of Equity*, and *Conscience*, hoping to have Justice accordingly.

Most Reverend Judges, There is no Reason, *E-Defendant* quity, nor Conscience, that the *Widow* should carry away, during her life, so great a part of her Husband's Estate, as to impoverish his Children, and ruine his Family. Besides, it hinders the Paying of Debts; and there be very few Families that

have not Debts, as well as Children; and Creditors ought to be paid, as well as Children to have Portions: and, were there no Debts, yet many Childrens Portions, although but Small, would shrink a great Estate almost into Nothing. But, if a VVidow carries out the Third Part, there will be little left for after-Posterity, when every Child hath had their Portion; indeed, so little, as after-Posterity will have nothing to live on, nor to be bred up with; which is the cause there are so many Noble, Honourable, and Right VVorshipful Beggars: nay, it makes them not only Beggars, but base and wicked: for, having not Means according to their Births; nor Minds, according to their Means; despising their Fortunes, they take Desperate Courses; or else their Minds are so dejected, that they degenerate from their Births, and do base Actions.

Plaintif. Most Reverend Judges, It is against Conscience and Equity, that the Mother who bred and bore her Children, with Fear, Sorrow, Pain, and Danger of her Life, should be left poorer than the Children that were born from her.

Defendant Most Reverend Judges, It is against all Reason, Equity, and Conscience, that Parents should get and bring forth Children, and not provide for them: for, if they give them no Means to live, nor Education to get Means, nor some Allowance to live, they will have small Reason to thank their Parents, and as
little

little Natural Affection, to be dutiful to them, for giving them a Miserable Life, which deserves no Thanks, nor can challenge a Duty: for, as Children are bound by the Laws of Nature, to Assist their Parents; so Parents are bound by the same Laws, to provide for their Children's Subsistence; and when the Bonds are broken of one Part, the other Part is free. But, *most Reverend Judges*, I do not plead against the Mother's or Wife's Livelihood: for, it is not just that Mothers and Wives should not be provided for, since a Man ought to be a *Kind Husband*, as well as a *Loving Father*: but, a Wife ought not to be the ruine either of her own, or her Husband's Children: and if she be a Natural Mother, she ought to spare for her Children, and not to spend what her Children should have: but, most *Women* do not only spend what their Children should have, but give it away to a Second Husband, to the ruine of the First Husband's Children and Family. For this Reason, wise men that are *Husbands*, not knowing what their *Wives* will do, when they are dead, leave them as little as they can, securing their own Estates and Families, as much as is possible, from the Spoils and Ruines which Strangers or Second Husbands make: for, it were more Conscionable, not to leave a *Wife* any Maintenance, than *too much*; and better, *one* should suffer, than *many* perish; at least, it is better that a *Widow* should live poorly all her Life, than that an Ho-

norable Family should be poor to all Successions. Wherefore this Widow, in Conscience, ought to have no more out of her dead Husband's Estate, than what he hath left her, which is enough for *Necessity*, though not for *Vanity*; enough to live a *solitary Widow*, as she ought to do; although not enough to enrich a *Second Husband*, which, a hundred to one, but she would do, if she had it. But, her Husband was a *Wise Man*, a *Careful Father*, and a *Prudent Husband*, in not giving his Wife the liberty to play the Fool.

A Cause pleaded before Judges, betwixt a Master and his Servant.

Most Reverend Judges,

Plaintif.

HERE is a poor Servant which served his Master honestly; and his Master hath turn'd him out of his Service, without his Wages, which are due unto him by Right of Bargain and Agreement made betwixt them; which Bargain and Agreement, he hath broken, and unjustly detains his Wages.

Defendant

Most Reverend Judges, This Servant accuses his Master falsely, and challenges that which he ought not to have: for the Bargain was, That his Master should give him so much Wages, to do so much Work: he did not hire him to be Idle; nor is a Master bound to keep

keep a Lazie Servant, nor to pay him his Wages, unless he had done the Work he was hired to do; and not only to do it, but to do according to his Master's Will, and Good-liking.

Most Reverend Judges, If a Master's finding fault, *Plaintif*. shall be sufficient to barr a Servant of his Wages, no Servants could live by their Labours: for, Masters would find Faults, on purpose to save their Hire.

Most Reverend Judges, If Servants should live *Defendant* idly, or disorderly, or disobediently, or make wast and spoil of their Master's Goods and Estate, and be maintained with Meat, Drink, Lodging, and Wages; their Masters would become poorer than their Servants, and live in more subjection: rather than so, the Masters would serve themselves, and keep no Servants; for surely, men will rather be their own Servants, than to be Servants, or rather Slaves, to their Servants: so that Servants would not only want Wages, but Food, and starve for want: for, if they gain nothing by their Labour, and have no Means of their own, they must, upon necessity, perish. And for Example's sake, as well as Justice, this Servant ought not to be paid his Wages; for he doth not deserve it, and therefore 'tis not his Right nor Due to have it.

*Two Lawyers plead before Judges, a Cause betwixt
a Father and his Son.*

Most Reverend Judges,

*Plaintif
against the
Father.*

HERE is the Son, who ought to be his Father's Heir; but, for Marrying against his Father's Consent, his Father hath dis-inherited him; which is against all Law, or Right, both of God, Nature, and Man.

Defendant

Most Reverend Judges, Disobedient Children ought to have no Part nor Parcel of their Parents Estate; Lands, Goods, or any thing else: for, if the Parents receive no Duty nor Obedience from their Child, their Child can challenge no part of their Parents Estate: and, since he hath Married Disobediently, he ought to Live Poorly, or to get his Living by his own Labour or Industry.

Plaintif.

Most Reverend Judges, There is no Reason nor Law, that if one man commit a Fault against another, that man should commit another Fault, to be quit with him. And, put the case the Son were unnaturally Disobedient, must the Father be unnaturally Cruel, to be revenged of him?

Defendant

Most Reverend Judges, Parents are the fittest Judges of their Childrens Faults and Crimes committed against them: but howsoever, Parents cannot be thought Cruel or Unnatural, to punish the Crimes
of

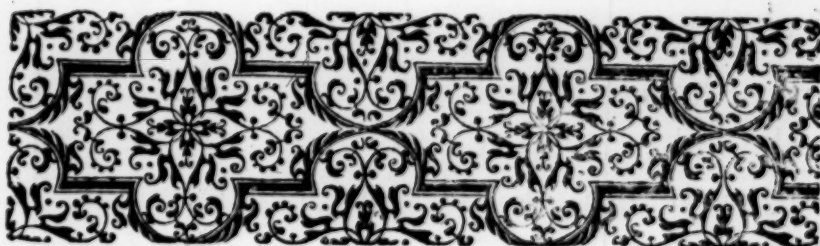
of their Children, no more than God can be said to be Cruel or Unjust, to punish Sinners: for God, who made Creatures, may do what he pleases with them: being his own Work, he may dispose or order them, as He thinks best, or as He pleaseth. So Parents that have begot Children, may do the like in things concerning themselves.

But, God is Merciful; wherefore, Parents ought *Plaintif.* to be Natural.

But God is Just; and therefore Children ought to *Defendant* be Dutiful.

But, if God should punish his Creatures according to their Desert, no man would be saved. *Plaintif.*

And if Children should do what they list, there *Defendant* would be no Government: for, Parents would be made Slaves, and their Children Masters. So if God should not punish some of his Creatures, all would be damned; and, to make up the fulness of their Sins, they would despise his Love, and not fear his Power; and so they would neither love nor fear God; so Children would have neither Duty nor Obedience to their Parents. But, to prove it a clear Cause; his Estate is free from all Entails, and wholly in his own Power, to dispose of it as he pleases, and to give it to whom he will: and therefore his Son can challenge nothing by Law, or Right.



SPEECHES

TO THE

King in Council.

PART V.

A Privy-Councillor's Speech to His Sovereign.

Dread Sovereign,



Here are many of your Noble Subjects chosen to be, I cannot say, *Privy-Councillors*, by reason there be too many to keep Secrets of State; which shews, we are rather Councillors for *Form*, than for *Business*; Councillor in *Name*, rather than Councillors in *Effect*. Wherefore, we shall not need to trouble your Majesty, or our Selves, the one to hear, the other to speak long *Orations*, or tedious *Speeches*: for, should we speak, we should rather

ther speak like Fools, than VVise men, by reason we are not acquainted with your Majesty's Cabinet-Designs, or Intrigues; and so being your Majesty's General, and not Particular Councillors, must needs speak at random. VVherefore, we beseech your Majesty, not to censure our *Judgments*, but our *Ignorances*, in not knowing your Majesty's most private *Cabinet-Desires*, *Designs*, and *Intrigues*.

A Petition and Plea at the Council-Table, before the King and his Council, concerning two Brothers condemned by the Law to dye.

May it please your Most Sacred Majesty,

I Am come here to your Majesty's Council-Table, to plead the Cause of two Brothers, whose Cause hath been Heard, Judged, Cast, and Condemned by the Judges of the Laws of this Land; and must suffer Death, unless your Majesty Acquits or Pardons them. Indeed, their Cause is hard: for, they were forced, either to offend the Laws of *Government*, or the Laws of *Honour*: the Laws of *Government*, threatned *Death*; the Laws of *Honour*, threatned *Infamy*: and, being worthy persons, they chose rather to venture Life, than to live dishonorably. But, their Crime (or, as it may rather be called, their *Justice*) for which the Laws of the Land have condemned

demned them, is for *killing*, or rather *punishing*, their Sister for the Impurity, Immodesty, Dishonesty, and Dishonor of Unchastity; which was an Offence to the *gods*, a Reproach to her *Life*, a Disgrace to her *Race*, a Dishonor to her *Kindred*, and an Infamy to her *Family*. As for the Sin, they past that by, to be judged of by the gods; her own *Reproach*, they regarded not; the Disgrace of her *Race*, they endeavoured to obscure: but, as for the Dishonor to her *Kindred*, and Infamy to her *Family*, her Brothers were resolv'd to wash it off with her Blood, and to rub out the Black Spot of Infamy, with her Death: which Resolution they put in Execution, forcing a Chyrurgeon to open an *Artery*, through which she bled to death. Besides, had they let her live, the Laws of the Land would have punished her, which would have been a *double Dishonor*, and a *recorded Infamy*, receiving as much Dishonor by her *Publick Punishment*, as by her *Private Crime*. Wherefore, to prevent, as well as to take off all Disgrace, they were her Executioners, by forcing the Chyrurgeon to strike an *Artery*: a very *Easie Death*, for so *Great an Offender*; the Natural Affections from Brothers to a Sister, making them desire, she might dye with as little Pain as might be. Now dead she is, and they condemned to dye for her Death, unless your Majesty will pardon them; and it will be a Gracious Act, to pardon *Worthy men*; such men, that preferr'd *Honour* before *Life*.

A Speech of one of the Privy-Councillors, in Answer to the former Plea and Petition.

May it please your Majesty,

I Will, with your Majesty's leave, endeavour to answer this Man. For Parents to kill their Children, or Children to kill their Parents; for Brethren to kill each other; and Sisters, their Brothers; or Brothers, their Sisters; or Nieces, or Nephews, their Uncles or Aunts; or Uncles and Aunts, to kill their Nephews, or Nieces, or Cousin-Germans, is very Unnatural; and to be the cause of their death, is so too; and I may say, is a great Sin in Nature. Wherefore, these two Brothers that were the *Cause*, indeed the *Actors*, of their Sister's Death, have sinned against the Gods, Nature, and the Laws of good Government; for which, they deserve Punishment, both in this World, and in the World after this Life. And as for that which is called *Honour*, it is but (in the opinion of some men) a *meer Fancy*, not any *real Good*; only a Name to perswade men to do evil Actions, to fight Duels, to make VVarrs, to Murder Friends; nay, to Murder Themselves. All which, is against the Laws of God, of Men, and of Nature; and therefore is Inhuman, Uncharitable, Unnatural, and Impious.

*The Petitioner's Reply.**Most Dread Sovereign,*

Since your Majesty is pleased to hear the Suits of Humble Petitioners, and the Causes of Pleaders, and the Defences of your Condemned Subjects, at your Council-Board, (their last Refuge in Extremity, appealing to your Majestie's Self) where your Majesty sits in Person, to hear not only Councils, but Complaints: I shall answer this Privy-Councilor, whose Judgment is more severe, than, I hope, your Majesty will be in your Sentence. He says, *It is Inhuman, Uncharitable, Unnatural, and Impious, for near Allies to kill each other.* But, neither your Majesty, nor your most Loyal Subjects, would think, or believe so, if your Majesty had a Rebellious Civil-Warr, which I pray the gods to keep you from: for, in all Civil-Warrs, near Allies fight against one another, and kill one another; believing, they do not only their King, but God, good Service in so doing: and what Pious Men, or Loyal Subjects, would not kill their Fathers, or their Sons, that fight against their King, or do but oppose his Will and Pleasure? Nay, those that speak against it, ought to be accounted Traytors. And as for *Honour*, which is said only to be an Opinion and Fancy of some men; yet, it is such an Opinion and Fancy, with-

without which, men would neither be Generous, nor Valiant; Just, nor Grateful; Faithful, nor Trusty; but all men would be Sordid, Covetous, Cowards, False Cheats, Unthankful, and Treacherous. Besides, Wit and Learning would be quite abolished, or buried in Oblivion: and if men did not care for Esteem, Respect, and Praise, they would not care to do that which is Good; but, on the contrary, would do all the Hurt and Evil they could: for, *Praise* keeps men from Evil, more than *Laws* or *Punishment*; and is more powerful to perswade and to allure men to Good, than *Strength* or *Authority* hath Power to inforce them to it. *Honour* lives in *Praise*, and *Praise* lives in *Worthy Acts*; which *Fame* records, that After-ages may know what Just, Valiant, Generous, Wise, Learned, Witty, Ingenious, Industrious, Pious, Faithful, and Vertuous men, liv'd in former times: which, Knowledge will make Posterity desirous and industrious to do as their Fore-fathers have done. Thus, to do Good and Honorable Acts, begets their *like* in After-ages, and makes a Race of *Worthy Deeds*. Wherefore your Majesty, for the good of the Present and Future Times, will favour these men that love Honour more than Life, and fear Disgrace more than Death; which is the Case of the Two Brothers, for whom I plead, and beg your Majestie's Pardon.

The KING's Answer.

I Neither ought to Approve the Act of those two Brothers, concerning the Death of their Sister; nor to Obstruct or Oppose my Laws in their Condemnation. Yet, since their Act was, to take away Disgrace, and not out of Malice; and through a hate to the Crime, not to the Person: I am not willing to leave them to the Punishment. And, the Law's being Satisfied by their *Arraignment*, *Judgment*, and *Condemnation*, I will give them their Lives, Lands, Goods, and Liberties, which the Laws took from them; and so leave them to God's Mercy for Grace, in hopes they will repent them of their Sin.

*A Privy-Councillor's Speech at the Council-Board,
to his Sovereign.**Most Gracious Sovereign,*

THis your City, wherein your Majesty doth chiefly reside, grows too big for the rest of your Kingdom; indeed so big, as it will be too unruly and unwieldy to be Govern'd; and being fully Populated, it will not only be apt to corrupt the Air, and so cause often and great Plagues, which may infect the whole Kingdom: (for where many People are, there

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is much Dung and Filth, both within the Streets and Houses; as also, Foul Bodies, and Corrupt Humors, which of necessity must be very unwholsome) but it will devour the rest of the Kingdom: for, it is the Mouth and Belly, that devours the fruitful Encrease of the Land, and yet labours not to Husband the Ground. Besides, the Richest and Noblest of your Subjects, residing, for the most part, in this City, as being the Chief City, Rob the Countrey, and Enrich the City: for, what they receive in the Countrey, they spend in the City: So that, they feed on the Labours of the Poor Countrey-men, and are Enriched by the Vanities of the Nobles. Thus they thrive by Vanity, and live by Spoils; Wasting the Plenty, Beggering the Gentry, and Ruining the Countrey, and so the Kingdom. Also, too Great and Populous a City, is not only a Head too great for the Body of the Commonwealth; but, like a Head that is full of Gross Humors. Indeed, a Great City is a Head fill'd with Evil Designs; and not only a Head full with Evil Designs, but it is the Tongue of Detraction, the Heart of Civil-Warr, the Magazine of Warring-Arms, and the Treasury to maintain Rebellious Armies: for, though they are more apt to Mutiny, than to Fight; and more apt to rise in Tumults, than in Arms; yet are they also, more apt to take up Arms, than to keep Peace. And, though they have neither Conduct, nor Courage;

yet,

yet, they will destroy with Force and Fury, whosoever will offer to oppose them; and their great Plenty, will make them more apt to rebel, than if they were pinched with Necessity: for, their Wealth makes them Proud, their Pride makes them Ambitious, their Ambition makes them Envious, their Envy makes them Factious, their Faction makes them Mutinous; and in a Tumultuous Mutiny, they will endeavour to pull your Majesty from your Throne, break your Laws, and make Havock and Spoil of all the Goods and Lives of your most Loyal Ministers of State, and Noblest Persons about you, and destroy the most Honest and Worthiest Persons they can come to. Thus a Great City is too Rich to be Obedient, too Proud to be Govern'd, too Populous to be Quiet, and too Factious to live Peaceably.

*A Privy-Councillor's Speech to his Sovereign,
concerning Trade.*

Dread Sovereign,

I Think it my Duty to inform your Majesty, That Trade is so decayed, that it will, in a short time, Ruine your Kingdom, if not timely repaired: for this Kingdom, being an Island, Trade is the Foundation to uphold it; without which Foundation, it will fall to Ruine. And, the Chief Persons for Trading

ding in an Island, are *Merchant-Adventurers*, which are both *Forrein-* and *Home-Traffickers*. These Merchants, your Majesty should Assist and Defend, to the utmost of your Power. There are Three things which conduce much to the Advancing of Trade: The First is, *Easie Taxes for Customs*. The Second is, *To secure the Merchants from Enemies at Sea*. The Third is, *Not to suffer your Neighbour-Nations to Encroach upon their Priviledges, or to take the Trading from them*. As for the First, *to lessen your Customs*, will lessen your Revenue; and that ought not to be, by reason your Revenue is not so Great, as to admit of any Diminution, your Charge being extraordinary Great: but, your Majesty may secure them at Sea, by your *Shipping*; and maintain their Priviledges Abroad, and at Home, by your *Power*. Which Actions will not only cause your Neighbours to *fear* you; but, your Subjects to *love* you; the one, for your *Force*; the other, for your *Favour*. And give me leave, *DreadSovereign*, to inform you, That the more *Merchant-Adventurers* you have, the more Power and Strength at Sea, you will have: for, *Shipping* encreases with their Trade; in so much, that your *Merchant-Adventurers* will both encrease your Power, and your Wealth: for, if they be Rich, the Kingdom cannot be Poor; and if the Kingdom be Rich, your Majesty cannot be Poor: besides, their Ships of Burden, are an Assist-

Assistance to your Ships of Warr. Both which, I beseech the gods to encrease, for your Majestie's and your Subjects Security.

*An Oration to His Majesty, for preventing
Imminent Dangers.*

Dread Sovereign,

I Think it my Duty, being one of your *Privy-Councillors*, to give your Majesty Advice, lest Sudden Dangers may surprize you; or, at least, Great Disorders may give you Great Troubles: for certainly, if your Majesty takes not a speedy course to rectifie some Errors, you will soon have a Civil-Warr; which I pray the gods to avert. The first Error is, *That Justice is corrupted.* The second, *That Vanity is excessive.* The third, and worst, *That your Treasury is empty.* To rectifie *Injustice*, is, To suffer no Offices to be sold, nor Bribes to be taken. To rectifie the *Excess of Vanity*, is, To see that a Law be made, That every Degree, or Quality, be known, or distinguished by their Habits; and to set a Stint, or Proportion, in Feasting; as, that the greatest Feast shall not exceed such a Price, or Charge, as your Majesty, and your Great Council, shall think fit. And to fill your *Empty Treasury*, is, To provide, that first your Majestie's Expences be not above your Revenue: also, to take great care, that your Officers and

Receivers do not cozen your Majesty: for, if your Expences be above your Revenue, and your Officers and Receivers, deceive you; your Majesty must be necessitated to Tax your People; which will so much discontent your Subjects in general, that it will cause them to Murmur, and make them apt to Rebel; and if they should Rebel, your Majesty, for want of Money, would not be able to Resist them, or to help your Self. Also, for want of Money, your Majesty's Magazines are as empty as your Treasury. Wherefore, your Majesty must be Industrious to *fill* the One, and to *store* the Other, that your Majesty may have Arms and Ammunition for your use, if need require.

*A Privy-Councillor's Speech to the King, at
the Council-Board.*

May it please your Majesty,

THere are some *Needy*, or rather *Spending* or *Wasting* *Untbrists*, that have got leave from your Majesty for *Monopolies*; not caring what Harm they do your Majesty, so they may reap a Profit to themselves. But, were they as *Meritorious* Subjects, as any your Majesty hath, yet they cannot be so deserving, as that your Majesty should displease many thousands of your other Subjects, to Favour and
Reward

Reward some few particular persons; and, for the Advancing and Enriching of those persons, many Hundreds, nay Thousands, are Ruin'd, at least, Impoverish'd. But, if your Majesty were any ways the Better, or receiv'd any Profit, either by Encreasing and Enriching your Treasures, or for the Service of your Warrs; or that it were any ways Beneficial for your Government, or that you did receive any Pleasure or Delight thereby, *Monopolies* ought not to be spoken against: but, it is so far from that, as it impoverishes your Majestie's Store, by impoverishing your Subjects, by their Ingrossing, and then Inhanfing particular Commodities. And when the generality of your Subjects are poor, your Majesty cannot be Rich: for your Revenue comes, or is drawn from the Generality, throughout your whole Kingdom, and not from some particular persons: for, though particular persons may make your Majesty Poor, by receiving from your Majesty Great Gifts; yet, particular persons cannot make your Majesty Rich, with particular Presents or Assesments. Thus particular persons may *drain your Treasury*, but not *fill it*. Neither can *Monopolies*, nor *Monopolizers*, serve you in your Warrs: for, though *Monopolies*, and *Monopolizers*, may be the cause of Civil-Warrs, by discontenting the People; yet, they cannot Maintain your Warrs, nor Defend your Person, nor Pacifie the People, but by the Sacrifices of their
Lives,

Lives; nor will that always satisfie them: for, whensoever a Rebellion is raised, and Civil-Warrs begun, it is a long time before there can be Peace again. Neither can *Monopolies* be Beneficial to the Commonwealth: for, the Commonwealth thrives in Equal Distributions; whereas Incroachments, Ingrossings, and Hoardings, of several and particular Commodities, impoverish the Commonwealth; as, when some men Hoard up Corn, it causes a Dearth, Inhauling the Price so high, that the Poorer People are not able to buy it; no, not so much as daily to feed them. The like for Money: when Rich Miserable men Hoard up Money, it makes such a Scarcity of it, that the Poor People, although they Labour painfully, yet cannot get enough to maintain Themselves, their Wives, and Children: for, the *scarcer* Money is, the *cheaper* is their Work; insomuch, that poor Labouring-men cannot get Half the Worth of their Labour. Neither doth your Majesty receive any Pleasure or Delight, by Granting *Monopolies*: for, what Pleasure can it be to hear the Murmurs and Complaints of your poor Subjects? What Pleasure can it be, for your Majesty, to have *Monopolizers* to spend what they get by their *Monopolies*, on *Mistresses*, *Luxury*, and *Vanity*? They are not to entertain your Majesty with Masques, Playes, Shews, Sports, and Pastimes: for, you pay deer for those Delights, without

out their Assistance. The truth is, that those *Monopolizers* get more than they ought to do, that way; and yet, not so much as the People loses: as in a Plunder'd City, the City loses more than the Soldiers get by their Plunder: for, they can make little Profit of those Commodities, that the Citizens grew Rich by. And the Soldiers do not only *take the Goods*, but *spoil the Trade*. The like do *Monopolizers*. Indeed, they are *Devouring Worms* in a Commonwealth, eating out the very Bowels, which is *Trade*: for, without *Trade*, a Commonwealth cannot well subsist: for, How should men live by one another, but by *Trading*? But we are sure, that your Gracious Majesty did not know or think what a Mischief *Monopolies* are in a Commonwealth; otherwise we, your Majestie's Councillors, know, that your Majesty would never have granted, or suffered, such Sores upon your *Loyal Subjects*.

*A Privy-Councillor's Speech to His Majesty, at
the Council-Board.*

May it please your Sacred Majesty,

THese *Petitioners*, that Petition for *Reformation of Government*, and Complain for the *breach of their Priviledges*, and Exclaim against their *Magistrates*, and your Majestie's *Ministers of State*, are

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to be considered as *Dangerous Persons*: for, their *Petitions* are Fore-runners of *Civil Warrs*, if not timely prevented: for, though they Cloak their *Treacherous Designs*, under *fair* and *bumble Words* at the first; yet, no doubt, but they will persist and go on in a *Rough* and *Rude manner*: for, what they call in their *Petition*, *their bumble Complaints*, are *Factionous* and *Seditious Murmurings*: and what they name *their bumble Desires of Redress*, are *presumptuous Demands*; and the Number of the *Petitioners*, are a *Rebellious Insurrection*; for which, they ought to be severely punished, some of them with Imprisonment, and some with the Loss of their Goods; others to be punish'd with Death, and others with Banishment; and their Priviledges ought utterly to be taken from them, for that they have forfeited them to your Majesty. Thus shall you raise *Money* from *Mulcts*, *Strength* from *Traytors*, and *Peace* from *Warr*.

*A Privy-Councillor's Speech to his Majesty, at
the Council-Board.*

May it please your Majesty,

I Am of opinion, That the Counsel of the Lord N. N. is too severe; and that it is dangerous to exasperate a *discontented People*; but rather, they should be pleased and qualified with some *Condescension*,

tion, and by putting out some Declarations in their favour. Which will be a means to pacifie them, and to allay their *Discontents*, and hinder their *Evil Designs*. For, if you rub a Sore, it will fester, and may make a *Gangrene*, and cause a *Part* to fall from the *Whole*: So, to enrage a People, may make them rebel, and fall from their Allegiance; which otherwise, it may be, they would not do. And he is an ill Chirurgion, that will *make* a Wound, instead of *healing* a Wound: so, it were not well to make those *Traytors*, that would be *Loyal Subjects*; or to *make Warrs*, instead of *keeping Peace*: for, when War is begun, it is not likely there will be any good Agreement, until most of the Kingdom is ruined; in which Ruine, your Majesty will be a loser: for, he is the *Greatest King*, that hath the most *Flourishing* and *Populous Kingdom*; and he is the *Happiest King* that hath the most *Peaceable Subjects*.

*A Privy-Councellor's Speech to His Majesty, at
the Council-Board.*

May it please your Majesty,

I Am neither of the Lord N. N.'s Opinion, as to put your *Justice*, against your Offending-Subjects, presently in Execution. Nor of the Lord S. T.'s Opinion, to let your Offending-Subjects go

to be considered as *Dangerous Persons*: for, their *Petitions* are Fore-runners of *Civil Warrs*, if not timely prevented: for, though they Cloak their *Treacherous Designs*, under *fair* and *humble Words* at the first; yet, no doubt, but they will persist and go on in a *Rough* and *Rude manner*: for, what they call in their *Petition*, *their humble Complaints*, are *Factionous* and *Seditious Murmurings*: and what they name *their humble Desires of Redress*, are *presumptuous Demands*; and the Number of the *Petitioners*, are a *Rebellious Insurrection*; for which, they ought to be severely punished, some of them with Imprisonment, and some with the Loss of their Goods; others to be punish'd with Death, and others with Banishment; and their Priviledges ought utterly to be taken from them, for that they have forfeited them to your Majesty. Thus shall you raise *Money* from *Mulcts*, *Strength* from *Traytors*, and *Peace* from *Warr*.

*A Privy-Councillor's Speech to his Majesty, at
the Council-Board.*

May it please your Majesty,

I Am of opinion, That the Counsel of the Lord N. N. is too severe; and that it is dangerous to exasperate a *discontented People*; but rather, they should be pleased and qualified with some *Condescension*,

tion, and by putting out some Declarations in their favour. Which will be a means to pacifie them, and to allay their *Discontents*, and hinder their *Evil Designs*. For, if you rub a Sore, it will fester, and may make a *Gangrene*, and cause a *Part* to fall from the *Whole*: So, to enrage a People, may make them rebel, and fall from their Allegiance; which otherwise, it may be, they would not do. And he is an ill Chirurgion, that will *make* a Wound, instead of *healing* a Wound: so, it were not well to make those *Traytors*, that would be *Loyal Subjects*; or to *make Warrs*, instead of *keeping Peace*: for, when War is begun, it is not likely there will be any good Agreement, until most of the Kingdom is ruined; in which Ruine, your Majesty will be a loser: for, he is the *Greatest King*, that hath the most *Flourishing* and *Populous Kingdom*; and he is the *Happiest King* that hath the most *Peaceable Subjects*.

*A Privy-Councillor's Speech to His Majesty, at
the Council-Board.*

May it please your Majesty,

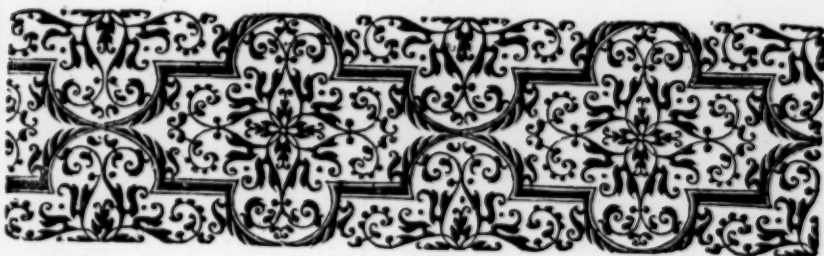
I Am neither of the Lord N. N.'s Opinion, as to put your *Justice*, against your Offending-Subjects, presently in Execution. Nor of the Lord S. T.'s Opinion, to let your Offending-Subjects go

unpunished; nor, which were worse, to flatter them: for, that will make them proud, and Pride will make them stand upon High Terms; nay, it will make them insult so imperiously, as not any Condescension will satisfy them: for, when the People perceive their *Sovereign* is afraid of *Them*, they become *Unruly*: but, when they fear their *Sovereign*, they are *Obedient*: for, it is impossible to work upon their Good Nature, or to make them Obey, through *Love* and *Good-will*, because they have no Good Natures to work on. Wherefore, there is no other way but *Force*, to make them *Loyal*, and to keep them to their *Allegiance*. And my Advice is, to your Majesty, To make your Self *Strong*, before you appear either to Favour them, or Disfavour them; and to be so long in your Results, till your Majesty hath gathered up your *Strength*, and settled your *Power*, and secured your *Person*; otherwise, you may declare what you will, but you shall have but few *Partners*, whilst you are *Weak*, and *Powerless*: for, men listen not so much to *Words*, as they are afraid of what they see: and *Power* encreases *Power*; whereas, *Words* do but multiply *Words*, and lessen *Power*: but, when your Majesty hath got a sufficient *Power* to *Oppose* them, or to *Command* them, then declare your *Will* and *Pleasure*, and put your *Justice* in Execution. Wherefore it is requisite, that your Majesty should Store your Magazines, Man your Forts, make

make Garrisons, prepare your Navy, and get what Money you can, to raise an Army, if need require. Also, your Majesty must take great care, that you employ and entrust *Honest Men*, and *Loyal Subjects*, such as have been always obedient; otherwise you will be betrayed, and your own Designs will be turn'd against you: for, your Majestie's Affairs require now, rather *Honest*, than *Subtil* men; and *Wise*, rather than *Crafty* men.

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ORATIONS
IN
Courts of Majesty,
FROM
SUBJECTS to their KING,
AND
From the KING to his SUBJECTS.

PART VI.

Complaints of the Subjects to their Sovereign.

Most Gracious Sovereign,

E are come here, not as *Mutinous Rebels*, but *Humble Petitioners*, to employ your Favour in the redress of our Grievances, and in taking off our Heavy Oppressions: for, all the Profit of our Labours, which should maintain our Lives, Wives, and Children

dren , is forcibly taken from us ; and we do not only pay *Taxes* , but intolerable *Prices* for all Commodities and *Necessaries* , occasioned by *Monopolies* and *Projects* , which ingross all particular Commodities ; so that we are forced to *buy* our Liberties , to *sell* ; and *sell* our Liberties , to *buy*. But, if your Majesty were a *Gainer* by our *Loss* , and were *Enriched* by our *Poverty* , we could be well contented to be Miserable for your Majesty's sake , either for your *Profit* , or *Pleasure* : but, your Majesty enjoys it not ; but other men, (which are call'd *Courtiers*, *Promoters*, and *Projectors*) spend it idly , vainly , riotously , and, we fear , wickedly : so that , what we get with *Labour* , they spend with *Idleness* ; what we get with *Care* , they spend with *Carelessness*. The truth of it is, they wear our *Lives* upon their *Backs* , and feed upon our *Bowels*. But the worst is , that if we be poor , and half-starved , we shall neither be able to serve your Gracious Majesty in Peace , nor in Warr. And therefore, we beseech your Majesty , for your Own sake , as well as for Ours , to be pleased to redress our Grievances.

*The Subjects Complaint to their Sovereign, of the Abuses
of their Magistrates.*

Most Gracious Sovereign,

AS all Creatures make their Complaints to God, the Highest and most Powerful in Heaven: So we, your Humble and Obedient Subjects, make our Complaints to your Majesty, God's Vicegerent, the Highest and most Powerful on Earth. But, though your Majesty is Loving and Careful of your poor Subjects, making *Judges*, *Magistrates*, and *Officers*, to keep *Order*, to do *Justice*, to give *Right*, to rectifie *Errors*, and to punish *Crimes*, that your Subjects might flourish in *Peace* and *Plenty*; yet, they are so far from doing *Justice*, that they do *Wrongs* and *Injuries*; and instead of giving every one their *Right*, they take away our *Rights* from us; and, instead of *Order*, they commit *Disorder*; instead of rectifying *Errors*, they make *Errors*; and instead of punishing *Crimes*, they are the greatest *Criminals* themselves; and those that are the most *Honest* and *Peaceable* of your Subjects, are most sure to be worst used by them, because they have not that Profit by them, which they have by those that are *Disturbers*, *Destroyers*, or *Deceivers*: for, when they have committed Faults, they get Money for their Pardons; whereas those that commit no Fault, need none. And

as for *Justice*, or rather *Injustice*; it is sold at the *Barr*, or on the *Bench*: for, *Causés* are not *Pleaded* or *Decided* for *Truth* or *Right*; but, for *Bribes* or *Favour*. Also, the Magistrate doth not set the Poor a-work, but takes away the Poor's Work; I mean not, their *labour*; but, their *getting*, and *profit*; and so leaves them not any thing to live on. Also, they rob the Subjects in general, and your Majesty in particular: for, though they take away *much* from us; yet, they pay your Majesty but *little*, in comparison of what they take: and they *use*, or rather *abuse* your Majestie's Name, to the ruine of your Subjects: for, they extort in your Majestie's Name; and when we hear your Majestie's Name, we humbly submit, and yeeld to all they demand: for, not only your *Person*, but your *Name*, is Sacred to us. But, give us leave to tell your Majesty, That they are so unsatiably Covetous, that all the Wealth of your other Subjects, will not satisfy them; and their Covetousness makes them so Unbelieving and Hard-hearted, that when they have taken All from us, they put us in Prison, because we have Nothing left to give them: and if we be not put in Prison, we are put to Slavery; and many times our Wives and our Children are abused. And this is the lamentable Condition of your poor Subjects; for which, we implore your Majestie's Redress; knowing, it is not your Majestie's Pleasure we should suffer so miserably.

*A Speech of a King to a Rebellious Rout.**Beloved Subjects,*

WHat is the Reason, or Cause, you gather together in such *Rebellious Tumults*? Is it for fear of your *Lives* or *Liberties*? Which you have no cause to fear; for I am not your Enemy, but your Gracious King. Or is it, that you are my *Enemies*, and throng to Dethrone me? Or is it, that you would have the *Absolute Power* amongst you? But, how can *Absolute Power* be divided amongst *many*? for, if every one hath *liberty* to do what he *list*, not any man will have *power* to do what he *would*: for, *Liberty* will be lost, if every man will take upon him to Rule; and *Confusion* will take place of *Government*. Thus, striving for *Liberty*, you will thrust yourselves into *Slavery*; and out of *Ambition* to Rule, you will lose all *Government*; and out of *Covetousness* to be *Rich*, you'll make yourselves miserably *poor*: for, if there be no *Government*, there can be no *Order*; if there be no *Order*, there can be no *Justice*; and if no *Justice*, there can be no *Safety*; if no *Safety*, no *Peace*; if no *Peace*, no *Trade*; and if no *Trade*, there will be no *Riches*. Wherefore, your best way is, To Submit and Obey; to be content to be *Ruled*, and not seek to *Govern*; to enjoy your *Rights*, and to revenge your *Wrongs* by *Law* and *Justice*; and

not to make Warr and Confusion, to destroy your selves.

A Speech of a King to Rebellious Subjects.

I May call you, *Well-beloved Subjects*; but I cannot call you, *Loving Subjects*: for, though I have been *Careful, Watchful, Prudent, and Just*, for your *Safeties, Peace, Prosperities, and Rights*; yet, you regard not my *Safety*, my *Peace*, nor my *Rights*. Neither can I call you *Good*, for you are *Factionous, Complaining*, and full of *Malice*: nay, it may be a question, whether I may call you *Subjects*; for you disobey all *Authority*, resist the *Laws*, and will obey no *Command*, unless you be forced: and though you have not actually *Rebell'd*, yet you are in the way to it: for, you dispute my *Power*; and would, if you could, take away my *Prerogative*; but will not quit any of your *Priviledges*: which shews your *unconscionableness, ungratefulness, and unkindness* to me your Sovereign. Besides, you are so *Unreasonable*, and so *Evil*, as you murmur at my *harmless and lawful Pleasures*; but will abate none of your own *Vanities, Vices, and Wickednesses*. The truth of it is; I have done like an over-fond Father, who through extreme Love and *Tenderness* to his Children, hath given them their *Wills and Liberties* so much, that they

they forget their *duties*, and become disobedient, through wantonness: but, had I used *Severity*, instead of *Clemency*, and had rigorously kept you in fear; had exacted *more* from you, and had yeelded *less* to you, but had curbed your Liberties, you had been more Obedient; which would have been more happy both for Me, and for You: for then you would have been Govern'd *easily*, and had Obey'd *willingly*; by which, we should have lived peaceably; whereas now we are like to ruine each other with Civil-Warrs, unless Heaven open your Eyes of Understanding, to see the Faults, Errors, and Dangers, you are like to fall into: but, I hope, Heaven will give you Grace to *reform* your Lives, and *conform* your Manners to live peaceably.

A Speech of a King to Discontented Subjects.

Beloved Subjects,

I Perceive *Frowning Countenances* amongst my People, which doth portend a Storm: but, let me advise you from raising a Storm, lest you Shipwrack the whole Kingdom, and be drown'd, your selves, in the *Waves of Rebellion*. The truth of it is; *Raging Men*, are worse than *Raging Billows*, and more devouring than the Sea. Yet, if you are resolv'd to make Warr, rather make Warr in Forrein Nations,

than in your own Countrey; and on Strangers, rather than on your Friends: for, to make Warr on Me, your King, and your Sovereign, is against the Laws of God: to make Warr on the Protector of your Liberties, and Father of your Countrey, is *unnatural*: to spill your Friends Blood, is *ungrateful*, and *inhuman*: to ruine your Native Countrey, is *barbarous*. By which Actions you will become worse than *Beasts*, and as bad as *Devils*: but, if you be so possest with Fury, as no Entreaties will dispossess you, you must be scourged with *Misery*. The truth is, you seem by your *Rebellious Actions*, to be *Mad*; and then there is no Cure for you, but to be lett Blood in the *Discontented Veins*; and I will be your Chirurgeon, and try my Skill and Power, to bring you into a *perfect Obedience*: besides, I will bind you with *Bonds of Slavery*, and whip you with *Rods of Afflictions*, unless you presently conform your selves to *Peace, Law, and Government*, and humbly crave Pardon for your Faults.

The Speech of a King, to His Rebellious Subjects.

P*Roud, Presumptuous Subjects!* For so you are, that dare bring your Sovereign's *Prerogative* in question, and dispute His *Power*: but, Who gave you that *Authority*? Not my *Ancestors*, nor your Own: for, my *Ancestors* Conquer'd your *Ancestors*, and made them Slaves; in which Slavery, you ought to have been kept, and not to have such Liberty as now you have, which gives you the boldness to come so *near*, and so *high*, in your Demands, as to jostle me in my *Throne*; only you cast a Veil of Pretence over your *Wicked Designs*; and the Pretence is, your *Rights* and *Priviledges*: but, What *Rights* had you, when you were Conquered? and, What *Priviledges* have you, but what the *Conqueror* gave? He gave you not the *Priviledg* to dispute my *Power*, or to bring my *Prerogative* in question: neither have you *Priviledg* to disobey my *Command*, to resist my *Authority*, or to break my *Laws*: and know, rather than I will quit my *Rights*, my *Dignity*, or my *Power*, I will dye first: but, my *death* will not serve your turn; for I have *Successors*. And, though your idle Thoughts, and vain Hopes, perswade you, you shall get more Liberty by *Rebellious Actions*; yet, you may be deceiv'd, and, in the end, thrust your selves into *Absolute Slavery*. But, it seems, you had rather
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be *Base Slaves*, than *Loyal Subjects*; or else you would not be so apt to Mutiny, as you are; yet, if you once Rebel, I will endeavour to destroy every man that opposes me, or stands Neuter; and, if I cannot destroy you with that *Power* I have, I will call in *Forrein Nations*, that shall devour you: for, believe me, I will not be Ruined alone, but the Ruine of the Whole Kingdom shall accompany Me.

A Recantation of the poor Petitioning-Subjects.

Most Dread Sovereign,

YOur most sorrowful, and poor *Petitioning-Subjects*, hearing your Majesty was displeased at their *Complaints*, and angry with them, for coming in a Company together; imploring your Majestie's Favour, and Redress of their poor Condition, not imagining that their *Complaints* would be taken as *Factious* and *Seditious Murmurings*; or their *Desires* of redress, as *presumptuous Demands*; or that their *Petitioning in a Company together*, would be taken for a *Rebellious Insurrection*: They have sent Me, a Poor man, (not daring to come together, as they did before) to let your Majesty know, That they are more grieved for your *Displeasure*, than for any other Affliction that could come either upon their *Lives, Bodies,*

dies, Goods, Wives, or Children: for, they do assure your Majesty, and call Heaven to witness for them, That they came not for any Evil Design against your Majesty, or your Majestie's Government, but only out of a Good Intent; believing, your Majesty did not know what they did suffer: and if they had known, or but imagined, it had been your Majestie's *Will and Pleasure*, they should suffer; they would never have *complained*, but rather have *starved*, or endured any *Torment*, than opposed your Majesty in any thing. And if your Majesty thinks their *Ignorant Fault* is beyond a *Pardon*, they are ready and willing to endure any Punishment, or to dye at your Majestie's Command.

A Speech of Repenting-Subjects, to their Sovereign.

Most Gracious Sovereign,

WE your most *Penitent Subjects*, crave Pardon for our Faults, not only with *Tears* in our *Eyes*, but *Sorrow* in our *Hearts*, for our *Murmuring Speeches*, and *Rebellious Actions*; for which we confess we deserve to dye; or, which is worse, to endure great and grievous *Torments*. But, if your Majestie's Clemency spare our *Bodies* from *Pain*, and our *Lives* from *Death*, we are doubly, nay trebly, bound to your Majesty; first, by our *Duties*; next,

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for

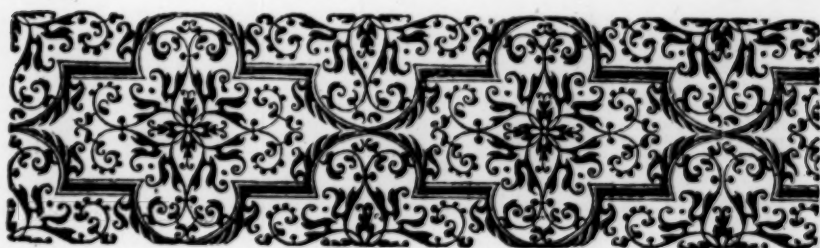
for your *Mercy*; and last, for our *Pardon*, to be not only your Majesty's *Loyal Subjects*, but *Loyal Slaves*. And since there is no man so perfect, but is subject to offend, and not in *leight* or *small* Offences, but *great* and *grievous*; not only against *Man*, or against *Nature*, but against *God* Himself: We hope your Majesty will consider our frail *Natures*, and will rather blame *Nature* for *making us so*, than *Us* for *being so*. But, since *Repentance* is the way to *Forgiveness*, and *Absolution* follows *Contrition*; we do, with *Contrite Hearts*, and *Humble Spirits*, crave your *Mercy*.

A Speech of a King, to His Good Subjects.

MY *Beloved*, and most *Loving Subjects*, (for so you are) I have required your *Assembling* together, that I may see you; and you, *Me*: for, I do not love to be as a *Stranger* to my *Subjects*; nor I would not have my *Subjects* as *Strangers* to me: and, if it were possible, I would be acquainted with their *Faces*, *Degrees*, *Qualities*, and *Professions*; and not only be their *King*, but their *Friend*; not to govern them in *general*, but to counsel and advise them in *particulars*. Indeed, I have reason to give you often *publick Visits*, and *publick Thanks*, for your *Loyalty* and *Love*: for, your *Obedience* is such, that you seem to watch for my *Commands*; and your *Love* is such, that you seem to prefer

fer my *Safety*, before your own *Lives*; and my *Pleasures*, before your own *Profits*; insomuch, that you seem to desire only to live to serve Me: and I thank the gods for making me so happy, to be a King of such Subjects, whose only *strife* is for my *Favour*; who are ambitious only for my *Fame*, and take a pride in my *Glory*: whose *Valours* enlarge my *Dominions*, whose *Industries* enrich my *Treasuries*, whose *Delights* are my *Pleasures*, whose *Love* protects my *Person*, and whose *Prayers* are for my *Health*, and *Long-life*. I can only say, That your *Loyalty*, *Obedience*, and *Love*, is not to a King that doth not regard it; nor to a *Tyrant*, that had rather be *fear'd*, than *lov'd*: but, assure your selves, my Affection to my People is such, that it is like that of a Fond Father, to his Only Son, who had rather *dye* for his *Son's Good*, than *live* to his *Own Pleasure*; and all the endeavours of his *Life*, are to make his Son *Rich*, *Noble*, and *Powerful*, that he may have *Respect*, *Renown*, and *Fame*, amongst strangers. The like do I for my Subjects. Indeed, a King is the *Common Father* of his People; and I rejoyce to see you, as a *loving Father* doth his *Children*. And so, I pray the gods to bless you.

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S P E E C H E S

O F

Dying Persons.

P A R T VII.

A Speech of a Dying-King to His Noble Subjects.

F Aithful Counsellors, Just Magistrates, Loving Friends, Noble Men, and Loyal Subjects: You see me here, Death's Prisoner; yet, though I must part with my Subjects, they shall not part with their Sovereign; for I shall leave them a King, though I dye. I have been your Crown'd King, this *Thirty years*: A heavy Weight, and a long time of Trouble! But, a King hath more *Title* than *Power*; and more *Power*

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than *Pleasure*: for, were all his *Subjects, Slaves*; and did all obey his Will; yet, to Order and Govern them to his Will, requires *Pains, Care, and Study*. But my Desire and Will was, *To make my Subjects Happy*: to which End, I bent all my Industry; and I wish my Successor may do the like: for, *good Subjects* deserve a *good Sovereign*. Indeed, all good Subjects have not, at all times, good Sovereigns; nor all good Sovereigns, good Subjects; because all Sovereigns are not *Wise*; nor all Subjects, *Loyal*: for, though good Men make good Subjects; yet, good Men do not always make good Sovereigns; since it is not *Piety*, nor *Moral Honesty*, that makes Good Kings; but *Industry, Observation, Understanding, Judgment, Wit, Prudence, and Courage*, makes Kings wise Rulers. Also, *Counsels, Experience, and Practice*, makes an Old King a better Governor than a Young King; and yet most Subjects grow weary with their Sovereign's *Age*, and so consequently, with their own *Happiness*: but, their Folly and Ingratitude, is often punished, in having their Desires. Indeed, most of Mankind, through Ignorance and Inconstancy, desire their own Hurt; which, when they feel, they are displeased with the gods for granting that, they were earnest with the gods to give them: so that they are seldom contented. But, I wish they may have *good Desires, contented Minds, and happy Lives*; and pray the gods, they may flourish with my Successors, in
Peace

Peace and Plenty, as they have done with Me. To my Son I leave You, and Him to you: *Farewell.*

A Speech of a Dying-Daughter, to her Father.

FAther, *Farewel!* And may that Life that issues from my Young and tender Years, be added to your Age. May all your Grief be buried in my Grave: and, may the Joys, Pleasures, and Delights, that did attend my Life, be Servants unto Yours. May Comfort dry your Eyes! God, cease your Sorrows; that though I dye, you may live happily. Why do you mourn, that Death must be your Son-in-law, since He is a better Husband, than any you could chuse me, or I could chuse my self? It is a Match that Nature, and the Fates, have made. Wherefore be content: for, it is not in your Power to alter the Decrees of Fate; for Destiny cannot be opposed: but if you could, you would rob me of the Happiness the gods intend me: for, though my Body shall dwell with Death, my Soul shall dwell in Heaven; and holy Angels, that are my Marriage-Guests, will conduct it to that Glory, for which you have cause to joy, and not to grieve: for, all Creatures live but to dye; but those that are Blessed, dye to live; and so do I. *Farewell.*

A Speech of a Dying-Soldier, to his Friends.

Dear Friends,

YOU are come to see me dye: but, I am sorry you shall see me dye in the *Bed of Sloth*, and not in the *Field of Action*; for now I shall dye like a Coward; whereas, had I dyed in the Field of Warr, I should have dyed as a Valiant man. Indeed, the *Field of Warr* is the *Bed of Honour*, wherein all Valiant and Gallant men should dye: but, *Fortune* hath denied me that Honour; she hath spar'd my Life to my Loss: for, those that dye in the *Warrs*, have greater Renown, and more glorious Fame, than those that dye in *Chambers of Peace*: for, whatsoever Heroick Acts men have done, do (for the most part) dye, if they out-live them; being certain, that such Actions live by the Deaths of the Actors. I do not say, *always*; but, *for the most part*: which makes me fear, the Service I have done my King and Country, will dye with me, and be buried in the Grave of Oblivion. But, though the Service I have done, should be quite forgotten; yet, I would not repent my Actions: for, Honourable Persons, and Gallant Men, should do what they ought to do, although they were certain never to be Rewarded. And though few men are Rewarded according to their Merits; and many have Favour, that did never merit a Reward,

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(so Unjust is the *World*, *Fortune*, and *Fame*) yet, their *Injustice* must not make men Unworthy. But, I have done my part, and *Death* will do Hers. *Farewell.*

A Speech of a Loving-Dying-Mistress, to her Beloved Servant.

Servant,

THis day I should have been your *Wife*, and so your *Servant*, as you have been Mine: but, *Death* hath robbed *Hymen* of his Rights, and now he fights with *Life*, which he will overcome: for, *Death* is Conqueror of All, and Triumphs in his Spoils. Yet *Death*, by taking my *Life* Prisoner, will set your *Person* free, to chuse another *Mistress*, to make a *Wife*; in whose Embraces I shall be buried and utterly forgotten. I speak not this out of *Envy* to Her Happiness, nor Yours: for, *Envy* dwells with *Life*, and not with *Death*. Nor am I loath to *dye*, nor grieve to be forgotten; no, not by those that I loved most, and equally with my Soul: for, I would not have those I love, to mourn in Melancholy thoughts, and Sad remembrance of my death. I only wish, That she whom you will love next, may return love again, with as much *Truth*, *Constancy*, and *Purity*, as I have done; and may she be the Glory of her Sex, and

Honour of her Husband: and may you live to love each other; and love to live for one another's sake. May *Nature*, *Time*, *Fortune*, *Fate*, and the *Gods*, join in your Happiness! *Farewel*.

The Speech of a Forrein Dying Traveller.

Dear Friends,

I Have travelled farr, and have seen much of the World, having gone round about it: but, now I shall travel out of the World, from whence I shall bring no News. I shall not come back to relate my Journeys, or to tell you what strange Creatures there are in the other World, or what Dangers I escap'd, or what Adventures I have made, or what several Countries there are; and which is good for Plantation; or what Commodities there are, or what Traffick there is, or may be: for, though all Creatures are Transported, yet no Returns are sent back in lieu of them; unless we believe, New-born Creatures are sent out of the other World, into This: but that is not probable; for we are sure they are made in this World, and of the same Substance of the World. But howsoever; those that are sent thither by *Sickness*, *Casualties*, *Fortune*, and *Age*, return no more. Wherefore, I must take my last leave of you: for, though I have been at the *Confines* of *Death*, and
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am return'd to my Friends again ; yet I never was in the *Region of Death* ; a place I never was ambitious or desirous to go to : for, though I had the curiosity to see the several Countries, Kingdoms, and Places, in the several parts of the World ; yet, I never had the curiosity to travel into Death's Kingdom, nor to see the Mansions of the gods ; which may be accounted a Sin. Indeed, Travellers are accounted *Atheistical* ; but if they were, yet when they come to die, they would change those *Atheistical Opinions* : and as bad as they are thought to be, yet they are not afraid of Death ; for else they would not venture their Lives so often as they do. Indeed, *Travellers* have as great *Courage* as *Soldiers* , and, 'tis believed, as little *Religion* ; but not so much *Hate*, *Envy*, *Malice*, *Revenge*, nor *Covetousness* unless they be Merchants. Nor are they Robbers and Murderers ; they do not take away men's Lives nor Goods, as *Soldiers* do. But, of all men, *Travellers* have most reason to Adore and Worship God best ; for they see most of His Wonderful Works, which shew his *Power*, *Wisdom*, and *Majesty* ; and that makes His Creatures admire Him, praise Him, fear Him, love Him, and pray to Him, as the Great, Omnipotent, Infinite, Eternal, Incomprehensible, and Everlasting God ; To whom I resign my Soul, and leave my Body to Death. Farewel.

*A Speech of a Dying-Lover, to his Beloved
Mistress.*

Dear Mistress,

THough I must dye, I leave my *Life* to live with you: for, you are the *Life* of my *Love*, and the *Love* of my *Life*: you are the Palace of my Soul, wherein it lives, and will remain, though Death doth take my Body hence: for, Souls *live*, though Bodies *dye*. Yet, do not drown my Soul in Tears, nor cloud it with your Sorrows; but give it Light of Joy, and please it with your kind Remembrance. But O! my Jealous Thoughts do torture more my Mind, than pains of Death do torture my weak Body; lest you should banish the Love of Me, to entertain a Stranger. Which if you do, the gods will punish you for your *Inconstancy*. But pardon this my Jealousie: for *Doubts* proceed from *Love*; and your *Vertue* is the *Anchor* of my Hopes, and *Haven* of *Security*; in which, my Love lives safe. *Farewel.*

*A Speech of a Dying-Son, to his Father.**Father,*

I Have been an Unprofitable Son: for, I shall dye a *Batchelor*, and so leave you no Posterity to keep alive your *Name* and *Family*. Which is a double grief both to your Self and Me: indeed, to me it is a Treble Grief, because the Fault is only mine; loving vain Pleasures and Liberty so much, that it made me unwilling to be bound in Wedlock-Bonds, believing that a Wife would be a hindrance to those Delights that pleas'd me. Besides, I trusted to my *Youth* and *Health*, thinking I had time enough to Marry, and Encrease. Also I thought, that very young men's Children, would prove but weak and sickly in Body and Mind. Thus did I bring many Arguments to live a *Batchelor*, until such time as I had more maturity of Years; and then I did intend to chuse a Wife with your *Consent*, or else *consent* to Marry whom you pleas'd: but, Death will alter that Design; and You and I must both submit to Heavens Decree. Yet have I this to comfort me, That you did never Command me to Marry: wherefore, my Fault was not a Fault of *Disobedience*; for I never disobey'd you in all my Life: which makes me dye in Peace.

*A Speech of a Young Dying-Virgin.**Dear Friends,*

I Do perceive, that holy Angels hover about my Soul, to carry it to the gods, when parted from my Body. A *Virgin's* Soul is cloth'd with *white Innocency*, and so fitter for their company, and for the Robe of Glory which the gods will give me. As for my Body, though it be young, yet is it only fit for *Death*, as being due to him: for, that was made of Earth; and *Death* is Lord of all that Earth doth form, breed, and bring forth: but, Souls being of another Nature, those that are Celestial, proceeding from the gods, do to the gods return: whereas wicked Souls, that are damned, and proceed not from the Gods, but from the Damned Spirits, return to the Damned Crew again: for, all is good that doth proceed from God: and though the best of Souls do sin, yet God doth give them Purging-grace, that cleanses them from Evil; which Grace hath purified my Soul, and made it fit for Heaven; where I do wish all Souls may come. *Farewel.*

A Speech of a dying-Husband, to his Wife.

Wife, Farewel: for Death will break our *Marriage-knot*, and will *divorce* our Persons; but not *dissolve* our Love, unless you be Inconstant: for, Death hath not the Power to dis-unite our Souls, which may live and love eternally. But, if you Marry a *Second Husband*, you separate our Loves, as Death will separate our Bodies: for in that *Marriage-Bed*, you will bury all Remembrance of me; and so shall I doubly dye, and doubly be buried: for, your *Second Husband*, will be my *Second death*. But, if you live a Widow, you will keep me still alive, both in your *Name* and *Memory*; where I desire to live, until your Body dyes; and then our Souls will meet with *Joy, Delight, and Happiness*: till then, *Farewel*.

The Speech of a Common Courtizan, dying.

Kind Friends, and Wanton Lovers,

When I was in Health, you came to view my *Beauty*, to hear my *Voice*, and to enjoy my *Person* in Amorous Embraces; and all for your own Pleasures and Delights: but, I did entertain such Visitors, more for the *Lucre of Profit*, than
for

for the *Pleasures of Love*; more for your *Presents*, than your *Persons*. The truth is, I was more covetous of *Wealth*, than Amorously affected: not but that I took pleasure in seeing my *Beauty* admir'd, and hearing my *Wit* prais'd; and took delight to ensnare men's Affections with my Attractive Graces, and was proud of the Power I had by Nature's Favour; yet that Power I only employ'd to enrich my self, that I might live Bravely and Luxuriously, or to Hoard up to maintain me when I was Old. But O! those Covetous Desires, and Vain Delights, have ruined both my Body and Soul! In grievous Pains I live; and should dye Despairing, but that the gods are Merciful, and Pardon Penitent Sinners: for, if I were to live, I would not live that Life I have done, not only for my Soul's sake, but for my Bodie's: for, had I thought of Death, or could have imagined the Pains that now I feel, (the *Pockie Rotting Pains* that torture my weak Body) I should have been less covetous of *Wealth*, and more careful of *Health*: I should not have made my Beauty, Wit, and Becoming-Graces and Adornments, to entice Customers to buy Sinful Pleasures. Or had I thought of the Joys in Heaven, I should have despised all Worldly Delights: Or had I fear'd the Torments of Hell, I should have spent my time in Prayers, and not in Courtships. But, Life is almost past with me; for Death hath stricken me with his Wand,

so

so that I cannot live to *mend*, but dye to be *forgiven*: for, I do truly and unfeignedly Repent. *Farewell.*

The Speech of a Vain Young Dying-Lady.

Dear Friends,

YOU are Charitable in Visiting the Sick; a Charity that I did seldom practise: for, when I was in Health, I was so taken up with Vanities and Worldly Pleasures, that I could never spare so much time, as to visit a *Sick Friend*. Neither was I so Charitable to the Poor, as to help to Relieve their Wants: for, I spent so much on my *Braveries*, that I left not any thing to give unto the Poor. Indeed, I did shun Visiting the Sick, because they put Thoughts of Death into my Mind; which Thoughts did disturb my Mind, and obstruct my Delights: but, if I had thought of Death more, and had visited the Sick oftener, I had never liv'd so idly, nor spent my time so unprofitably, nor had been so foolishly vain, as I have been: for, I regarded nothing but *Beauty, Fashions, Dressing, Dancing, Feasting, Courtships, and Bravery*. I never thought of Heaven, nor read holy Books of *Divinity*; but only *Lying-Romances*; and my Contemplation was all of *Wanton Love*. 'Tis true, I went often to Church; but not to *pray*, but to be

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pray'd

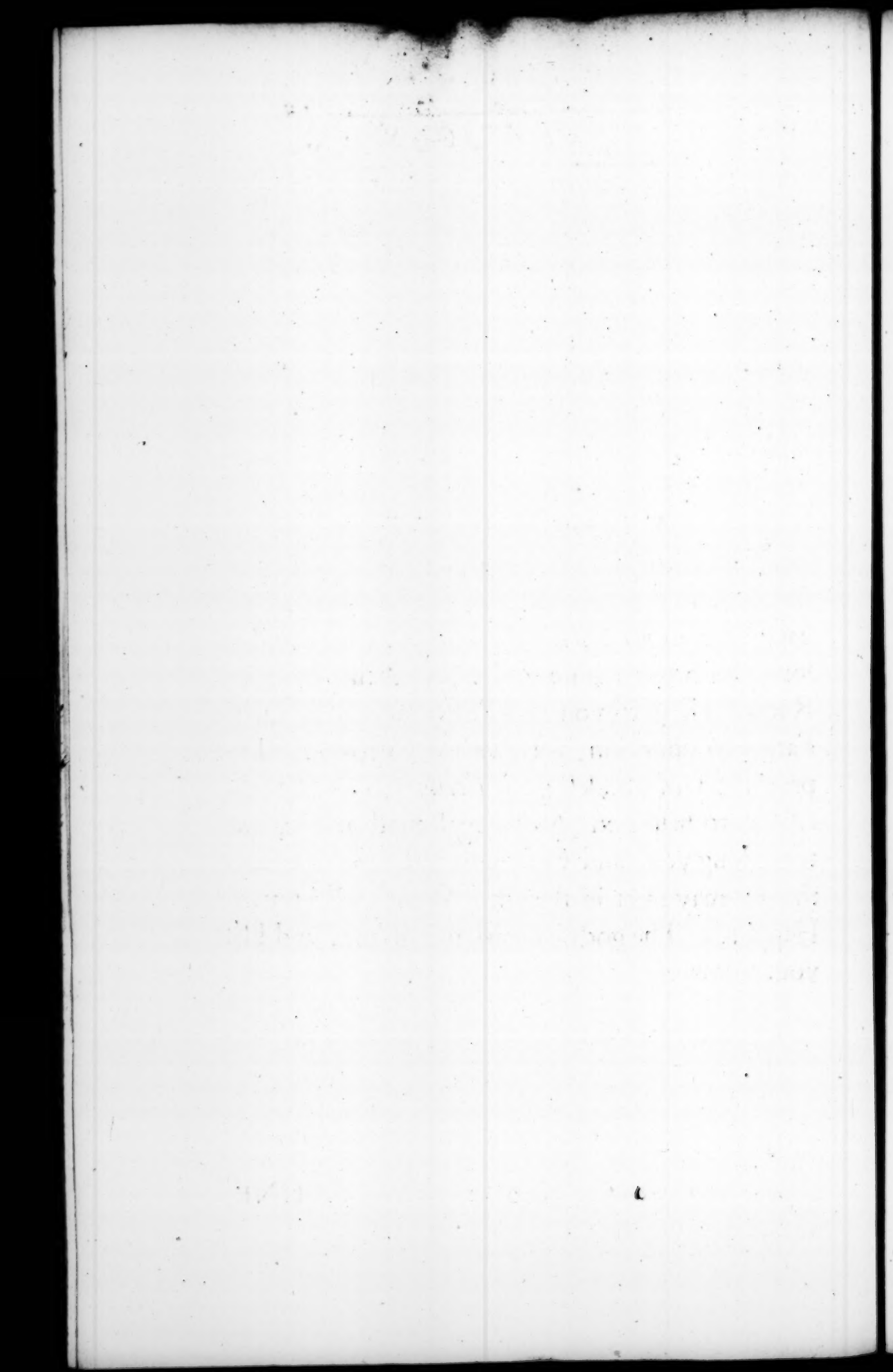
pray'd to; not as a *Saint*, but as a *Mistress*; I may say, as a *Sinner*: for, I went not to Church for *Instruction*, but for *Destruction*; more for to shew my *Beauty*, than to *Reform* my *Life*; more to get *Wanton Lovers*, than to get *Saving-Grace*. I listned not to what the *Preachers* taught, but look'd which of the *Gal-lants* ey'd me. Thus did I encrease and multiply sins, under the *Veil of Devotion*; for which, I deserve great and grievous Punishments. But, the gods are merciful, and will forgive me: for, now I do more hate Vanities, than ever I did love them; and all my Evil Thoughts are banished from my Mind. Indeed, Death hath frighted all such Thoughts away, and Pious Thoughts do take their place; and as the gods come near, the *World* shrinks from me, who am guilty of the aforefaid Sins, and Millions of others besides. But, Death will stay no longer; for blessed Angels bear away my Soul. *Farewel.*

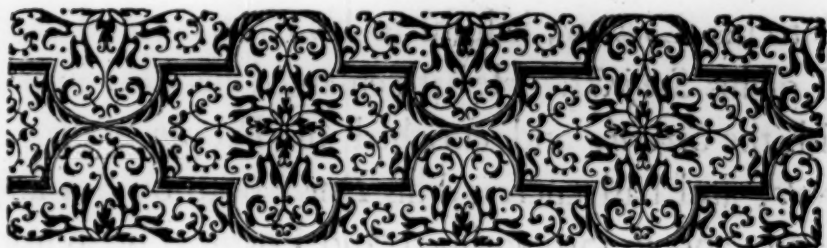
The Speech of a Father on his Death-Bed, to his Son.

Sonne,

I Have lived a long time; so long, that, were not you a Good Son, you would have wish'd my death, before Nature had ordained me to dye. But, as Heaven hath blest'd me with *long Life*, so with a *good, loving, and dutiful Son*, which hath been a
Help

Help and Comfort to my Old Age. And, as *Heaven* hath given you *Grace*; and *Nature*, a *Good Disposition*, to love and obey your Father: so, *Heaven* and *Nature*, hath given you *Health* and *Ability*, to beget Posterity; in which I shall live in *Name* and *Fame*, though I dye in *Body*. But, Son, as you have been a *helpful* and *dutiful Son*, so I have been a *loving* and *careful Father*: for, I have been more prudent for my *Son's Good*, than vain for my *Own Pleasure*. I have been more industrious to *advance* and *enrich* my Son, than to *please* or *delight* my self: and I have thought my self happier in my Son's Life, than I have done in *my Own*. Thus, Son, I have and do love you better than my self; and all the Desire and Request I have to you, is, That you will be such a Father to your Son, as I have been to you. And so I pray the *Gods* to bless you, *Fortune* to favour you, *Wisdom* to help you, *Nature* to strengthen you, *Time* to prolong you; and when your time comes to dye, that we may meet in the other *World* with Joy and Happiness. The gods have Mercy of me, and bless you. *Farewel*.





Funeral-Orations.

PART VIII.

*An Oration to the People, concerning the Death
of their Sovereign.*

Dear Countrey-men, and Loyal Mourners,

WE may see our *Loss*, by our *Love*; and our *Love*, by our *Grief*; and our *Grief*, by our *Tears*: but, we have reason for our general Mourning and Sorrow in every heart, That our *Dread Sovereign* is taken from us. He was our *Earthly God*, our *Protector*, *Defender*, *Assister*, *Preserver*, *Ruler*, and *Governor*: He protected us with his *Justice*, defended us with his *Arms*, assisted us with his *Prudence*, preserved us with his *Love*, ruled us with his *Power*, and governed us by

his *Laws*. And such a Prince he was, as he was dreadful to his *Enemies*, helpful to his *Friends*, and careful of his *Subjects*. He hath enlarged his Dominions with the *Sword*, and enriched his People with the *Spoils*; and hath encreas'd his *Power* both by Sea and Land; and so Strengthened and Fortified his Kingdoms, that his Subjects have no cause to fear any Forrein Invasion, but may safely sit with Pleasure under their own Vines. And, so wise and Good a Prince he was, that, though he be gone, yet he hath left *Peace* and *Plenty* amongst his People; and *Power*, *Dominion*, and *Strength*, to his Successors. With which, Heaven grant they may inherit his *Wisdom*, *Moral Vertues*, *Divine Graces*, *Heroick Spirit*, *Good Fortunes*, and *Great Fame*; that, though our Old *Sovereign* be gone to the gods above; yet, our New *Sovereign* may be as a god to us here. For which, let us pray to our *Sovereign-Saint*, to intercede for us to the gods on High, to endue their Deputy on Earth, with *Divine Influences*, and *Human Wisdom*, to Govern and Rule us, as He did.

*A Funeral-Oration for a young Noble-man.**Beloved Brethren,*

V^V^E are met together, as *Funeral-Guests*, to a dead man, who dyed in the Flower of his Age; and, whil'st he lived, was favoured of *Nature*, *Birth*, *Breeding*, and *Fortune*: for, he was handsome of Body, understanding in Mind, Noble of Birth, knowing in Learning, and Rich in Wealth. He was *Generous*, *Valiant*, and *Courtly*. He had a *pleasant Speech*, and a *graceful Behaviour*. He was Beloved of the *Muses*, Admired by the *Sciences*, and Attended by the *Arts*. He was entertained with the Pleasures of the World, and feasted with the Varieties of Pleasures; yet all could not save him from Death. Indeed, Death appears more Cruel to *Youth*, than to *Age*; because it takes *Youth* from the most flourishing time of their Life: but, *Youth* fears Death less than *Age*: not that *Youth* hath more Courage; but, *Youth* doth not think of Death so often as *Age* doth: for, if *Youth* had Death in their Mind, they would fear Death more than *Age* doth, by so much more as they are younger, and know the World less; and, *Youth* thinks Death a long time off from them; although to many it is so near, that it is ready to seize on them. Wherefore, if those that are Young, did think they should dye soon, they would

would not be so eager and fond of the World, as they are ; nor be so vain and intemperate , as many young persons be: the Brave Gallants would take little pleasure in *New Modes* , *Gay Clothes* , and *Fair Mistresses*. A young Gallant, would be but a Dull Courtier , a Melancholy Lover ; not Melancholy for his Mistress's Disfavour, but at Death's Approach ; not for *Love* , but for *Life*: neither would he take pleasure in *Musick* or *Dancing* ; for the thoughts of Death would make him Dance false, and put his Hearing out of Tune ; and the Musick would sound to his Ears , as his *Passing-Bell*. Neither would he eye Beauty ; but if he did , the *freshest* Beauty would appear *faded*. In truth , all his Senses would be, as rough and troubled Waters , disturbed by the Storms of Fear, raised in his Mind : for, the most Valiant Minds are somewhat disturbed with the Thoughts of Death, by reason the Terrors of Death are natural to all Mankind ; not so much to *feel* , as to *think of* ; not only for the parting of Soul and Body , and the dark Oblivion in Death ; but, for the *uncertain Condition* after Death : for, though Death be not sensible of Life ; yet , Life is sensible of Death. So that, it is the Thoughts of Death that are fearful, and not Death it self, that is so terrible ; as being neither painful to *feel* , nor dreadful to *behold* , because Invisible and Insensible, having neither *shape* , *sound* , *scent* , *tast* , nor *touch*. But, this Noble Person is past *thinking* , and therefore,

therefore, past *fearing*, and past *wishing*: for, he doth not desire to live in this World again: he thinks not of the World, or of any thing in the World: he is free from all trouble of Mind or Body. In which Happiness, let us lay him in the Tomb with his Forefathers, there to rest in Peace and Ease.

A Funeral-Oration for a General.

Beloved Friends,

THis Noble Person that lyes here dead, was once our General: A *Valiant Man* he was, a *Skilful Soldier*, a *Wise Commander*, and a *Generous Giver*. He loved his *Soldiers*, more than *Spoil*; and *Fame*, more than *Life*. He was full of *Clemency* and *Mercy*. He would give his Enemies their Lives *freely*, when he had overcome them *valiantly*. And he was so careful of his own Soldiers Lives, that he would never adventure them, but when he saw great probability of Victory. Yet this *Gallant Man*, this *Excellent Soldier*, whom his Enemies could never overcome, *Death* hath taken Prisoner; and with it, he shall have but a dark Lodging, and cold Entertainment. Thus *Death* is the most Absolute Conqueror that is: for, no Creature is able to resist or defend themselves from Death; whose Uncontrolling Power makes it dreadful, even to the most Valiant men; not that they

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fear

fear *Death's Dart*, but *Death's Oblivion*: for, Valiant men love Life, and fear Death, more than Cowards; or else they would not venture their Bodies so often, were it not out of love to Life, and fear of Death: not that Life which Cowards are so fond of; nor that Death which they are so afraid of: but, tis the Life of their *Fame*, and Death of their *Name*, that Honourable and Valiant men so much love and fear: insomuch, that to gain the *one*, and to shun the *other*, they will sacrifice their Bodily Life, and embrace their Bodily Death with more Delight and Pleasure, than the Beautifull'st Woman that ever Nature made. And they are to be commended for it: for, it is the Life that the gods themselves take delight in, being pleased to live in the Minds of their Creatures, and angry if their Creatures think or speak not of them, as well as to them. So all Worthy men desire and endeavour to live in the Minds of their own Kind; and to be praised, at least spoken of: for, they desire and endeavour to live both in the *Thoughts* and *Words* of men, in all Ages, and in all Nations, and by all Men, if it were possible; it being as natural for Worthy men to desire to be remembred, as for all men to desire to live; and as natural for men to desire to live, as to love themselves. But some say, *It doth a man no good, to be remembred when he is dead.* It may be answered, That then it doth a man no good, to be remembred whilst he lives; for, *Remembrance*

brance lives in the *Absent*, and *Absence* is a kind of Death. But, he is as Evil a natur'd man, that cares not to be remembred by his Friends, as those that never remember their Friends. Also, he is Unnatural to his Kind: and it may be said, That such men are *Ungrateful Monsters*, or *Monstrous Unnatural*. But, this Noble Person was remembred, and spoken often of, by his Absent Friends; and did remember, and spoke often of his Friends in their absence, whilst he was living; and his Worthy and Valiant Actions will be remembred and spoken of now he is dead. in which *Remembrance* and *Words*, may he live as long as the World lasts; as being the only Reward this World can give to *Worth* and *Merit*; to *Piety*, *Moral Vertue*, *Valour* and *Generosity*, *Wit* and *Learning*: for, there is no other Reward in this World, but *Remembrance* and *Praise*; which *Remembrance* and *Praise*, all good men will give him as his due. Thus will the Tongues and Minds of living men, build him a *Monument of Fame*, wherein all his Worthy Acts will be kept in remembrance, though his Body be dead and buried in Earth. Into which, let us put it with devout Ceremony.

A Funeral-Oration for a Judge.

Dear Friends,

WE are met together to see laid into the Grave, Judg N.N's Body, who in his life-time was an Upright Judge: for, he judg'd according to *Truth* and *Right*, and not for *Fear* nor *Favour*. He was free from *Covetousness*, or *Corrupting Bribes*. He was both a *good* and a *wise* Judge: for, he would never judge overhastily, any Cause, for, or against; but would patiently Hear all Sides. Neither would he Retard or Delay Suits over-long: but, in all Causes he was very attentive; and in doubtful Causes, very cautious how to judge: and in all Criminal Causes, chiefly on Life and Death, he would be very inquisitive to know the Truth: for, he would not judge before he had examined strictly, and had sufficient Proofs and Witnesses, or at least, very great Probabilities of the Truth. Also, he was neither a *temerarious*, nor an *over-bold* Judge; neither *cruel*, nor *foolishly pitiful*: for, as he would not pardon so *much*, nor so *many*, as to encourage men to offend, or commit Crimes: so, he would not Condemn so *much*, nor so *many*, as to make a kind of a Massacre of Lives. All which, made him live with a *good Conscience*, and dye with a *good Courage*; not fearing a Condemnation, neither in this World, nor the next; but desired

red to be summoned to God's Tribunal, there to be Tried and Judged of the Course of his Life in this World. To which *Divine Judg* we leave him, bearing his Body to the Grave; there to leave *that*, but not to leave the *Remembrance* of Him, nor that *due Praise* his *Memory* deserves.

A Funeral-Oration for a Serjeant at Law.

Dear Friends,

YOU see the Body of *Serjeant N. N.* lyes dead, ready to be put into the Grave: Which shews, That he would not *Plead for Life*; or else, *Death* had no *Ears* to hear his *Suit*: but, if he *Pleads* as well for himself, at *God's Tribunal*, as he did for his *Clients* at the *Barr*, he will get *Judgment* on his side. The truth is, *Nature*, as well as *Education*, made him a *Pleader*: for, naturally, he had a *Flowing Speech*, and a *Fluent Wit*, to turn, wind, and form any Cause, as he liked best: for, his *Wit* and *Eloquence* was such, as to make a *doubtful Cause* seem *clear*. And, had he not known (by *Learning*) the *Laws*, so well as he did; yet, his *Wit* and *Eloquence* would have covered his *Ignorance*, and supplied the defect of his *Learning*. But, he was as *Good* and *Learned* a *Lawyer*, as an *Excellent Pleader*; and as *Honest a man* as either: for, he took more pains to plead his *Clients*

Cause, than Pleasure to take Fees from his Clients. Neither would he prolong his Clients *Suits*, to drain their *Purses*; nor yet, make his Clients Cause more doubtful than it was, to make them more fearful of the Success of their Suits, than they had reason to fear; and all this, to get more Fees; for, *Fears* and *Desires*, are *Prodigal Givers*, as well as *Promisers*. But rather, he Pleaded *gratis* for his Poor Clients: wherein he shew'd more *Charity* to the *Poor*, than *Covetousness* to the *Rich*. Thus he was a *Good* and *Generous Lawyer*; a *Witty*, *Ingenious*, *Eloquent Pleader*. The truth is, He did not only take *Pains* for his Clients, but *Pleasure* in his own Wit: for, he had more *Delight*, than *Profit*, by his Pleading: and yet, he did not take so much pleasure in his own Wit and Eloquence, as others did which heard him; in-
somuch, as more went to hear him Plead, than those that had Causes to be Pleaded. He reproached not any man; nor used any Railing Speeches, or Violent Actions, in his Pleading; as many, nay, most Pleaders do: but, his Behaviour was *Civil*, his Wit *Sweet*, and his Speech *Gentle*: for, though his Wit was *quick*, *ready*, and *free*; yet, it was neither *salt*, *sowre*, nor *bitter*. And, though his Speech was *flowing*, yet it was not *rough*: for, it ran in a *smooth*, though *full* Stream. And, his Behaviour or Demeanour, was so *graceful* and becoming, that the *one* delighted the *Eyes* of the Beholders, as much as the
other,

other, the *Ears* of the Hearers. But, though his *Body* be dead; yet, his *Wit*, *Eloquence*, *Elegancy*, *Honesty*, and *Abilities*, are living in the memory of living men; which will live by *Tradition*, as long as there are men to remember or speak. Wherefore, let us keep his *Living Parts* in our Minds, and bury his *Dead Parts*, his *Body*, in the Grave, there to remain in *Peace*, as the other in *Fame*.

A Funeral-Oration for a Magistrate.

Beloved Brethren,

V**V****E** are met here together to mourn for our *Loss*: for, the death of this Man, is not only a *Loss* to every particular man, but to the whole Commonwealth: for, he was a *Wise* man, and an *Upright* and *Just* Magistrate. He did not serve the Commonwealth, to *enrich* himself, as most Magistrates do; but, took pains to *enrich* the Commonwealth. Nor did he sell *Justice* for *Bribes*; but punished *Bribe-takers*. Neither was he *Partial*, either to the *Rich*, or *Poor*; but judged according to *Right* and *Truth*. Also, he kept the *Rich* from *Riot*, and the *Poor* from *Idleness*. And he took away *Superfluities*, to help *Necessities*; not that he troubled any man for living to their *Degree* and *Quality*; but he would not suffer any man to live above their *Degree* and

and *Quality*. Neither would he hinder men from their *Lawful Pleasures* and *Delights*; but he would not connive at their *Disorders* and *Mis-rules*; much less, pardon their *Wickednesses*. He regarded not the Slanders of his Enemies, nor was he *Revengeful*; for he suffer'd not his Enemies to be injured, but gave them all the Justice he could. Neither was he *unjust* to his Foes, nor *ungrateful* to his Friends. He had a tender regard to the *Old*, *Sick*, *Poor*, and *Shiftless*. Indeed, he was such a Magistrate, as he was a *Father*, a *Husband*, a *Brother*, a *Friend*, a *Master*, a *Servant*, a *Slave*, for the Commonwealth. All which, adds to our *Loss* and *Grief*, but not to his *Happiness*: for, his Happiness admits of no addition, he being as happy as can be. In which Happiness, let us leave him, after we have Interr'd him with his Fore-fathers.

A Funeral-Oration for a Student.

Fellow-Students,

WE are met together to wait upon, and lay in Peace into the Bed of Earth, the dead Body of our worthy Brother in Learning; whose Life was so studious, that we may say, He was partly dead, whilst he lived: for, the most of his Conversation was with *dead Authors*; and his Study was as
his

his *Grave*. So that our Learned Brother hath only changed his *Habitation* and *Landlord*; from his *Study*, to the *Earth*; from his *Bodily Life*, to *Death*. I confess, his Landlord Death is Covetous: for, Death exacts and extorts the *Flesh* from the *Bones*, as his due: yet, the Body is more happy, dwelling more peaceably with *Death*, than with *Life*. And as his *Body* hath made a *happy change*, so hath his *Soul*: but, his Soul dwells not now with his Body; for the Soul is an Enemy to *Death*, and flies from it. Neither can the Soul live in the Body, when the Body is turned into *Inspid Earth*: for the Soul, being of a *Celestial Nature*, cannot live in a *Terrestrial Place*; but when separated, being pure in it self, it is *leight*; and being *free*, by having *Liberty*, it is *agil*; through which Propriety, it ascends unto the gods on High, and lives with them eternally. Thus our Learned Brother's Body resting *peaceably*, and his Soul living *bleffedly*, both shall meet *gloriously*. And so let's lay his Corps into the Grave, Humbly, Ceremoniously, and Piously.

*A Funeral-Oration for a Divine.**Beloved Brethren,*

THis our dead Brother, was an Holy man, both in *Profession*, and *Life*: As for his *Profession*, he was a *Divine*; and his Practice was as *pious*, as his Profession was *pure*. He was blest'd of the gods: for, they indued him with *Spiritual Graces*, inspired him with *Spiritual Knowledge*, and inabled him with *Spiritual Eloquence*, to *inform*, and *reform* the Church of God, according to the Word of God, amongst men. But, though his time of *Life* is expir'd; yet, his true Doctrine will remain, for the satisfaction, comfort, and salvation of the Souls, in living Bodies. Wherefore, let us lay his Body into the Grave, and leave it till the time of *Glorification*.

*A Funeral-Oration for a Poet.**Beloved Brethren,*

OUR Brother, whose Body is dead, and is brought to this place to be Inurned, was the most *fearful* man that ever Nature made; not to *dye*, but to be *forgotten*. Also, he was the most *ambitious* man, not for *Wealth*, *Title*, or *Power*; but, for *Fame*. In truth, he was so ambitious, that his Body
and

and Mind was restless, endeavouring to live as Nature, or the gods of Nature, which live, and are partly known *in* their Works, and *by* their Works, are their Creatures; especially in *Mankind*, the chief of them: for we cannot perceive, but that the chief Habitations of the gods, are in the Minds of men; with which Habitations, they are so pleased and delighted, that they punish those men that neglect or forget them. Nay, the gods made men, or such kind of Creatures, to remember them, to speak of them, think of them, and to admire them in their *Praises*, *Contemplations*, and *Adorations*: also, to have *visible Worship*, to their *invisible Deities*; to have *Altars*, *Priests*, and *Sacrifices*, to offer *Praise*, *Prayers*, and *Thanksgiving*. So that, the gods are not satisfied to live only *to*, or *in* themselves, but in their Creatures. Wherefore, those men resemble the gods most, that desire *Fame*, which is to be remembered and praised by all men, in all Ages, throughout the World. Whereas, on the contrary, those that slight, neglect, or speak against *Fame*, as being a foolish vain-glory, in that it doth a man no good to be remembered and praised after the Bodily-life, are *Irreligious*, *Ungrateful*, and *Unnatural*. *Irreligious*, not desirous to imitate the gods. *Ungrateful*, not divulging Nature's Gifts. And *Unnatural*, caring not for the Memory of their own Kind, nor to live with them, which is, to live in their Minds. Also, they are *unjust* to them-

selves ; not desiring their own *Good*, their *Perpetual Name*, *Memory*, and *Fame*. But this our Brother, was not of that sort of Mankind, and was not contented to be buried in a *Terrestrial Oblivion*, but would have a *Celestial Remembrance*: which the gods perpetuate for a Reward to his Merit. So let us lay his Body in the Grave, and let his Praise ring out his Peal.

A Funeral-Oration for a Philosopher.

Beloved Brethren,

THis our dead Brother, when he had Bodily-life, was a close Student, and had a great Library, wherein were more Books than he had time to learn; and they were of more several Languages than he was capable to understand; but, he did endeavour it, and was advanced far in Knowledge. His Study was, *Natural* and *Moral Philosophy*; his Library, the *Universe*; and his several Volumes, the several *Creatures* therein. As for *Moral Philosophy*, he knew well how to Compose Commonwealths, and to settle and govern them. Also, he knew well the *Natures*, *Humours*, *Passions*, and *Appetites*, amongst Mankind; as also, to divide and distinguish them; and to order, form, and reform them. As for *Natural Philosophy*; he did not only study the outward
Forms

Forms of several Creatures, but their inward Natures. In truth, his *Conception* was so subtil and piercing, his *Observation* so dilative, his *Reason* so strong, his *Wit* so agil, his *Judgment* so solid, his *Understanding* so clear, and his *Thoughts* so industrious, that they went to the *first Cause* of *several Effects*: and, he did not only converse with the Body, but the Soul of Nature. Indeed, he was Nature's *Platonick Lover*; and she rewarded him, in discovering to him her most *bidden* and *obscure Secrets*, by which he got *great Wisdom*, and *everlasting Fame*: for, though his Body be dead, yet his *good Laws*, *wise Sciences*, *profitable Arts*, *witty Experiments*, *Graces*, *Vertues*, and *Eloquence*, will live for the benefit and delight of living men, in all Nations and Ages. And, though we have great reason to mourn for his Bodily-death; yet, we have more reason to rejoyce for his Glorious Fame. But, leaving his Merits to Life, and his Body to Death, let us lay him into the Grave, to transmigrate as Nature pleases.

*A Funeral-Oration for a dead Lady, spoken
by a Lady.*

Dearly beloved Sisters in God,

WE are met as Sorrowful Mourners, to attend this dead Ladie's Corps to the Grave. She was, in her *Life*, the Rule of our *Actions*; and will be, in her *Fame*, the Honour of our Sex. She was favoured of *Nature*, the *Gods*, and *Fortune*. *Nature* gave her *Wit* and *Beauty*: the *Gods* gave her *Piety* and *Charity*: and, *Fortune* gave her *Wealth* and *Education*. She was adorned by the *Graces*, beloved by the *Muses*, and attended by the *Arts*. She was sociable in her *Conversation*, just in her *Promises*, and generous in her *Gifts*. She was industrious in all good *Actions*, helpful to all *distressed Persons*, and grateful for all sorts of *Courtesies*. She was humble in her own *Prosperities*, and full of *Magnanimity* in her own *Adversities*. Her Mind had no passage for any *Evil*, nor no obstruction against any *Good*. But, to repeat or summe up the Number of this Ladie's Merits, is beyond my *Arithmetick*: for certainly, she was composed of the purest *Essence* of *Nature*, and the *Divinest* *Spirits* of *Heaven*. She had the *Piety* of *Saints*, the *Chastity* of *Angels*, and the *Love* of the *gods*. In which *Love*, let us leave her Soul, and lay her Body in the Grave, till the time of *Glorification*.

A

*A Funeral Oration for a Stranger.**Beloved Brethren,*

YOU shew your *Charity* and *Humanity*, and that they are not bound up to Particulars, or to your *Friends* and *Countrey-men*, but that they extend to *Strangers*, in coming to see this *Stranger* (who dyed out of his Native Countrey) to be decently buried in a *Forrein* Land: I mean *Forrein*, in relation to his Native Countrey; although the truth is, that all the World is *common* to Mankind: for, Nature hath not assigned men to any particular Place, or part of the World; but hath given all the World freely to them, as if she made the World, and all other Creatures, only for Man's sake: for, all other Creatures are not so generally dispers'd, or rather so spreading and branching, throughout the World, as Mankind; by reason they belong, breed, prosper, or encrease, in particular Climates, as, some in Cold, and others in Hot; and some in one part of the World, and some in another: for, some Creatures will be so far from *encreasing*, in some particular Climates, that they cannot *live* in them: but, in all parts of the World that are habitable, there be Men. 'Tis true, different Climates, may cause Men to be of different Complexions; but, what Complexions soever they have, they
are

are all of the same kind, and of the same sort of Animals: for, though all Beasts are of Beast-kind; yet a Fox and an Ass is not one and the same sort or kind of Beast. But, there is no such different sort amongst Mankind: for, there is no difference of Men, in their Natural Shapes, Proprieties, Qualities, Abilities, Capacities, Entities, or the like; unless some Defects in some *Particulars*, which is nothing to the *Generality*: for, all the Kind of Mankind, is alike, both in *Body* and *Mind*; in their *Shapes*, *Senses*, *Appetites*, *Speech*, *Frowning*, *Laughing*, *Weeping*, and the like: as also, alike in their Rational Parts, *Judging*, *Understanding*, *Conceiving*, *Remembering*, *Apprehending*, *Considering*, *Imagining*, *Desiring*, *Joying*, *Grieving*, *Loving*, *Hating*, *Fearing*, *Doubting*, *Hoping*, *Believing*, and the like. And therefore, no man can be accounted a *Stranger* in any part of the World, because he hath, by Nature, a Right and Natural Inheritance, to inhabit what part or place of the World he will. But, all Mankind are Brethren, not only by *Kind*, but by *Inheritance*, being general Sharers and Possessors of the World. So this Dead Man ought not to be accounted a *Stranger*, but a *Brother*. Wherefore, let us mourn as we ought to do for a *dead Brother*; and accompany his *Hearse* to the Grave with *Religious Ceremony*, there leaving it in Rest and Peace.

*A Funeral-Oration for a Post-Rider.**Beloved Brethren,*

YOU have express'd your *Humanity* and *Charity*, in coming to this Poor, Unfortunate man's Burial; who, though he was a *Poor man*, was an *Honest man*; and therefore, is much the more worthy to be praised: for, *Poverty* and *Necessity*, is a great temptation to *Knavery*, as much as *Riches* is a temptation to *Foolery* and *Vanity*: nay, *Riches* is not only guilty of *Vanity*, but of *Vice*; as, *Luxury*, *Pride*, and *Wantonness*: whereas *Knavery* is, *Cheating*, *Cozening*, *Stealing*, and the like: of all which, this Poor man was free. And as he was an *Honest man*, so he was a *Laborious man*: for, his Profession of Life, was a *Post-Rider*; an Unfortunate Profession for him! For, he riding fast upon a Stumbling-Jade, fell down and broke his Neck. Thus we see, that *Misfortunes*, as well as *Sicknesses*, bring many to their Lives-ends; and, many times, to a Miserable end: for, *Misfortunes* take Life away unawares; and sometimes, unprepar'd to dye. So this man did not think, when he got on the Horse's back, he should *Ride Post* to *Death*: for, had he thought so, he would have chosen to run a-foot; a Safer, though a Slower pace. But, could his Soul *Ride Post* on *Death* to Heaven, as his Body *Rid Post* on a *Horse*, to *Death*; he might

A a outstrip

outstrip many a Soul that is gone before him: for, though his Soul, and all Souls, be leight, and of no weight; yet, Death is no nimble Runner, being Cold and Numb, and nothing but bare Bones: A hard Seat for a tender Soul. Besides, the way to Heaven is so narrow and steep, that Death cannot get up: for, should he venture, he would be in danger to be overthrown, and cast into Hell, which is a deep, dark, terrible, and dreadful Pit, whence is no hope of getting out. The truth is, Death carries many *evil Souls* down into Hell; but *good Souls* he leaves at the bottom of the Hill that leads up to Heaven; from which, those Souls climb and clamber up with great difficulty: for, whatsoever is *excellent*, is hard to get or come to; whereas that which is *bad*, is easie to be had. But however, this poor man is dead, and we shall see him buried; leaving his Soul in its *Journey*, and his Body in the *Grave*.

A Funeral-Oration for a young Virgin.

Beloved Brethren, and Sisters in God,

VVE here meet, not only as *Funeral-Mourners*, but as *Marriage-Guests*, to attend and wait upon a young Virgin, to see her laid into her Nuptial-Bed, which is the *Grave*. 'Tis true, her Husband, *Death*, is a Cold Bed-fellow, but yet he makes

makes a good Husband; for he will never cross, oppose, nor anger her, nor give her cause of grief or sorrow, neither in his *rude Behaviour*, *inconstant Appetite*, nor *lewd Life*; which, had she married any other Husband, might have made her very unhappy: whereas now she will know no sorrow; for there is no Whoring, Gaming, Drinking, Quarrelling, nor Prodigal Spending in the Grave: for, Death banishes all *Riot* and *Disorder*, out of her Habitations; there is no *Noise* nor *Disturbance* in her Palace. Indeed, Death's Palace is a place of *Peace*, *Rest*, *Quiet*, and *Silence*; and therefore, all are happy that dwell there: for, there is no *Envy*, *Malice*, *Slander*, nor *Treachery*: there Men are not tempted with *Beauty*, nor Women flattered into *Wantonness*; they are free from all *Tentation*, or *Defamation*. Neither are they troubled or tormented with *Pain* or *Sickness*: for, Death hath a Remedy for all Diseases, which is, *Insensibility*. The truth is, Death is not only *Charitable*, to help all Creatures out of Misery; but *Generous*, and so *Hospitable*, that she sets open her Gates for all Comers; insomuch, that the meanest Creatures that are, have a free Entrance, and the same Entertainment with the Noblest: for, there are no Ceremonies of State, all is in Common: there is no *Pride* nor *Ambition*; no *Scorn* nor *Disgrace*. And Death's Palace is so spacious, that it is beyond all Measure or Circumference, being suffi-

cient to receive all the Creatures Nature makes. And since there is such store of *Company* in Death, and Death so *Generous* and *Hospitable*, why should we fear, or be loath to dye? Nay, why should not we desire to dye, and rejoyce for those Friends that are dead; especially considering the Unhappiness of Life, wherein Man is most *miserable*, because he is most *sensible* and *apprehensive* of what he suffers, or what he may suffer? But, this young Virgin is happier by Death, than many others are; because she hath not liv'd so long to suffer so much, as those that are older have done; or, as those that live to be old, will do. Wherefore, let us rejoyce for her Happiness, and put her into the Grave, the *Bed of Rest*, there to sleep quietly.

A Funeral-Oration for a Young New-Married Wife.

Beloved Brethren,

WE are met together at this time, to see a *New-Married Wife* (which is here dead) to be buried. She hath made an unequal Change, from a *lively hot Husband*, to a *deadly cold Lover*: yet will she be more happy with her *dull, dumb, deaf, blind, numb Lover*; than with her *lively, talking, listning, eying, active Husband*, were he the best Husband that could be:

be: for, Death is far the happier Condition than Marriage. And although Marriage, at first, is pleasing; yet, after a time, it is displeasing; like Meat which is sweet in the Mouth, but proves bitter in the Stomack. Indeed, the Stomack of Marriage is full of Evil Humours, of *Choler*, and *Melancholy*: and of very Evil Digestion; for it cannot digest *Neglects*, *Disrespects*, *Absence*, *Dissembling*, *Adultery*, *Jealousie*, *Vain Expences*, *Waste*, *Spoil*, *Idle-time*, *Laziness*, *Examinations*, *Cross Answers*, *Peevishness*, *Forwardness*, *Frowns*; and many the like Meats, that Marriage feedson. As for *Pains*, *Sicknesses*, *Cares*, *Fears*, and other Troubles in Marriage, they are accounted as wholsom Physick, which the gods give them: for, the gods are the best *Physicians*, and Death is a very good *Chirurgion*, curing her Patients without Pain: for, what Part soever she touches, is *insensible*. Death is only cruel in parting each from other: for, though those whom she takes away, are happy; yet those that are left behind, are unhappy, living in sorrow for their Loss. So that this young new-married Wife, that is dead, is *happy*; but her Husband is a *sorrowful Widower*. But, leaving her to her *Happiness*, and him to be *comforted*, let us put her into the Grave, there to remain until the Day of Judgment; which Day will Imbody her Soul with everlasting Glory.

*A Funeral-Oration for a Widow.**Beloved Brethren,*

THis Widow, at whose Funeral we are met, lived a very Intemperate and Irregular Life all the time of her Widow-hood; for which, not only Nature, but the gods might be angry with her: for, though she did not surfeit with *Feasting*, yet she starved her self with *Fasting*. And, though she did not *drink her self drunken*, as many Women in this Age will do; yet, she did *weep her self dry*. She grew not *fat and lazie* with over-much *sleeping*; but, became *lean and sick* with over-much *watching*. She watch'd not to *dance and play*; but, to *mourn and pray*. Nor did she waste her *Wealth* in *Vanities*; but, she did waste her *Life* in *Sorrow*. She sate not on the *Knees* of *Amorous Lovers*; but kneeled on her *Knees* to *God*. Her Cheeks were not *red* with *Paint*; but *pale* with *Grief*. She did not wear *Black-Patches* on her *Face*; but *Black-Mourning* on her *Body*. She was Adorned with no other Jewels than her *Tears*. She had no *Diamond-Pendants* in her *Ears*; but *Transparent Tears* in her *Eyes*. No *Oriental Pearls* about her *Neck*; but, *drops of Tears* lay on her *Breast*. Thus was she drest in *Tears*. She suffered not *Painters* to draw the Picture of her *Face*; but her *Thoughts* did form her *Husband's Figure* in her *Mind*. She hung

not

not her Chamber with *Black*, but her Mind with *Melancholy*. She banished all *stately Ceremonies*, and *Ceremonies of State*; and set her self humbly on the Ground. She past not her time with *Entertaining Visitors*; but *Entertain'd* her self with the remembrance of her *Husband*. She did not *speake much*, but *think much*. In short; She was so intemperate in her Grief, that her Grief kill'd her. It may be said, She was murdered with Grief: and no kind or manner of Murder, is acceptable, either to *Nature*, or the *Gods*; but some sorts of Murders, are hateful to *both*. Yet this Widow, howsoever she offended in her over-much *grieving*, she had pardon by her *praying*; and, to prove the gods did pardon her, they granted her Request; which was, *To take her out of this World, without painful Sicknes*; as they have done: for, she was so free from Pains, that she parted from her Life with a Smiling-countenance; and lay as still, as if she lay to sleep. She breathed out her last breath so softly, that those that stood close by her Bed, could not hear her sigh: and when she was dead, her *Beauty* (which all the time of her *Mourning*, was obscured in her *Sorrows*) appear'd in her death; only the *Gloss* of her Eyes, were covered with their Lids: for, Death had shut her Eye-lids down, and seal'd up her Lips; which Lips seem'd as if they had been seal'd with *Red Wax*, although Death had kiss'd them cold: for now, Death is her
Lover;

Lover; not an *Amorous*, but a *Deadly Lover*. To whose Embraces we must leave her Body, after we have laid it in the Bed of Earth.

Another Funeral-Oration for a Widow.

Beloved Brethren,

WE are met as *Funeral*, or rather, *Marriage-Guests* of a dead *Widow*, who is now re-married to her Husband in death; and, no question but their Souls will joy in the knowledg of each other: for, though Bodies dye, yet Souls do not, but live for ever; Death having Power only over the *Sensitive*, not over the *Rational Life*: for, *Knowledg* lives, though *Senses* dye: and if the Soul lives, no question but all that is inherent to the Soul, lives; as all the *Passions*, *Affections*, *Thoughts*, *Memory*, *Understanding*, *Judgment*, *Conceptions*, *Speculations*, *Fancy*, *Knowledg*, and the like; which are the Parts and Ingredients with which the Soul is compos'd, form'd, and made. Thus the Soul, being made of such thin, fine, pure, and rare Matter, Death can take no hold of it: for, Death's Power is only on *Gross*, *Corporeal Substances*, or Matter; not on *Celestial Bodies*, but *Terrestrial*. But, this *Widow's Soul* was purer than other Souls usually are; (for, there are Degrees of *Purity* in Souls, as well as Degrees of *Grossness* in

in Bodies.) The truth might easily be perceived in her Life; for there was as much difference between her Soul, and other Souls, as between Souls and Bodies; at least, as much difference, as between a glorified Soul, and a Soul imbodyed. Nay, her Soul was so pure, that it did purifie her Body: for, it did refine the *Appetites*, which cleared the *Senses*. Besides, her Soul did instruct the *Senses*, which made them more sensible: so that they were kept clean, clear, and healthful, by *Temperance*; and made apt, quick, and ready, by *Reason*; infomuch, that *Time* had but a little power to hurt them; and was not able to destroy them, (without the help of *Death*) had she lived never so long. But *Death*, to shew its Power, destroyed her Body without the help of *Time*; for, she lived not to be so old, as for *Time* to make a trial. Yet, her Body lived longer than she was willing it should have done; desiring it might have dyed when her Husband dyed; but the gods forbad it: for though any Creature, especially Man, may call *Death* when he will, and force it to take his *Bodyly Life* away; yet, the gods are angry, if any man will not stay whilst *Death* comes of it self, without enforcement. Nevertheless, *Death* did favour this Widow: for, though it did not take her so soon as she would have dyed; yet, it suffered her not long to live a weary Life: for which Favour, she received *Death* with Joy, and a Smiling countenance; where-

as *Death*, for the most part, is received with Fear and Sadness: and since she rejoyced at her *death*, we have no reason to mourn now she is dead; especially, because she lived and dyed vertuously and piously; for which, the gods will advance her to everlasting Glory. For this Glory, let us praise the gods, and bury her Body in her Husband's Tomb, that their Dust may lye together.

A Funeral-Oration for a young Child.

Beloved Brethren,

WE are the *Funeral-Guests* to a young *Male-Child*, an Infant, who dyed soon after it was born: and, though all men are born to *live*, and live to *dye*; yet, this Child was born to *dye*, before it had *lived*; I mean, in comparison of the Age of Men. Thus this Child was *born*, *cryed*, and *dyed*: A happy Conclusion for the Child, that he had finished what he was made for, in so short a time; for he could not have had less *Pain*, less *Trouble*, nor less *Desires* to have left the World, had he liv'd longer: for, Life is restless with *Desires*, sickly and painful with *Diseases*, troublesome with *Cares*, laborious with *Labour*, grievous with *Losses*, fearful with *Dangers*, and miserable in all. Which misery this Child hath escap'd; but had he liv'd, he could not have avoided it. Be-
fides,

fides, he is not guilty of Self-acting Sins, and so deserves no Punishment: for, neither *Commission*, nor *Omission*, can be laid to his charge, having no time for either: so that he is free from both; as also, from suffering, either in this World, or the next; unless there be such a severe Decree, *That the Child shall suffer for his Parent's Faults*; which *Faults* he could neither *binder* nor *annul*; neither did he *approve* nor *allow* them, nor *assist* them in Evil. But, it is not probable he shall suffer, being innocent: and *Death*, that is accounted *the Wages of Sin*, may rather be taken as a *Gift of Mercy*. Also, *Death* might as well be said to be a *Purifier from Sin*, as a *Punisher of Sin*. Wherefore, this Child is past the *Purgatory of Death*, and is in the *Heaven of Peace, Rest, Ease, and Happiness*. In which, let us leave him, after we have covered his Corps with Earth.

A Funeral-Oration for an Old Lady.

THis Old Lady was favour'd by *Nature, Fortune,* and *Time*: *Nature*, in her Youth, gave her *Beauty*; *Fortune* gave her *Wealth*; and *Time* and *Nature*, gave her *Long-life*. She was courted in her Youth, for the *Pleasures of her Beauty*; and flattered in her Age, for the *Profit of her Wealth*: but, being *Chast* and *Wise*, she was neither *corrupted* with the one, nor de-

luded with the *other*; not tempted with *Courtship*, nor cozen'd with *Flattery*. And as she was *Chast* and *Wife*, so she was *Pious*: for, the gods gave her *Grace* to bestow her *Wealth* to *Charitable Uses*. Thus what she got by *Fortune*, she gave to *Heaven*. Indeed, she bought *Heaven* with *Fortune's Gifts*: for, none can get into *Heaven*, but by *Faith* and *Good Deeds*; and her *Faith* did believe, that her *Good Works* would be as an *Advocate* to plead for her; and no question but they have gotten her *Suit*; and her *Charity* will live here on *Earth*, though she be dead; and those she relieved, will make her their *Saint*. Thus she will be *Sainted* both on *Earth*, and in *Heaven*; which is as great an *Honour*, and a more *Blessed Condition*, than the *Emperors* had with all their *Conquests*, *Power*, *Pride*, and *Vanity*: for, the height of their *Ambition* was, *to be Deified on Earth*; and to be *Sainted*, is as much. They were worshipp'd for *fear*, she was pray'd to, for *love*. They had *Idolatrous Worshippers*; She, *Sanctified Petitioners*. Their *Idols* lasted but a *time*; She shall be blest for *evermore*.

*A Funeral-Oration for an Ancient man.**Beloved Brethren,*

AGE hath ushered our Friend to Death; and we are here met to attend him to the Grave. It is an *Human, Charitable, and Pious Service*, to see the Dead laid Decently and Ceremoniously into the Earth; and it is an Happiness for the Dead, to be Inurn'd with their Fore-fathers: for, who knows to the contrary, but that there may be a Natural Sympathetical Intermixing with their Dust; and an Earthly Pleasure in their Mixture? For certainly, there is a Mutual Society *in* the Earth, as well as *on* the Earth: and why may not the Earth have a Sympathetical Intermixing and Conjunction, as well as the other Elements? I perceive no reason against it: but, whether there be an Incorporating, Associating, and Friendship, of Dust with Dust, I know not; surely there is a Peaceable Abiding, having not a Sensible Feeling or Knowledg: whereas *Life* (wherein *Sense* and *Knowledg* dwells) is Restless, full of Troubles, Misfortunes, Pains, and Sickneses, to the *Body*, and Perturbations in the *Mind*: so that the *Body* is seldom at Ease, or the *Mind* at quiet. But, *Life* hath tryed the *Patience*, and *Death* the *Courage* of our Friend: for, he was neither *impatient* with *Life*, nor fearful of *Death*. He had such great *Experience*, living so long,

that he knew, there is neither *Constancy*, *Certainty*, nor *Felicity*, amongst, or with the Creatures in this World: and *Time* had made him so wise a man, that he knew by himself, that there was no man *perfect*, nor *truly happy*; for, *Happiness* and *Imperfection*, cannot associate together: yet, by his Wisdom, he did *inform*, *reform*, *rule*, and *govern* himself, as well as *Nature* and the *World*, would give way or leave to: for, he would never *command* any, but those that were willing to *obey*; and he did *obey* those he could not *command*. He would never make a *fruitless Opposition*; but, was free from *Faction* and *Sedition*, *Ambition* and *Covetousness*: for he knew, there is not any *Worldly* thing, worth an over-earnest *Desire*; nor any thing so permanent, that could be kept long. He would temperately make use of what he *had*; and, what he *wanted* for his Use, he did honestly endeavour for it; and what he could not have *easily*, and *freely*, he was content to be without. Moreover, he was so *Moderate* in his *Desires*, that he did scarcely *desire* what was necessary: and oftentimes he would part from his own *Maintenance*, to relieve the *Distresses* of others; believing, he could suffer *Want* more patiently. Indeed, he had such a Power and Command of himself, that the *Appetites* of his Body, and *Passions* of his Mind, were as obedient to his Will, as Saints on Earth, or Angels in Heaven, are to the gods. And this wise Government of himself, made him fit for the company

pany of the gods. With whom we leave his Soul,
and will Interr his Body, as we ought.

A Funeral-Oration for an Old Beggar-Woman.

Beloved Brethren,

THis Woman (that is here to be buried) was *old* when she dyed, very *old*; and as *poor*, as *old*: and though she was *old*, yet she had longer acquaintance with her *Poverty*, than *Age*, being always *poor* from her Youth; indeed, so *poor*, that she was forced to *beg* for her Livelihood. Thus she was a *double Beggar*; but now she is gone to *beg* at Heaven's Gate, both for *Food* and *Raiment*; where, if *Heaven's Porter* lets her in, she will be fed with *Beatifical Food*, and cloth'd with *Celestial Glory*: A great and good Change! For, here she was fed with nothing but *Scraps*, and cloth'd with *Rags*, and much ado to get them, not without *Long stay*, and *Earnest entreaties*: so *hard* are men's *Hearts*, and so *cold* are men's *Charities*! The truth is, men in *Prosperity*, feel not the Misery of others in *Adversity*; and being not sensible of their *Want*, are not ready to their *Relief*. Besides, they think all that is given from their *Vanities* and *Luxuries*, is a *Prodigal Waste*. And it is to be observ'd, That those that are *Richest*, are the most *Uncharitable*: whereas those that have but *little*, yet will

will give to those that have *nothing* to live on; feeling, in some sort, what *Want* is. And, to shew the hard Hearts of Mankind, to their own Kind; this Woman, although she had begg'd almost Four-score years, yet she got so *little*, that she had *nothing* to leave, not so much as to bury her. But, as she *liv'd* on *Cold Charity*, so now she *lies* with *Cold Death*: a *Cold Condition*, both *alive* and *dead*! The first *Cold*, she felt to her *Grief*; this last *Cold* she is insensible of to her *Happiness*. In which *Happiness*, we will leave her, and put her into the *Grave of Peace*.

A Funeral-Oration for a Young Bride.

Beloved Brethren,

THis *Young Virgin* that lyes here dead, ready to be buried, had been Married this very day, had she lived; for so her *Lover* and she had design'd: at which designed time, she little thought *Death* should have been her *Bridegroom*; and that her *Winding-Sheet*, should be her *Wedding-Smock*; and her *Grave*, her *Bride-Bed*, there to lye with *Death*: but doubtless, *Death* was as *far* from her *Thoughts*, as her *Lover*, *near* to her *Heart*: for, had she believ'd she should have dy'd so soon, or but fear'd it, she would not have made such *Preparations*, as usually *young Maids* do for their *Wedding-days*. Indeed, *young Maids* have
reason

reason enough to esteem much of *that Day*: for, it is the only *happy Day* of their Life: it is a Day which is wholly consecrated to *Love*, *Joy*, *Pleasure*, *Bravery*, *Feasting*, *Dancing*, *Mirth*, and *Musick*. On that Day, their *Hearts* are *merry*, and their *Heels* are *leight*: but, after their *Bridal-Shoes* are off, their *Dancing-days* are done; I mean, they are done in respect of *Happiness*: for, though *Married Wives* keep more Company, and Dance and Feast oftner than *Maids*, having more Liberty; yet, they are not so merry at the heart, nor have they so lively Countenances, nor are so Galliard after they have been Married some time, as they were before they were Married, or as they were on their *Wedding-day*: for, their Mirth is *forc'd*, and their Actions more *constrain'd*, though not so much *restrain'd*: whereas the very Thoughts of *Maids*, and *Brides*, (as well as their Persons) Dance, Sport, and Play, in their Minds. But, this *young Virgin*, and *dead Bride*, can neither Dance, nor be Merry; neither hath she cause to Weep, or be Sad; nor hath she any Amorous Thoughts towards her *Bridegroom*; she takes no notice of him; his *kind Embraces* do not make her blush; neither doth she *bate* or *fear* him: she grieves not for the *Change*; nor thinks she of her *Living-Lover*, that should have been her *Living-Husband*, but is now her *Living-Mourner*; whose Tears, like Raining-Showers, have all Bedewed her Hearse. And, though she was not led with

Bride-maids to the Church; yet, she is brought by *Virgins* to the Grave. Her *Hearse* is Crown'd, though not her *Head*; and covered with white *Satin*, like a *Marriage-Gown*; and all her *Tomb* is strew'd with *sweet Flowers*, like a *Bridal-Bed*. In which *Tomb* let us lay her, and then sing *Anthems* instead of *Epithalamiums*, and so leave her to her Rest.

*A Funeral-Oration for a Woman dead in,
Child-Bed.*

Beloved Brethren,

WE are met together to see a young dead Woman (who dyed in *Child-bed*) to be laid into the Bed of Earth; a Cold Bed, but yet she will not take any Harm there: nor we shall not fear she will *catch her Death*; for *Death* hath *catch'd her*. The truth is, that although all Women are *tender Creatures*, yet they endure more than Men, and do oftner venture and endanger their Lives, than Men; and their Lives are more profitable than men's Lives are; for they *encrease Life*, when Men, for the most part, *destroy Life*: Witness Warrs, wherein Thousands of Lives are destroyed, Men fighting and killing each other other: And yet Men think all Women meer Cowards, although they do not only venture and endanger their Lives more than they do, but endure

dure greater *Pains*, with greater *Patience*, than Men usually do. Nay, Women do not only endure the Extremity of *Pain* in *Child-birth*, but in *Breeding*; the Child being for the most part *sick*, and seldom at *Ease*. Indeed, Nature seems both *Unjust* and *Cruel* to her *Female Creatures*, especially *Women*, making them to endure all the *Pain* and *Sickness* in *Breeding* and *bringing forth* of their young Children, and the *Males* to bear no part of their *Pain* or *Danger*. The truth is, Nature hath made her *Male Creatures*, especially *Mankind*, only for *Pleasure*; and her *Female Creatures*, for *Misery*. Men are made for *Liberty*, and *Women* for *Slavery*; and not only *Slaves* to *Sickness*, *Pains*, and *Troubles*, in *Breeding*, *Bearing*, and *Bringing up* their Children; but, they are *Slaves* to Men's *Humours*, nay, to their *Vices* and *Wickednesses*; so that they are more enslaved than any other *Female Creatures*. Wherefore, those *Women* are most happy, that never Marry, or dye whilst they be young. So that this young *Woman* that dyed in *Child-bed*, is happy, in that she lives not to endure more *Pain* or *Slavery*. In which *Happiness*, let us leave her, after we have laid her *Corps* to rest in the *Grave*.

*A Funeral-Oration for a Soldier.**Beloved Brethren,*

THis Dead man, whom you attend to the Grave, was, whilst he lived, a *Valiant, Gallant man*, and an *excellent Soldier*; for that was his Profession in times of Warr. A Noble Profession: for, all *Valiant Soldiers*, are *Honor's Sons*, *Death's Friends*, and *Life's Enemies*; and their Profession is, to destroy *Lives*, to get *Honor and Fame*; by which *Destruction*, Death is a *Gainer*. In truth, Death is a Soldier's *Companion*, *Camerade*, and *familiar Acquaintance*; but not a Soldier's *Friend*, though Soldiers be *Death's Friends*: it is no *Stranger* to Soldiers, for they see it in all *Shapes, Postures*, and *Humors*. Yet, the most *terrible Aspects* of Death, could not affright nor terrifie this Soldier, nor cause him to remove an inch back: for, he would venture to the very Jaws of Death. Thus Bold Adventurous Soldiers, do more affright Death, than Death doth affright them; insomuch that Death, for the most part, runs away from *Valiant men*, and seizes on *Cowards*; and daring not to assault *Valiant men* in the *Fore-front*, it steals upon them, as it were, unawares; for it comes *behind Valiant men*, when it takes hold of them; or else it seizes on them by *Treachery*, or weakens their Bodies so much by *Sickness*, that they are forced to yeeld. Indeed, there was no
other

other way for Death to take this Valiant Soldier, but by *Sickness*; for it could never take him in the *Field*. But, Death is of the Nature of Ungrateful men, who endeavour to do those most Mischief, that have been most Bountiful to them, and are ready to take the Lives of those they were most obliged to: for, Valiant men give Death thousands of Lives to feed on; yet, it is like some Gluttons, *The more they eat, the leaner they are*: nay, Death is so lean, that it is only *bare Bones*; and by its empty Skul, it may be thought a *Fool*, having no *Brains*; though it be rather a *Knave*, than a *Fool*: for, it deceives or robs *Nature* and *Time*, of many Lives, taking them away before *Nature* and *Time* had ordain'd them to dye. But, leaving Death to *Ingratitude*, *Cheats*, and *Robberies*, we must also leave to it, this dead Soldier's Body for to feed upon: for, all *Heroick men*, are Death's most *nourishing Food*, they make it Strong and Lusty. And since there is no Remedy, let us place this dead *Heroe* on Death's Table; which is, to put him into the Grave, and there leave him.

*An Oration concerning the Joys of Heaven, and
Torments of Hell.*

Beloved Brethren,

YOU have heard of *Heaven* and *Hell*, *Gods* and *Devils*, *Damnation* and *Salvation*; and that you shall have a Fulness of Bliss in *Heaven*, and be everlastingly tormented in *Hell*. Also, you have had *Hell* and *Heaven* described to you; as, that *Heaven* is composed and built all of *precious Stones*, and *rich Metal*, *Gold*, *Diamonds*, *Rubies*, *Pearls*, *Sapphyrs*, and thelike. As also, what *Degrees* and *Powers* there be. And for *Hell*, it is described to be *dark as Night*, and yet great *Elemental Fires*, in which the *Damned* shall be tormented. The like for other *Torments*, that *Devils* use as their *Rods* and *Scourges* to punish the *Damned*. Also, that the *Devils* do *curse*; and the *Blessed*, *sing* and *rejoyce*. Moreover, you have heard by your *Teacher*, and seen painted in *Pictures*, both the shapes of *Devils* and *Angels*; the *Angels* with *Wings*, and the *Devils* with *Horns* and *Cloven-feet*, like *Beasts*. All which, may be true, for any thing we sensibly know to the contrary; and yet, perchance, all these Relations of the Scituation of *Heaven* and *Hell*, and the *Architecture* of either; or the *Shapes* of *Devils* or *Angels*, or the manner and wayes of their *Pleasures* and *Delights*, and their
Pains

Pains and Torments, may be false, and not be so as they are usually described to us, but made by Men's *Fancies*: for, no Mortal man is come either from Heaven or Hell, to tell us punctually of every particular Truth. Yet, a *Heaven* and *Hell*, *Good* and *Bad Angels*, *Pains* and *Torments*, *Joys* and *Pleasures*, there are: for, both *Reason* and *Faith* inform us, and *God* himself tells us in his *holy Writs*, and by his *Inspired Priests* and *Prophets*, That there is Reward for the *Good* in Heaven, and Punishment for the *Bad* in Hell. But, if we will give our *Imaginations* leave to work upon that we cannot know whilst we live here in this *World*, let us imagine what is most probable: And first, For the *Scituation* of Heaven and Hell, or the *Architecture* of either, or the *Shapes* of Devils or Angels, it is beyond my Imagination; yet some Imagination may beget a Belief, at least, have some Probability of the Joys in Heaven, and the Torments in Hell. Wherefore, I'll begin with the *Glorified Bodies* in Heaven; which Bodies, in their *Glorified Condition*, shall have their *Senses* more perfect, and their *Appetites* more quick, (the Body being purified into a *Celestial Purity*) than when their Bodies were clogg'd with a *Terrestrial Grossness*; which made their *Senses* weak, and their *Appetites* dull: these *Glorified Bodies* shall have their *Senses* fill'd, and their *Appetites* satisfi'd in a spiritual manner; as thus: The *Sight* shall have the most Beautiful, Splendid, Pleasant,

fant and Glorious Objects; not that those Objects are corporally without them, but only in their Sight: and such Varieties of such Sights, as they shall see each Sight fully, to *admire* them, but not to *tire* them: and, being satisfied, they shall have *New*; and with every New Sight, a New Admiration; and after every Admiration, a New Sight. The like for the Sense of *Hearing*, which shall be fill'd sometimes with Eloquent Language, Witty Expressions, and Fancy, express'd both in *Verse* and *Prose*; sometimes Rational Discourses, Wise Sentences, Oratorical Speeches, and Learned Arguments: also, Harmonious Musick, Melodious Voices, and Pleasing Vocal Sounds, with such Variety and Delight, that Art or Nature never knew: yet, nothing shall come from without, to the Ear; or be conveyed into it; but be within it. And as for the Sense of *Scent*, such Sweet Perfumes, and Ravishing Sweets, shall it smell, as every Scent shall breed a New Desire; and every Desire, a New Scent; and have in all a Satisfaction: yet, nothing of these Various Sweets, or Sweet Perfumes, shall enter from *without*, into the Nostrils; but be within them. And as for *Taste*; Deliciously, and with *Gusto*, shall it feed, and satisfy the Stomack, not with *Food*, but *Taste*: for, *Taste* shall be the *Food*; and every *Appetite* shall bring a *new Taste*; and every *Taste*, a *new Appetite*; and every *Appetite* shall be satisfied; yet, in the Mouth, shall not any Meat be.

The

The like for *Touch*, which is a kind of *Taste*, there shall be a *Feeling-pleasure*; where every *Touch* shall be a *New Pleasure*, and every *Pleasure* shall bring a *New Touch*: there shall the *Touch* feel a *Comfortable Heat*, from a *Freezing Cold*; and a *Refreshing Cold*, upon great *Sultry Heats*; and yet no *Fire* nor *Frost* shall touch their *Bodies*. There shall it feel a *Scratching-pleasure*, to take off *Itching-pain*; yet nothing hurt the *Body*. There shall it feel a *Soft and Downy Touch*, as from a *Hard rough Pain*; yet nothing Press the *Body*: and all the *Body* shall feel such *Ease*, as if it came from *hard Labour*; and such *Rest*, as from a *tedious Travelling*. And Infinite of other *Pleasurable and Delightful Touches*, as are not to be exprest. Thus every *Sense* shall be satisfied in a *Spiritual way*, without a *Gross Corporeal Substance*; and the *Blessed Souls* of these *Glorified Bodies*, and *Spiritual Satisfaction* of *Glorified Senses* and *Appetites*, shall be fill'd with all *Perfection*; as, a *Clear Understanding*, a *Perfect Knowledg*, a *Pure Wit*, a *Sound Judgment*, and a *Free Will*; and all the *Passions* regulated and govern'd, as they ought to be, into *Love and Hate*, viz. *Hate* to the *Wicked and Damned*, and *Love* to the *Blessed and Glorified*. And such *Delights* shall they have, not only in the *Pleasures* of their *Glorified Bodies*; but in themselves, such as *God himself* enjoys. Thus shall *Souls and Bodies* be blessed and glorified in *Heaven*. And after the same manner and

D d way,

way, as Blessed Souls and Bodies have *Delight* and *Pleasure*, and *fulness of Joy* in Heaven; so shall the Souls and Bodies of the Damned, have *Terror* and *Torments*, and *fulness of Horror* in Hell: for, as the *Senses* and *Appetites*, have *Variety* and *Satisfaction* of *Pleasures* in Heaven; so shall the *Senses* and *Appetites* have variety of *Terror*, *Dread* and *Horror*, and be Surfeited with *Aversion*, *Loathing*, and *Reluctancy*, and fill'd with *Misery* and *Evil*. As for the Sense of *Touch* in Damned Bodies, it is not probable they are burnt with *Elemental Fire*, as many think; but, their Sense of *Touch* hath such a *Burning-feeling*, that it is so far beyond the *Elemental-burning*, as *that* *Burning* is a pleasure to it; and such excessive variety of *Pains*, it is probable they have, as *Art* could never invent; nor *Nature* make, nor *Sense* feel in this World, nor *Thought of man* imagine. And for the Sense of *Scent*, it is not probable there is the smell of *Brimstone* and *Sulphur*; for that may be endured without a great dislike: but, it is probable, and to be believed, that their Sense of *Scent*, smells varieties of filthy *Stinks*, yet not from *without* them, as of the Devil's making; but *within* themselves. And as for their Sense of *Hearing*, it is not probable that the Devils do *vocally* roar, or *verbally* curse; but, that the Damned have, in the Sense of *Hearing*, *Infinite*, *Confused*, *Fearful*, and *Dreadful* *Noises*; *Reproaching*, *Exclaiming*, and *Curfing*
Words

Words and Speeches. And as for the Sense of *Sight*; It is not so much the Devils Ugly and Monstrous Shapes, which they see; but, their Sense of *Sight* is fill'd with Infinite Varieties of Ugly, Deformed, Monstrous, and Terrible Sights. Thus, it is probable, the Damned are tormented. Also 'tis probable, that both the Damned and Blessed, are fixt to their Places: for the Blessed, having *fulness of Joy*, and a *fruition of Desire*, have no occasion or desire to wander from place to place: for, it is *Restless Desire*, and *Unsatisfied Appetite*, that moves and removes, seeking for that they would *have*, and cannot *get*; or for *something*, they know not *what*; for which, the Damned may desire to remove: but, as the Blessed Saints are fixt with a Fulness of Joy and Admiration, not caring to remove therefrom; so the Damned are so stricken with Fear and Terror, as they dare not remove, if they could. And as the Satisfaction, Variety, Pleasure, Delight, and Joy of the Blessed, begins and continueth *without End*: so the Variety of Aversion, Terror, and Torments, begins and continues for ever. But the most probable Opinion is, That the Fulness of Joy, is the *Love of God*; and the Fulness of Pleasure, the *Glory of God*; and the Horror and Torments of the Damned, is the want of that *Love and Glory*.

*An Oration to a Congregation.**Dearly beloved Brethren,*

MAN hath not only Vain or Erroneous *Imaginations* or *Opinions*, but *Beliefs*; being without Ground or Foundation, which is without Sense and Reason: for, what Sense and Reason hath Man to imagine or believe, that Heaven, which is *Celestial*, should be composed of *Terrestrial* Materials, as of pure Gold, Crystal, and Precious Stones; and not rather believe it to be only the *Beatifical Vision* of God? And what Sense and Reason hath man to believe, *That Hell is Hell, for want of the Presence of God*; whereas the *Omnipotent God*, must necessarily be *All-fulfilling*? And is it not a strange Contradicting-Opinion or Belief, *That Hell is Dark*; and yet, that in Hell is *Elemental Fire*, and *Terrestrial Brimstone*? And what Sense and Reason hath man to believe, *That Celestial Bodies, have Terrestrial Shapes*; whereas we may easily perceive, that all outward Shapes, Forms, or Figures, are according to the Degrees of the Purity or Grossness of the Substance or Matter they are composed of? Wherefore, Man hath not any Reason to believe, that Angels, which are *Celestial Substances*, can have *Terrestrial Shapes*. And what Reason hath man to believe, *That Angels in Heaven, have the Shapes of men on Earth*? But, if they

they should believe they have Terrestrial Shapes, why should they believe them to have Men's Shapes, and not the Shapes of other Creatures. It might be answered, The belief proceeds from the *Son of God*, who did take upon him the Shape of Man. But then we may believe, That *Angels* are of the Shape of Doves, because the *Holy Ghost*, which is Co-equal, and Co-eternal with the *Son*, did take upon him the Shape of that Bird. Also, what reason hath man to believe, That the Devils Shapes are partly of the Shape of Beasts, to have *Tails*, *Horns*, *Claws*, and *Cloven feet*? Do they believe, that the Shape of Beasts is a more wicked and cursed Shape, than any other Animal-Shape? But, these *Opinions* or *Beliefs*, proceed from Gross Conceptions, made by Irregular Motions, in Gross Terrestrial Bodies, or Brains in Mankind, who make *Hell* and *Heaven*, *God*, *Angels*, and *Devils*, according to their *Fancies*, and not according to *Truth*: for, Man cannot know what is not in his portion of Reason and Sense to know; and yet Man will judg and believe that which he cannot possibly know; and that is ridiculous, even to Human Sense and Reason. But to conclude, *Dearly Beloved*, Men's *Thoughts* are too weak, their *Brains* too little, their *Knowledge* too obscure, and their *Understandings* too Cloudy to conceive God's Celestial Works, or Workings; or his Will, or Decrees; Fates or Destinies. Wherefore, *Pray* without form-

ing, *Obey* without Censuring; fear his Power, love his Goodness, and hope in his Mercy; and the Blessing of God be amongst you.

An Oration to a Sinful Congregation.

Beloved Brethren,

YOU live as Lewdly, Riotously, and Wickedly, as if you did not believe there are Gods, or Devils, Heaven or Hell, Punishment or Bliss; and as if there were none other Life after this Life: but you will find, you shall be so punished for your Wickedness, unless you amend, that you will curse your *Birth, Life, and Death*: for, so bad and wicked you are, that the *Seven deadly Sins*, are not Sins enough for you; but daily, nay hourly, you study to make more *Deadly Sins*: nay, you are so ingenious in devising Sin, as you are the most subtil *Artisans* therein, that ever were. You are a *Vitruvius* for Designing Sins, a *Pygmalion* for Carving out Sins, an *Apelles* for Painting out Sins, a *Galileus* for Espying out Sins, an *Euclid* for Numbring and Multiplying Sins; so that your Sins are now past all Account: an *Archimedes* for Inventing Sins, an *Aristoteles* to find out Sins, a *Cicero* in Pleading for Sins, an *Alexander* in Fighting for Sins, an *Homerus* in Describing Sins; and your *Lives* and *Actions*, are the Foundations and
Mate-

Materials, the Stones and Chifals of Sin, the Boards and Planks, the Light, Shadows, and Colours of Sins, the Perspective-Glasses of Sins, the Figures of Sins, the Instruments and Engines of Sins; the Lines, Circles, and Squares of Sins; the Bodies, Parts, and Lives of Sin; the Tongue and Speech of Sin; the Arms of Sins, the Brains and Wit of Sin. Thus you are nothing but Sin *within* and *without*: for, *Life, Soul, Thoughts, Bodies, and Actions*, are all sin. Indeed, you seem as if you were neither made by Nature nor God, but begotten or produced from Devils: for, Nature exclaims against you, and God abhors you; the Devils will own you: but, God of his Mercy give you Grace to Repent and Amend your Lives; that what Sin is past, may be blotted out; and that your Lives, Thoughts, and Actions, may be such, as may gain you Eternal Blessedness, and Everlasting Glory. For which, let us pray.

An

*An Oration, which is an Exhortation to a
Pious Life.*

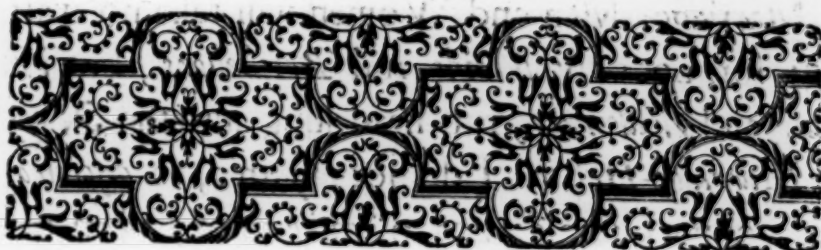
Beloved Brethren,

YOU come here to be *Instructed*, but yet you do not *amend* your **Lives**: for, you live *Idlely* and *Wickedly*; you make no *Profit* of your *Instructions* or *Exhortations*; for it seems by you, That the more you are *taught*, the more *Ignorant* you are; like those that become *Blind*, or their *Sight dazzled* with too much *Light*. Indeed, you live as if you had not *Rational Souls*; or that you thought, *Souls dye*, as *Bodies* do: but you will find, you have *Souls* that shall live to endure *Torment*, if you do not *Reform* your **Lives**. 'Tis true, many have *Strange*, and some, *Atheistical Opinions* concerning the *Soul*: for, some have had *Opinions*, That *Man hath no other Soul but such as Beasts have*: and others, That the *Souls of all Creatures go out of one Body into another*; and, that *Death doth but change the Soul's Lodging*. And some have had an *Opinion*, That there is no such thing as a *Soul*; but that which is called a *Soul*, is only *Animal Life*. And others believe, *There be Souls*; but they dye as *Bodies* do. Others, That there is but one great *Soul*, which is the *Soul of the World*. But, the *Right and Truth* is, That *Men have particular Souls*, which not any other *Creature hath*, which are called, *Rational*

tional Souls, and shall live for ever, either in *Torment*, or *Bliss*, according to their *Merit*. But, the Best and Wifest men, make no question of the *Rational Soul* of Mankind, though many Learned men trouble their Heads to prove, *what the Soul is*: for, some believe the Soul is *Corporeal*; others, that it is *Incorporeal*. Also, many trouble themselves to know, when the Souls of Mankind enter into their Bodies: Some think, before the Body is born. Others hold, it enters not until the Body is born: and some think, That the Body receives the Soul, so soon as it receives Life in the Womb. And some think, *before*, as when it is newly Conceived. But, those that are of an Opinion, That Life and Soul enters into the Body together, believe their Departure from one another by Death. And those that think the Soul enters not into the Body, until it be born; believe the Soul is but a *Weakling* at first, and grows *stronger*, as the Body grows *older*. Thus they trouble their Heads, and exercise their Wits concerning the Soul, to know *what it is*, and *how it is*; but never take thought, *how it will be*, when they dye. Like the Dog, that left the *Substance*, to seek for the *Shadow*; so men leave the *Salvation*, and dispute about the *Creation*. But my Exhortation is, That you would pray more, and dispute less: for, what shall we need to trouble our Minds, whether the Soul be *Corporeal*, or *Incorporeal*: or if *Corporeal*, what Matter it is made of, so

that it be capable of Glory? Nor shall it need to trouble our Minds, *When it enters the Body*; so it *enter Heaven*. Wherefore, those that are truly wise, and wisely Devout, will endeavour with all their *Power, Faith, and Industry*, of their Minds, Thoughts, and Life, to do such Charitable Deeds, and to think such Pious Thoughts in Holy Contemplations, and Pray with so much Zeal and Faith, Penitence and Thanksgiving, as that God may be so well pleased with them, as to glorifie their Souls in Heaven, where there is all *Joy and Happiness*. Which *Joy and Happiness*, I pray the gods may give you.

MAR-



Marriage-Orations.

PART IX. *C*

A Marriage-Oration to a Congregation, met for a Young Bride and Bridegroom's sake.

Beloved Brethren,

WE are met together, as *Bridal-Guests*, to see this young Man and Woman Married, who are to be *bound, tyed, and manacled*, with *Holy Ceremonies, Vows, and Promises*; yet, all too little to tye some Couples fast: for, many do not only loosen those *Bonds*, with taking *Unlawful Liberty*; but, quite break them by *Divorce*. Which shews the *Unruliness* and *Untowardness* of Married People; or else it shews the *Unsufferable Condition* of a Married Life: and yet, for all the

Proofs, Tryals, and Examples of the *Evils* that are in Marriage, Men and Women will take no warning: for, not only *Maids* and *Batchellors*, but *Widows* and *Widowers*, run head-long into the *Noose*, or *Marriage-Halter*. I do not say this, to *discourage* this young Couple; but to *advise* them, when they are Married, to live *Temperately*, *Prudently*, *Lovingly*, and *Peaceably*; that they may not surfeit their *Fond* and *Eager Appetites*, which causes the Sickneſs of *Aversion*, and Death of *Affection*: Or, Prodigally waſte their *Maintenance*, or Idlely ſpend their *Time*: for, *Poverty* breaks *Friendſhip*; and turns near *Friends* to *Foes*. Nor live *Inconſtantly*: for, that makes *Jealouſie*; and *Jealouſie*, *Hate*. Nor live *Quarrellſomely*: for, that makes *Faction*; *Faction*, *Diviſion*; and *Diviſion*, *Divorce*: Whereas, *Temperance* makes *Conſtancy*; *Prudence*, *Plenty*. *Love* keeps *Peace*, and *Peace* makes *Happineſs*. Which *Happineſs* I wiſh to this young Couple; and ſo I will joyn their *Hands*, Praying, That the gods will joyn their *Hearts* with an *united Love* and *Felicity*.

*A Marriage-Oration to a Congregation met in the
behalf of an Old Bride, and a Young
Bridegroom.*

Beloved Brethren,

WE are met together, as *Marriage-Guests*, to see this Couple Married together, although it be an unequal Match; the Bride being *Aged*, and the Bridegroom *Young*: She *too old* for him; and He *too young* for her: which shews, as if she wanted *Wit*, and he *Wealth*. But, I hope, neither of them will want that *Love* which ought to be betwixt a Man and Wife. I say not this, to hinder their Marriage: for, if they do *Agree*, every one ought to *Approve* it: and if they should not *Agree*, none will suffer but themselves, either in the Opinion of their Neighbours and Friends, or by their own Discontents: for, their Neighbours will censure both; as if she was too *Amorous* for her Age; and he too *Covetous* for his Youth: and that *Time* will *cool* the one; and *Riot*, *consume* the other. Which, if it prove so, they will wish one another *dead*, but not love one another *living*. Whereas, when they *agree kindly*, and *live orderly*, they will be prais'd worthily; and so much the more, as being *unusual*, and therefore not *expected*: for, who would not believe, but that an *old Wife* should be *Jealous*; and a *young Husband*,

Wanton? Or, who will believe, an old Wife to be pleasing, and a young Husband, continent? But, this true Pleasure and Constancy, I wish them; and will joyn their Hands, praying for their Happiness.

A Marriage-Oration to a Congregation, met in the behalf of a Young Bride, and an Aged Bridegroom.

Beloved Brethren,

HERE is a *Loving Aged Man*, and a *Chast Young Woman*, to be joyn'd in *Holy Matrimony*: which shews the Man to have *Courage*, the Woman to be *Prudent*. For surely, it is very dangerous for an Aged Man to Marry a Young Woman, especially an *Handsome Young Woman*; not only because Youth is apt to be *Inconstant*, and loves *Variety*; but, Youth and Beauty, is a Temptation to *Amorous Lovers*; which will lay Siege, and make Assaults, endeavouring with all their *Flattery*, *Bribes*, *Vanity*, and *Prodigality*, to Corrupt, Betray, and Winne her. But, she is Prudent to chuse an Experienced Man; preferring *Wisdom* before *Youth*, *Wit* before *Beauty*, *Love* before *Courtship*, and *Temperance* before *Pleasure*. All which foreshews, she will make a Chaste Wife, which will keep her Husband's *Love*, and her own *Reputation*: which *Love* and
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Chastity, will make them *Happy*; and both, will make them *Honourable*. To which *Respect* and *Happiness*, I joyn them inseparably.

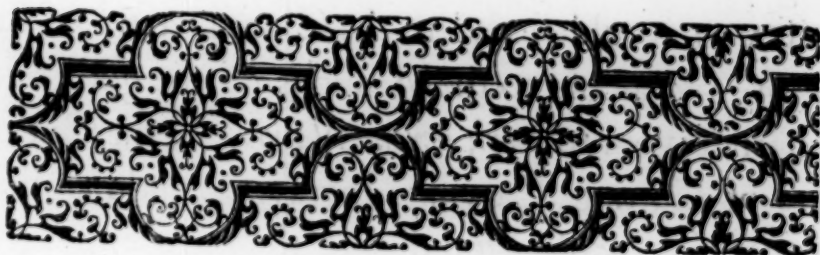
A Marriage-Oration for Two Poor Servants.

Beloved Brethren,

YOU have attended these *Two Poor Servants*, to the Church, as their *Bridal-Guests*, to witness their *Lawful Marriage*; by which, you do them *Honour*; and if you will also do them *Good*, you may bestow on them an *Offering*: for, though each Person should give but a *small Gift*; yet, in the whole *Summ*, it will be *great* to them: so that, it will not be mist in your *Purses*, and yet be a *Benefit* to their *Lives*; for, it may make them *Rich*, and your selves not *Poor*: but, if you give them not *any*, they may, nevertheless, by their *Industry*, *Thrive*: for, as they wrought honestly for their *Master and Mistress*, so they will labour honestly for themselves: and, as their *Master* did *Thrive* by their *Service*, so they hope to *Thrive* in serving themselves; and so in time they may become *Master and Mistress* to *Servants*, as they were *Servants* to *Master and Mistress*: for *Prudent Industry*, and *Thrifty Sparing*, makes the *Poor, Rich*; and *Riches* doth advance them to *Honor*; whereas *Carelessness*, *Riot*, and *Vain Expences*, make
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Rich men, Poor; and Noble-men, Mean: so that in time, Labouring-Peasant's, and Thriving-Citizen's Posterities, come to be Rich men, and Great Lords, when as the Posterity of Rich men, through their Prodigality, come to be poor Labouring-men, and Slaves: for, Heaven blesses the Industry of the Poor; but punishes the Riot of the Rich. Which Blessing be upon this Couple: and so let us joyn their Hands with Holy Ceremony; and Heaven joyn their Hearts with Love.

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ORATIONS
TO
CITIZENS
IN THE
Market-Place.

PART X.

An Oration against Excess and Vanity.

Fellow-Citizens,



Observe great *Excess* in *Stately* and *Chargeable Buildings*, *Rich* and *Costly Furnitures*, *Vain Adornings*, *Wasteful Feasting*, *Idle Conversations*, and *Unprofitable Attendants*, and the like *Vanities*. First, for your *Building*, you build not only for *Conveniency* and *Decency*; but, for *State* and

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Magnificence: and you build not only *large* and *high*, as if you would spread to the Circumference of the Earth, and ascend to the Mansions of the gods; but, you endeavour to *work beyond Nature*, in the Curiosities of Cutting, Carving, Ingraving, and Painting to the Life. Also, you digg to the *Abyss* and Center of the Earth, for several Materials, and for divers sorts of Stones and Metals; and endeavour to make your Palaces to outshine the Sun, with Gold; wherein you waste so much Gold and Silver in vain and unprofitable Gilding and Interlaying, that there is not enough left to make Coyn for Traffick. Also, your *Stately Building* doth not only Ruine your Posterity, leaving them more *Houses*, than *Land*; but, you ruine the Poor, enclosing the Land with your *Walls*; and filling up with *Houses*, the Land where *Corn* and *Fruits* should grow. Thus you tread upon the *Bellies*, *Backs*, and *Heads* of the Poor. And as for your *Rich* and *Costly Furniture*, it costs much, and wears out soon, yeelding no profit: for, the *Principal* of so much Money, is wasted, and no *Use* made thereof. Secondly, For your *Feasting*, where-with you eat rather to be *sick*, than to *prolong Life*; you *spoil* more than you *eat*, and *eat* more than you have an *Appetite*: you are like *Misers* in your feeding; stuffing your *Stomacks* with *Meat*, as they do their *Trunks* and *Baggs* with Money; and the Superfluity of Meat, destroys the Gluttonous Eater with Surfeits.

Surfeits. Thirdly, Your *Adorning*, or rather *Deforming* your selves in *Antick Fashions*, and *Toyish Vanities*; which sheweth, your Heads to be *Brainless*, and sometimes your Purfes to be *Money-less*: for, Spending so much on your *Backs*, you cannot keep any thing in your *Coffers*, nor for your Necessary Use. Fourthly, Your *Idle Visits*, and *Unprofitable Discourses*, wherein is more *Words* than *Wit*; and more *Time* lost, than *Knowledge* gain'd: for, you become more Ignorant with *Talking*, than Learned with *Contemplating*; Brains being not to be Manured with *foolish Discourses*, but *wise Considerations*. Lastly, Your *Numerous Trains*, which are made up of Unprofitable Servants, being maintain'd for *Shew*, and not for *Use*; they spending *much*, and doing *little* Service; which is the cause not only of great Disorders, but the Ruine of many Noble Families. The short is, You drink to be *drunk*, eat to be *sick*, live to be *idle*, spend to be *poor*, and talk to be *fools*. Thus you lose *Time*, waste your *Estate*, trouble your *Minds*, and shorten your *Lives*; living with more *Cost* than *Worship*, and more *Worship* than *Pleasure*: for, you are *Stewards* for your *Servants*, *Hosts* for your *Guests*, and *Slaves* to your *Vain Humours*.

*An Oration, contradicting the former.**Noble Citizens,*

THE former Oration was against the Lawful Delights and Pleasures of our *Citizens*, nay, of all Mankind; which expresses, the Orator either to be so poor of *Means*, that he cannot attain to such Delights and Pleasures; or that his *Senses* are imperfect, and not capable to receive them; or that he is of so *Evil a Disposition*, as to desire all men to be *miserable*; or that he is a *Fool*, not knowing how to speak or live *wisely*. Whereas, had he spoke against *hurtful* and *destroying-Vices*, he had spoken as a Good man ought to do: for, *Vices* are *Vices*, no otherwise, but as they are Hurtful or Destructive to Mankind, which makes them *Vices*: for, the gods forbid them, because of the Evil Effects; as, *Drunkenness*, which disorders the Reason, distempers the Brain, and obstructs the Senses, making men senseless, or to be as if they were Mad; and causes, oftentimes Quarrels, Wounds, and Death; at least, breaks Peace, and makes Enemies of Friends. Besides, *Drunkenness* makes men sick, and is apt to shorten their Lives: all which, makes it a *Vice*, and so a *Sin*. But, did *Drunkenness* cause no Evil Effect, it ought not to be forbidden, nor could it be accounted a *Crime*. The like I may say for *Gluttony*: for, would men eat, only to please them,

them, and not so much as to *disease* them, it would be no fault to Eat well, or to please their Palate: but, it is the Surfeits, Sickness, and oftentimes, *Untimely Death*, that makes *Gluttony* a *Vice*. And for *Adultery*, it would be so far from a *Crime*, that it would be a *Virtue* in the Encrease of Mankind, were it not for the loss of *Propriety*, in that no man would know his own Child, nor be sure to enjoy his own Wife, or that Woman he makes choice of. As for *Theft* and *Murder*, they are not of that sort to be named *Vices* only, but *Damnable Sins*, which destroy *Society*, *Safety*, and all the *Security of Life*: for, *Thieves* and *Murderers*, endeavour an utter Destruction, without Mercy or Remorse. Wherefore, since *Vices* and *Sins*, are *Vices* and *Sins*, for their Hurt and Evil Effects; those things that are called *Vanities*, which produce *Pleasure* and *Delight* only, without *Death* and *Destruction*, ought not to be spoken against: for, *Vanities* are *profitable* to the Poor, and not *hurtful* to the Rich. But yet, *Moralists* and *Divines*, Plead, Preach, Write, Rail, and Exclaim against all Honest, Harmless Delights and Pleasures; as if they were Sins to God and Nature; as if Nature, and the God of Nature, should make *Senses* and *Appetites* in vain, or only to the hurt and dislike of the Creature, and not for their good and pleasure; should make a Body for Pain and Sickness, and not for Health and Ease; and should make

a Mind for Trouble and Discontent, and not for Peace and Tranquillity: should make Desires, but not Fruitions. Indeed, Nature, and the God of Nature, is more just to Mankind: for, as they have made *Eyes*, and *Seeing*; so they have made *Light*, *Splendor*, and *Beauty*, to be seen: and as they have made *Ears* to hear, so they have made *Harmony* to be heard: and as they have made *Nostrils* to smell, so they have made *Perfumes* to be smelt: and as they have made *Taste*, so they have made *Relishes*; and as they have made *Hunger*, so they have made *Food*: and as they have made *Appetites*, so they have given *Satisfaction*, or *Satiety*. Thus we may perceive, that every particular *Sense*, is fitted or matched to particular *Pleasures*. But, because Nature hath made some *Aversions*, therefore *Moralists* and *Divines* would not have men enjoy the Pleasure in Nature: whereas the most Rational men perceive, that *Aversions* were only made to heighten and re-double the Pleasures and Delights both of Body and Mind. But, these men are so rigid in their *Doctrine*, (I will not say, in their own particular *Practice*) that they would have men chuse the *worst part*, and refuse the *better*; and would have all Mankind struggle, strive, and oppose all Nature's Delights and Benefits. The truth is, they seem to desire a Perpetual Warr between the *Senses* and the *Objects*; as also, between the *Mind* and the *Body*; and between *Reason* and *Sense*: but,
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in my Opinion, their Doctrine hath neither *Sense* nor *Reason*; and their Authors would have as little, if they should *practise* what they *preach*. Wherefore, *Noble Citizens*, my Advice is, That you take your *Pleasures*; yet so, as you may enjoy them long, *viz.* to *warm* your selves, not to *burn* your selves; to *view* the Light, but not to *gaze* out your Sight; to *bathe* your selves, but not to *drown* your selves; to *please* your selves, but not to *destroy* your selves with *Excess*.

An Oration against Usurers, and Money-Hoarders.

Noble Citizens,

WE have some Citizens amongst us, that are *Rich*, and yet *Miserable*; they covet *much*, yet enjoy but *little*: for, they hoard up their *Wealth*, and starve themselves. And if they did starve none but themselves, it were no great matter, being fitter for *Death*, than *Life*: but, their Hoards impoverish the Commonwealth, and so starve the *Poor*: for, there cannot be a greater Evil in a Commonwealth, set aside *Warr*, than to have many *Rich Usurers*, *Covetous Getters*, and *Spare Spenders*: for, their *great Wealth*, is like a *great Dungbil*, which, whilst it lyes on a *Heap* together, doth no *Good*, but *Hurt*; where-
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as, if it were disperſed and ſpread upon the Barren Lands, it would enrich much Ground, producing Encreaſe and Plenty. In the like manner ſhould *Money*, or ſuch ſort of Riches, be ſpread equally, to make a Commonwealth live happily. Indeed, a *Prodigal* is more beneficial and profitable to a Commonwealth, than an *Uſurer*: for, a *Prodigal* makes only himſelf Poor, and the Commonwealth Rich: whereas a *Miſerable man*, makes only himſelf Rich, and the Commonwealth Poor. 'Tis true, Riches is accounted a great Bleſſing; and ſurely, it is ſo: but I take Riches to be only a Bleſſing in the *Uſe*, and not barely in the *Poſſeſſion*: for, Riches is not, *what we have*; but, *what we enjoy*: for, he that hath *delicious Fruits*, and will eat *ſower Crabs*; hath *reviving Wines*, and will drink *inſipid Water*; hath *ſtately Houſes*, and will live in a *T'batch'd Cottage*; hath ſtore of *Fuel*, and will freeze with *Cold*; and hath great Summs of *Money*, but will *ſpend* none; thoſe are poorer than they that have but a *little*, and will ſpend according to their Eſtate. Yet, theſe *Miſerable men*, that live *ſtarvingly*, *slovenly*, and *unwholſomely*, are commended by the *Moralists*, and accounted *Wiſe men*, not taking pleaſure in that they call *Vanities*; which are, To make uſe of their *Riches*, to live *plentifully*, *pleaſantly*, *gloriously*, and *magnificently*, if they have wherewithall to live ſo; pleaſing themſelves with what *Good Fortune* hath given them. I, for my
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part, had rather live *rich*, and dye *poor*; than dye *rich*, and live *poor*, and leave my Wealth to those that will be so far from *acknowledging* my *Gifts* with Thanks, by praising me for them, that it is likely, they will *rail* on my *Memory*: so that my *Wealth* would only build me a Tomb of *Reproaches*, and a Monument of *Infamy*; which would be a just Judgment for being so *unnatural* to my self. But, miserable men believe, they are Masters of their Wealth, because they have it in keeping; when as they are Slaves, not daring to use it, unless it be in getting *Ten in the Hundred*. I confess, if such men had Children, (being for the most part Childless) there were some Excuse for them: but yet, Fathers should not make themselves *Miserable*, to make their Sons *Prodigal*: for, a *Rich* Son of a *Miserable* Father, is commonly a *Spend-thrift*: and as Fathers are bound by Nature to provide for their Children in a Wise Proportion; so they are bound by Nature to Maintain themselves so plentifully, as to enjoy a Happy Life. But to conclude, those that are *Miserable Hoarders*, or *Unconscionable Usurers*, are like *Weefels*, or such like Vermin: for, as these suck out the Meat of an Egg, so they suck out Silver and Gold, and leave the Commonwealth like an Empty Egg-shell, which is a Penny-less Purse, or Empty Treasury.

*An Oration concerning the Education of
Children.*

Fellow-Citizens,

I Commend the Love and Care which you seem to have of your Sons, in having them taught and instructed in *Arts and Sciences*: as also, when they are grown up towards Manhood, to send them abroad to see several Forrein Nations, to be acquainted with their *Fashions, Manners, and Behaviours*, and to learn their several *Languages*; all which is profitable, and will make them *Worthy men*, if they profit. Yet, though I commend your *Love*, I cannot commend your *Judgments*, for putting your Sons to be instructed by *young Pedants*, and to be guided by *young Governors*, which are but *Boys* themselves in comparison of *Experienced, Understanding, Knowing, Wise men*, that is, *Aged men*, who have seen, heard, and learned much, and so know much; whereas *Young men* have not had time to hear, see, and learn much, and so cannot understand, nor know much, but must of necessity be ignorant. Wherefore, it is not to be wondred at, that Fathers reap not the Profit, or have not the Return of their *Care and Expences*, in their Sons Educations: for, *Youth* breeding up *Youth*, makes many men to be *Boys* all their Life-time; and being not instructed as they ought, become *Wild*, like Plants that want
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Manuring. And Fathers, mistaking the Cause through long Custom, think it is the *Incapacity* of their Sons, and not the *Insufficiency* of their Tutors and Governors, if they prove not according to their Hopes and Expectations. But most Fathers, being bred as ignorantly as their Sons, think their Sons compleatly bred, if they have been some time at the *University*, and have spent some short time in Travel, although without profiting either in *Knowledg* or *Manners*. Thus it may be thought, that one Fool *begets* another; but the truth is, that one Fool *breeds* another: for, the Fault is not in *Nature*, but in *Education*; at least, not so generally and constantly: for, *Nature* doth not commit so many Errors, and make so many Defects, as *Breeding* doth.

An Oration concerning the Plague.

Fellow-Citizens,

I Shall not need to tell you, That the *Plague* is in this City, or that it Encreases daily, I may say, *hourly*; or that this City hath been formerly Infested, or Infected with this Disease; insomuch, as sometimes it hath almost made a Depopulation. But, by reason it is such a Deadly Destroying-Disease, as to sweep Thousands into *Oblivious* Death; and not only a *Destroying*, but a *Murderous Disease*: for, it takes men

suddenly, unawares, and unprepared, being in perfect Health, and full Strength; and wounds so deadly, as to be past Remedy, not to be cured either by Medicines or Salve, when it hath strongly seized on the Body. Wherefore, to hinder it from such a strong Assault and Ruine, let me advise you, *Citizens*, especially the *Magistrates*, who have Power and Authority to Order and Govern this City, as they shall think good and expedient for it; First, To set out a Declaration to all Housholders, upon pain of a Fine, if neglected, and not performed, To cleanse their Houses, Pumps, Springs, Cinques, Gutters, and Privy-Offices: also, That Officers in every Parish, and other particular Persons, may be authorized for that Employment, to see the Streets, Lanes, and Out-corners, in and of the City, cleansed from Dunghills, and Dung of Men and Beasts, and from Carion, Mud, and such like filth: also, to have the Common-Sewers, Cinques, Channels, Wells; as also, the Lakes, Ponds, and such like places without the City, near adjoyning, well cleansed; and all this foul Filth, buried deep in the Earth, that no Ill Savour, or Vapour, may ascend therefrom: for, *foul, gross, stinking Vapours*, arising, especially from several places, several Houses, Streets, Ditches, Sewers, and the like, dispersing *Corruption* about, infect the Air, which spreads far, and enters into the very Bowels and Inward Parts of men: nay, it doth not only
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poyson the Bodies of Men, but all other Animal Creatures; as also, the Fruits of the Earth: and so strong it is, that it bursts forth in Sores, Ulcers, and Spots, on the Bodies of Men and Beasts, inflaming their Spirits, and consuming their Lives in a moment. Wherefore, to help to purifie the Air, let there be Pitch and Tarr burnt in the open Streets; and Frankincense, Storax, and Benzoin in the Houses, or at least, Juniper: And after the City is thus *cleansed*, and the Air *purified*, you must endeavour to cleanse and purifie the Bodies of the Inhabitants, by commanding every one to be *Purged*, and to be *Let blood*; or else it will be a vain Work, to cleanse their Houses from *Filth*, and let their Bodies be full of *foul Humours*; to cleanse their Cinques and Gutters, and let their Veins be full of *corrupted* or *inflamed Blood*. Yet, the Bodies of men must not be cleansed, until the City be cleansed, lest the *Infectèd Air* from *without*, should more easily get *into* them, and kill them. But I hope, I shall not need much Rhetorick, to perswade you to take a care of your own Lives: for, Life is *sweet*, and Death is *terrible*; although I have observed, that Men, though they desire to live, nay, are afraid to dye; yet, are so *careless*, *obstinate*, and *confident*, as not to endeavour to *prolong* their Lives, or to *defend* their Lives from Diseases, which are Death's Serjeants: for, although all Creatures were made to consume into other Forms, and Men are born to dye;

yet, no Creature was made to dye, and be consumed or transmigrated, before their Natural time: for, Nature hath given her Creatures *Defences* and *Remedies*, against the *Spoilers* and *Destroyers* of Life: which *Spoilers* and *Destroyers*, with their *Remedies* and *Defences*, are not easily to be numbred. But, men are often their own *Lives* Enemies, killing themselves with *Riot* and *Excess*; or being over-bold, in adventuring or entring into *Dangers*; or so careless, as to pass by *Remedies*. Yet, I hope you will be careful, and speedily industrious to prevent, if possibly you can, the *Encrease* and *Fury* of this *Plague*.

An Oration against Idle Expences.

Fellow-Citizens,

I Observe great *Excess* and *Luxury* in this City, Prodigally spending your Estates, and wasting your Lives with *Riot*: which I cannot enough wonder at, that although men will hazard their Lives to get *Wealth*, and to keep it from those that would take it from them; yet will spend it *lavishly*, *extravagantly*, and *vainly*; nay, more readily to make themselves *sick*, than to make themselves *well*, when they are *sick*: for, they will spend it freely in *Luxury*, and be sparing to a *Physician*; which shews, men love *Pleasure* more than *Health*; whereas, *Health* is the
greatest

greatest *Pleasure*: for, *Sensual Pleasures* are always followed with *Sickness* and *Pain*, which lasts long, even so long, that many times they do accompany them to the Grave. And as *Pains* and *Sickness* follow *Sensual Pleasures*; so *Poverty* and *Scorn*, follow *Vain Expences*; all which, makes a *Discontented Mind*. Wherefore, what man, if he were wise, would destroy his *Body*, disquiet his *Mind*, and ruine his *Estate*: for that which is called *Pleasure*, which is nothing but the *Object of Sensual Appetites*, that are no sooner enjoy'd, but are forgotten, or loathed with the Fruition? And for *Pleasures of the Mind*, those are only *Opinions*, which are nothing in Substance, and therefore not to be truly or really enjoyed. But, as *Temperance* is the greatest *Bodily-Pleasure*, because it gives *Health*; so, *Judgment* is the *Mind's Physick*, purging out *Vain Opinions*, *Idle Thoughts*, and *Restless Desires*, which give it the *Health of Peace and Tranquillity*. Thus your *Body* and *Mind*, will live *healthfully, happily, and honestly*, employing their *Time and Labours*, in the *Service of God*, their *Country*, and *Friends*; living *wisely*, parting with the *World willingly*, leaving a *Good Fame* behind them, and ascending to a *Crown of Glory*, and *Eternal Life*.

An Oration, that Men ought to please themselves.

Fellow-Citizens.

GIve me leave to tell you, That *Moral Orations* are more proper to be spoken in *Schools*, than in the *Market-place*; where they will sooner spoil *young Students*, than reform *old Citizens*. But, those that speak against *Pleasure*, speak against the *Darling of Life*: and therefore, I do not wonder at any for taking his *Pleasure*, but at those that speak against it; since it is the *Quintessence* or *Elixir of Nature*, as we may know by the Scarcity of it: for *Nature*, being Just in all her Works, hath ordered them so, that what is Curious, Excellent, and Good, she hath sparingly made; but what is Indifferent and Bad, she hath made plentifully, countervaluing the *Worth* of the one sort, with the *Quantity* of the other: as we may observe, she hath made more *Iron* than *Silver*, more *Silver* than *Gold*, more *Stones* than *Diamonds*, more *Weeds* than *Flowers*, more *Beasts* than *Men*; and of *Men*, she hath made more *Fools* than *Wise men*, more *Cowards* than *Valiant men*, more *Bad men*, than *Good men*, more *Enemies* than *Friends*, and so more *Pains* than *Pleasures*: but, because there is but a little of that which is Good, shall not we enjoy it? Shall we refuse the Best, because we have not so much as we would? that would be unreasonable: but, as
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men will give a great quantity of *Lead* for a little *Gold*; so men will endure a great deal of *Pain*, for a little *Pleasure*; and they have reason: for, a little *Pleasure* is of great value, being the most *Delicious Sweet* in *Nature*. But you will ask, *What is the Delicious Pleasure*? I answer, All that is *Pleasure*, is *Delicious*; yet, every man is to judg of *Pleasure*, by his own Delectation: for, *Pleasures* are as different as Men: for, although all Men are of Mankind; yet, every Man is not alike, neither in Mind nor Body: so, although all *Pleasure* is *Pleasure*, yet not one and the same.

An Oration against Vice-Actors:

Noble Citizens,

OUR City doth so encrease with *Vice*, that I fear, the Numerous *Vices* will be like the *Plagues* of *Egypt*, to destroy our City, if you do not use speedy Remedy to punish the *Vice-Actors*. But, we are so far from Punishing them, that we Admire, Applaud, and Advance such as have most *Vices*, or least *Honesty*. The truth is, that *Vice* and *Injustice* is the only way or means to Advance men to Office, Power, Authority, Respect, and Credit in our City: for, those men that are Temperate, Honest, and Just, are thought Fools, and Unprofitable

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ble Drones: and those that are wisely Provident, and not vainly Prodigal, are believed to be Miserable men, which know not how to live. And as for our Grand Magistrates, they have more *Formality*, than *Reality*, more *good Words*, than *good Deeds*, more *Covetousness* than *Justice*: they regard not the Poor man's *Cause*, but the Rich man's *Money*: for, they decide Causes, not according to *Right*, but according to *Bribes*. *Humility* and *Honesty*, are strangers to them: they study their *Self-interest*, but regard not the *Publick Good*. All which, will bring a Confusion, and so a Dissolution to this Commonwealth, if you do not carefully, and suddenly, chuse Wise and Conscionable men for Magistrates, to wit, such as will punish Extortions, Wrongs and Injuries; suppress Pride, Vanity, and Luxury; banish Quarrels, put away Idleness, and administer Right and Justice, for Right and Justice's sake; as also, *do as they would be done unto*.

An Oration against a Foolish Custom.

Worthy Citizens,

Here is an Unjust and Unhandsome *Custom* in this City, and therefore ought to be abolished; which is, That whensoever a Wife beats her Husband, the next Neighbour rides through the
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City disgracefully : not only striding upon a Horse with his Face towards the Tail, or sitting astride upon a Staff; but, having foul things flung at, or on him; and all the Vulgar People follow with Shouts. And all this, to shame an Innocent Person, who hath not committed a Fault: whereas the *Fault-makers* are neither *troubled*, nor *disgraced*; which is a great Injustice, that those escape, that ought to have the Punishment: for, the *foolish Husband* of such a *Wife Rampant*, should ride in Disgrace, Scorn, and Pain, by reason he suffers himself to be degraded of his *Masculine Authority*. Yet, this is not the only Foolish and Unjust Custom, but we have many more, which ought not to be suffer'd in a Peaceable and Well-govern'd Commonwealth. Wherefore, the Publick Magistrates, that are the Publick Fathers, should order Private Families, that they may not disorder the Publick Tranquillity.

An Oration against the Liberty of Women.

Citizens of N. N.

Although I am sure to be hated of all the Women in this City, and perchance, elsewhere; yet, by reason I think it fit to reprove their *Liberties*, *Vanities*, and *Expences*, I shall not be silent, although I were sure to be tortured with their *Railing Tongues*,

and to be exclaimed in all their *Female Societies*; which Societies ought to be dissolved, allowing no Publick Meetings to that Sex, no, not *Child-bed Gossippings*: for, Women corrupt and spoil each other, striving to out-brave, out-beauty, and out-talk each other, with their *Vanities*, *Paintings*, and *Gossippings*. Wherefore it were fit, that Women should be restrain'd not only from the Company of Men, but their own Sex, unless it be those they have near relation to; and not to suffer them to make Acquaintance with Strangers. This would cause *Moderation*, *Sobriety*, and *Silence* amongst them: also, it would cause them to be Huf-wifely in their Families, Obedient to their Husbands, and careful of their Children: but, *Liberty* is an Enemy to Women; nay, it is an Enemy to Men, not only to Fathers, Husbands, and Sons, but even to Wanton Lovers, or rather, Courtiers; making them as Vain and Expensive as Women, to gain their Mistresses Favours; knowing that Women, especially Amorous Women, are soonest won with *gay Toys*, and *Shews*. But, Women are so far from being restrain'd in this Age, and in these Nations round about, that they have liberty to spend what they will, to keep what Company they will, and to use their Husbands and Natural Friends, as they please. The truth is, *Liberty* makes all Women Wild and Wanton, both Maids, Wives, and Widows; which defames them and their Families. Thus, in short, Women are the
chief

chief Ruiners of Men in their *Estates, Fortunes, and Honors*: and so I leave them.

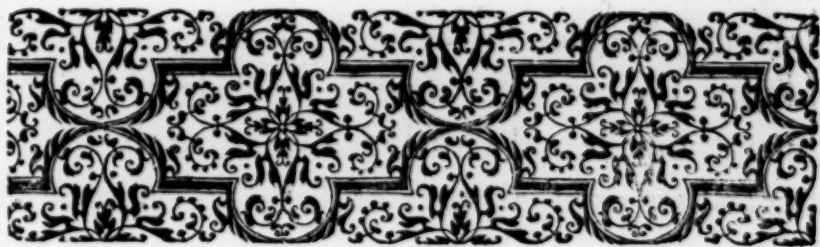
An Oration, for the Liberty of Women.

Noble Citizens,

IT is not only *Uncivil* and *Ignoble*, but *Unnatural*; for Men to speak against Women, and their *Liberties*: for, Women were made by Nature for Men, to be *Loved, Accompanied, Assisted, and Protected*: and, if Men are bound to *love* them by Nature, should they *restrain* them by Force? Should they make them *Slaves*, whom Nature made to be their *Dearest Associates, their Beautifulst Objects, and Sweetest Delights*? And, Shall Men restrain them of their *Harmless Pleasures, Chast Societies, and Gentle Conversations*? As it is natural for Men to *love* Women; so it is natural for *Love*, to please whom they love, and not to cross, oppose, or restrain them, but to grant them all their *Lawful Requests and Desires*, as far as lyes in their Powers: for, Can Men dispose of their *Estates* more generously, than to Women? Or think any *Fortune* better, than when they can serve them? Or, is there a greater *Happiness*, than to be beloved of them? For, they are the *Chiefest Good* that Nature hath made for Men, and the *greatest Delight* she hath given to Men. And, Can there be

any *Sound* sweeter than their *Voices*, any *Object* brighter than their *Beauties*, or any *Society* more *Divine* than theirs? Yet a *Terrestrial Man*, in the former *Oration*, did plead against these *Celestial Creatures*, perswading you, (O Horrid Perswasion!) to use them as your *Slaves*, who ought to be your *Goddeesses* on Earth: for, Nature made them to be Beloved, Admired, Desired, Adored and Worshipped, Sued and Pray'd to, by our Sex.

FEMALE



Female-Orations.

PART XI.

I.

Adies, Gentlewomen, and other Inferior Women, but not less Worthy: I have been industrious to Assemble you together, and wish I were so Fortunate, as to perswade you to make frequent Assemblies, Associations, and Combinations amongst our Sex, that we may unite in Prudent Counsels, to make our selves as *Free, Happy, and Famous*, as Men: whereas now we Live and Dye, as if we were produced from Beasts, rather than from Men: for, Men are *happy*, and we Women are *miserable*; they possess all the *Ease, Rest, Pleasure, Wealth, Power, and Fame*; whereas Women are Restless with *Labour*,

bour, Eafeless with *Pain*, Melancholy for want of *Pleasures*, Helpless for want of *Power*, and dye in *Oblivion*, for want of *Fame*. Nevertheless, Men are so Unconscionable and Cruel against us, that they endeavour to barr us of all sorts of *Liberty*, and will not suffer us freely to Associate amongst our own Sex; but would fain bury us in their Houses or Beds, as in a Grave. The truth is, we *live* like Batts, or Owls, *labour* like Beasts, and *dye* like Worms.

II.

LAdies, Gentlewomen, and other Inferior VVo-
men; The Lady that spoke to you, hath spoken VVisely and Eloquently, in expressing our *Unhappiness*; but she hath not declared a *Remedy*, or shew'd us a way to come out of our *Miseries*: but, if she could, or would be our Guide, to lead us out of the *Labyrinth* Men have put us into, we should not only *praise* and *admire* her, but *adore* and *worship* her as our *Goddeſs*: but alas! Men, that are not only our *Tyrants*, but our *Devils*, keep us in the Hell of *Subjection*, from whence I cannot perceive any *Redemption*, or getting out: we may complain and bewail our *Condition*, yet that will not free us: we may murmur and rail against men, yet they regard not what we say. In short, our *Words* to Men,
are

Men, are as empty *Sounds*; our *Sighs*, as Puffs of *Wind*; and our *Tears*, as *Fruitless Showers*; and our *Power* is so inconsiderable, that Men laugh at our *Weakness*.

III.

Ladies, Gentlewomen, and other more Inferior Women; The former *Oration*s were Exclamations against Men, Repining at their Condition, and Mourning for our own: but, we have no reason to speak against Men, who are our *Admirers* and *Lovers*; they are our *Protectors*, *Defenders*, and *Maintainers*: they admire our *Beauties*, and love our *Persons*: they Protect us from *Injuries*, Defend us from *Dangers*, are Industrious for our *Subsistence*, and Provide for our *Children*: they Swim great Voyages by Sea, Travel long Journeys by Land, to get us Rarities and Curiosities: they digg to the Center of of the Earth, for Gold for us: they dive to the bottom of the Sea, for Jewels for us: they build to the Skies, Houses for us: they Hunt, Fowl, Fish, Plant, and Reap, for Food for us. All which, we could not do our Selves; and yet we complain of Men, as if they were our Enemies, when as we could not possibly live without them: which shews, we are as *Ungrateful*, as *Inconstant*. But, we have more reason

to murmur against Nature, than against Men, who hath made Men more *Ingenious*, *Witty*, and *Wise*, than Women; more *Strong*, *Industrious*, and *Laborious*, than Women: for, Women are *Witlefs*, and *Strengthlefs*, and *Unprofitable Creatures*, did they not bear Children. Wherefore, let us *love* men, *praise* men, and *pray* for men; for without men, we should be the most miserable Creatures that Nature *hath* made, or *could* make.

 IV.

NOble Ladies, Gentlewomen, and other Inferior VVomen; The former *Oratorefs* says, we are *Witlefs*, and *Strengthlefs*: if so, it is that we neglect the one, and make no use of the other: for, *Strength* is encreased by Exercise, and *Wit* is lost for want of Conversation. But to shew men, we are not so *weak* and *foolish*, as the former *Oratorefs* doth express us to be; let us Hawk, Hunt, Race, and do the like Exercises that Men have; and let us converse in Camps, Courts, and Cities; in Schools, Colledges, and Courts of Judicature; in Taverns, Brothels, and Gaming-Houses; all which will make our *Strength* and *Wit* known, both to Men, and to our own selves: for, we are as ignorant of our selves, as Men are of us. And how should we know our selves, when
we

we never made a trial of our selves? Or, how should Men know us, when they never put us to the proof? Wherefore my Advice is, we should imitate Men; so will our *Bodies* and *Minds* appear more *Masculine*, and our *Power* will encrease by our *Actions*.

V.

NOble, Honourable, and Vertuous Women; The former *Oration* was, to perswade us to change the Custom of our Sex; which is a strange and unwise Perswasion, since we cannot change the Nature of our Sex, nor make our selves Men; and to have Female Bodies, and yet to act Masculine Parts, will be very Preposterous and Unnatural. In truth, we shall make our selves like the *Defects* of Nature, and be *Hermaphroditical*, neither perfect Women, nor perfect Men, but corrupt and imperfect Creatures. Wherefore let me perswade you, since we cannot alter the Nature of our Persons, not to alter the Course of our Lives; but to rule so our Lives and Behaviours, that we be acceptable and pleasing to God and Men; which is, to be *Modest*, *Cbaſt*, *Temperate*, *Humble*, *Patient*, and *Pious*; also, to be *Huſwifely*, *Cleanly*, and of *few Words*. All which, will gain us *Praise* from Men, and *Blessing* from *Heaven*; *Love* in this *VV*orld, and *Glory* in the next.

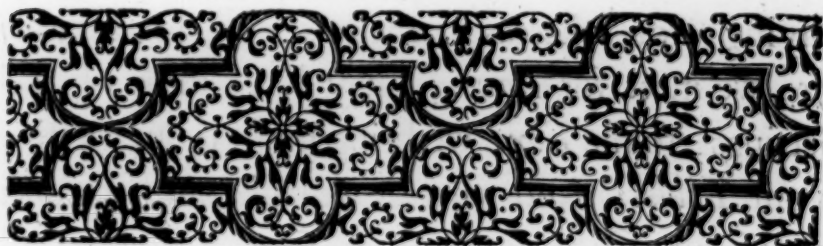
VI.

WOrthy *WWomen*; The former *Oratoress's* *Oration* endeavour'd to perswade us, That it would not only be a *Reproach* and *Disgrace*, but *Unnatural*, for *WWomen* in their Actions and Behaviour, to imitate Men: we may as well say, It will be a *Reproach*, *Disgrace*, and *Unnatural*, to imitate the Gods; which Imitation we are commanded both by the Gods, and their Ministers: And shall we neglect the Imitation of Men, which is more *easie* and *natural* than the Imitation of the Gods? For, How can *Terrestrial Creatures*, imitate *Celestial Dainties*? Yet, one *Terrestrial* may imitate another, although in different sorts of *Creatures*. *VVherefore*, since all *Terrestrial* Imitations, ought to ascend to the *better*, and not to descend to the *worse*, *WWomen* ought to imitate Men, as being a degree in Nature, more perfect than they themselves: and all *Masculine Women* ought to be as much praised, as *Effeminate Men* to be dispraised: for, the one advances to *Perfection*, the other sinks to *Imperfection*: that so, by our Industry, we may come, at last, to *Equal Men*, both in *Perfection* and *Power*.

VII.

NOble Ladies, Honourable Gentlewomen, and Worthy Female-Commoners; The former *Oratoreſs's* Speech was, to perſwade us out of our ſelves, and to be that which Nature never intended us to be, to wit, *Maſculine*. But, why ſhould we deſire to be *Maſculine*, ſince our own Sex and Condition is far the better? For, if men have more *Courage*, they have more *Danger*; and if men have more *Strength*, they have more *Labour* than Women have: if Men are more *Eloquent* in *Speech*, Women are more *Harmonious* in *Voice*: if Men be more *Active*, Women are more *Graceful*: if Men have more *Liberty*, Women have more *Safety*: for, we never fight Duels nor Battels; nor do we go long Travels, or dangerous Voyages: we labour not in Building, nor digging in Mines, Quarries, or Pits, for Metal, Stone, or Coals: neither do we waſte or ſhorten our Lives with Univerſity or Scholaſtical Studies, Questions, and Diſputes: we burn not our Faces with *Smiths* Forges, or *Chymiſts* Furnaces; and hundreds of other Actions which Men are employ'd in: for, they would not only fade the freſh *Beauty*, ſpoil the lovely *Features*, and decay the *Youth* of Women, cauſing them to appear Old, when they are Young; but, would break their *ſmall Limbs*, and deſtroy their *tender Lives*.

Wherefore, Women have no reason to complain against Nature, or the God of Nature: for, though the Gifts are not the same they have given to Men; yet those Gifts they have given to Women, are much better: for, we Women are much more favour'd by Nature, than Men, in giving us such *Beauties, Features, Shapes, Graceful Demeanor*, and such Insinuating and Enticing Attractives, that Men are forc'd to admire us, love us, and be desirous of us; insomuch, that rather than not have and enjoy us, they will deliver to our Disposals their *Power, Persons, and Lives*, enslaving themselves to our Will and Pleasures: also, we are their Saints, whom they adore and worship; and what can we desire more, than to be Men's *Tyrants, Destinies, and Goddesses*?



ORATIONS

IN

COUNTREY MARKET-TOWNS,

Where Countrey-Gentlemen meet.

PART XII.

I.

Noble Gentlemen,

WHO are Ennobled by *Time*, and not by *Favour*; give me leave, since we are sociably met here in this Town, to remember you of our happy Condition, living on our own Lands, amongst our own Tenants, like Petty Kings in our Little Monarchies, in Peace, with moderate Plenty and Pleasure, Hunting, Hawking, and Racing, which are our Recreations, and both Healthful and Delightful, far Nobler

bler Pastimes, than Carding, Dicing, and Tennis. Playing: for, whereas Gamesters meet for *Covetousness*, we meet for *Love*. They leave most of their Gettings, to the *Box*; we bring most of our Gettings to our *Tables*. And whereas we make our selves merry with our Games, they make Quarrels with theirs. Thus we live more *Friendly* than Gamesters, and more *Happily* than great Monarchs: for, we neither Quarrel, nor fear Usurpers.

II.

Noble Gentlemen,

THE Gentleman that formerly spoke, said, We were *Petty Kings*, making our *Tenants*, our *Subjects*: but, if they be *Subjects*, they are *Rebellious Subjects*, not paying us our Rents duly, nor truly. Besides, they are apt to murmur at the least Encrease of our Farms, although they sell their Commodities they get out of our Lands, at a double Rate. And as for our *Pleasures*, Hawking, Hunting, and Racing, they may be *sociable*, but they are very *chargeable*: for Hawks, Hounds, and Horses, with their Attendance, will devour a *great Estate*, in a *short time*, and will hinder *Open-House-keeping* in *Chrismasstime*: Costly Pastimes, make Gentlemen Beggars; and Beggars, Gentlemen: for, the Servants and Tenants
grow

grow rich, but their Masters and Landlords become poor; the one sort buyeth, and the other sort selleth; and the Title of a Gentleman is buried in the Ruine of his Estate.

III.

Noble Gentlemen,

THE Gentleman that spoke last, spoke rather like a *Cottager*, than a *Gentleman*; or rather, like a *Miser*, than a *Noble Hospitable Person*: for, he spoke as if he would have Gentlemen rather to follow the *Plough*, than the *Race*; the *Cart*, rather than the *Deer*; the *Puttuck*, rather than the *Hawk*; to eat *Cheese*, instead of *Venison*; *Sour Curds*, instead of *Partridg*; *Fryed Pease*, for young *Leverets*; *Rusty Bacon*, for *Chines of Beef*; *Rye Bread*, instead of *White Manchet*. All which, is to live like a *Clown*, and not like a Gentleman, Burying his Birth in the Dung of his Earth. But, *Noble Gentlemen*, I have observed, that a Gentleman, although of small Fortune, if he lives Wisely, may live Plentifully, and Honourably, without his own Personal Drudgery; the Wisdome is, to look into his own Estate Industiously, to know and Understand the Value of his Lands Justly, to endeavour to have his Rents paid duely, and not suffer his Servants to Coosen him either by flattery or excess; all

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which

which, will cause a Countrey Gentleman to live as the first Gentleman said, like a *Petty King*; yet, not like a *Tyrant*, but like a *Generous Prince*, with Delight and Pleasure, with Generosity and Magnificence amongst his Tenants, Servants, and Acquaintance: also, he will be an Assistance to Travellers, and a Relief to the Poor; and his *Fame* and *Name* will not only found *loud*, but *long*.

IV.

Noble Gentlemen,

THE Gentleman that spoke *last*, spoke *well*, for those Gentlemen that can content themselves in that Condition their Fore-fathers left them in: but, Gentlemen of great Estates, desire great Titles, Offices, and Authorities, which cannot be had in the Countrey, but from the Court; which *Ambition* persuades them to leave the Countrey, to live near the Court, where they may be seen and known unto the Grand Monarch: In which Courts are such Delights and Pleasures, that the Countrey is not capable to have; as *Masques*, *Playes*, *Balls*, *Braveries*, and *Courtships*, which ravish and transport their Thoughts, beyond the Countrey Region. Indeed, they are as if they were transported into the Third Heaven, until such time that their Money is spent, their Land
fold,

fold, and their Creditors are numberless; and then they are cast out, as *Evil Angels*, into the Hell of *Poverty*, and become poor Devillish Sharks, living upon their *Wits*, which is, to live upon their *Cheats*, which cannot last long. Thus Gentlemen in the Countrey, are *Proud*; in the Court, *Vain*; in the City, *Base*; and at last, *Unfortunate*; being much indebted, and miserably poor.

V.

Noble Gentlemen,

THE Gentleman that spoke last, declares our *Ambition* at Court, but not our *Luxury* in the Countrey: and, though we have not *Court Ladies*, and *City Dames* to our Mistresses; yet, we have *Countrey Wives*, and *Tenants Daughters*, for our *Wenches*; and we eat and drink our selves into Surfeiting Diseases; and our Expences are far more in *Riotous Hospitalities*, than the Courtiers in their *foolish flattering Vanities*: for, the Natures of Gentlemen and Noble-men, are, for the most part, to be Prodigal, whether they be in Court, City, or Countrey; and they will never rest, until such time that their Money is spent, and their Land sold; and then they become Idle Drones, for want of *Stings*, which is *Wealth*, to employ them.

VI.

Noble Gentlemen,

WE have argued much of our *Humours*, *Actions*, and *Estates*; of our *Follies*, *Vanities*, and *Vices*: but, we have not concluded what is best for us to settle in. As for the course of our Lives, there are but Three wayes; To be either meer Clowns, or perfect Gentlemen, or between both. To be meer Clowns, is to be Drudges in our *Estates*: To be Perfect Gentlemen, is to be careless of our *Expences*: And to be between both, is to be *Careful Overseers*, and *Moderate Spenders*. And of these Three, I judg the last best; *Not to be so much a Gentleman, as to be a Beggar; nor so much a Clown, as to be a Beast.*

VII.

Noble Gentlemen,

WE agreed to meet in this Town, for *Pastime* and *Mirth*, and not for *Study* and *Disputation*. We came not hither to learn *Good Husbandry*, but to *spend our Money freely*. Our Intention was not, to meet with *Formality* and *Gravity*, but with *Freedom* and *Jollity*. Our Design was not, to
return

return to our Dwelling-houses with *heavy Hearts*, but *leight Heads*. Wherefore, leave off *Arguing*, and settle to *Drinking*; and let our *Tongues* cease, and the *Musick* play; and when we are *dead-drunk*, let the *Fiddles* ring out our *Knells*; and let our *Coaches*, as our *Hearses*, carry us to our *Home-Beds*, as to our *designed Graves*; where, after our long *Sleeps*, we may rise, and in our *Resurrections*, be like either *Saints*, or *Devils*. In short, let *good Wine*, and *good Brains*, be our *good Fortune*.

VIII.

A Speech of a Quarter-drunk Gentleman.

Noble Gentlemen,

YOU have made *Eloquent Orations* before you did drink: but let that pass; for now you must speak only *Witty Expressions*: and give me leave to tell you, That *Logick* and *Wine* are as great *Enemies*, as *Poetry* and *Water*. Wherefore, let the *Orators* drink *Water*; and *Poets*, *Wine*: for *Wine* begets *Fancy*, and *Water* drowns *Reason*; which is the cause *Orators* speak so much, and long, until they speak *Nonsense*. But O *Divine Wine*! whose sprightly Vapour doth manure the Brain to a just heighth of Wit: It is the *Serene Air* of Wit, the *Quintessence* of Wit,

the *Sun* and *Light* of Wit, the *Spirit* and *Soul* of Wit: for, were it not for *Wine*, the Mind would be in a dark Hell of *Ignorance*, and the Brain would be *Lethargically* stupified, for want of lively Heat: for, *Wine* is the Food of *Vital Life*, and *Animal Reason*.

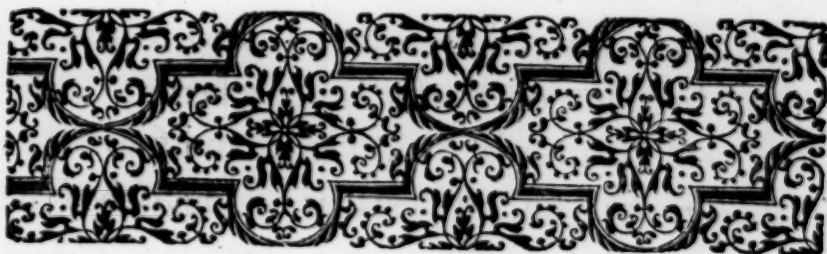
IX.

A Speech of a Half-drunken Gentleman.

Noble Gentlemen,

YOU have made *Eloquent Speeches*, but of what, I am a Rogue if I can tell, but that they were full of Words. I did hear many Words, but I do not remember any *Sense* or *Reason* in them. The truth is, that the Spirits of *Wine* have burnt out the *Sense* of your Discourse, and have rarified my Memory so much, that no Substantial Matter will remain therein: so that your *Oratory* is dead and buried in the Vapour of *Wine*; A blessed Death, and happy Funeral! And may it rest in Peace and Silence, and not rise to disturb our *Drinking*. To which *Wish* and *Hope*, I begin a *Health*, and desire you all to pledg it.

ORA-



ORATIONS

IN

The Field of Peace.

PART XIII.

A Peasant's Oration to his Fellow-Clowns.

Fellow-Peasants,

FOR we are all Fellows in *Labour*, *Profit*, and *Pleasure*, though not Fellows in *Arms*, *Spoils*, and *Danger*. And, though we live in the *Fields of Peace*, and not in the *Fields of Warr*: for, we are an Army of *Clowns*, though not of *Soldiers*; and our *Commanders*, are our *Landlords*, who often deceive us of the Encrease of our Labours, as the *Warring-Commanders* deceive their Common-Soldiers of the Profit

fit of their Spoils. Also, we have our *Infantry*, and our *Cavalry*: for, all those that belong to the keeping and breeding of Beasts, as Shepherds, Grafiers, Herdsmen, Goatherds, Swineherds, and Carters, are of the *Cavalry*; but all they that belong to the Earth, as Sowers, Planters, Reapers, Threshers, Hedgers, Ditchers, Diggers, Delvers, are our *Infantry*. Also, we have Arms and Ammunition: for, we are arm'd for *Defence*, with our Beasts Skins. And our Arms of *Offence*, are, Pikes, Forks, Cutting-Sickles, Mowing-Sithes, Pruning-Knives, Threshing-Flails, Plough-sherds, Shepherds Hooks, Herdsmens Staves, and the like. And our Match, Powder, and Bullets, are Puddings, Pease, and Porridg. And our Grana- does, are Eggs of all sorts and sizes. Our Carts, are our Waggon. Our Cottages, our Tents: and our Viſuals and Countrey-Huſwives, our Bagg and Baggage: and the Lowing of our Herds, and Bleating of our Sheep, are our Drums and Trumpets, not to Alarm us to fight, but to mind us to Feed; also we have Enemies, which are Unseasonable Seasons, Rott- ing Moistures, Drowning Showrs and Over-flows, Chilling Frost, Scorching Heat, and Devouring Worms, against all which we fight, not with force, but with Industry. And our Army of Clowns is more Skilful to Destroy our Enemies, than an Army of Souldiers is to Destroy their Enemies; nay, our Army is an Army wherein is Peace and Plenty, whereas in
their

their Army is Warr and Want : we become Rich with Safety , they become Poor with Danger : we be Gentle to Beasts , they be Cruel to Men : they thrive by *Blood* , we by *Milk* : we get Health by our Labours , and Long-Life by our Temperance : and they get Diseases in their Riots , and Death in their Warrs. Thus they live *painfully* , dye *violently* , and only leave their bare *Name* to their Posterity , and Beggerly Race. We live *healthfully* , dye *peaceably* , and leave our *Goods* to our Posterity , who by their Wealth come to be *Gentlemen*.

A Peasants or Clowns Oration , spoken in the Field of Peace , concerning Husbandry.

Fellow-Peasants ,

I Must tell you , We live in a Happy Age , where *Peace* sows , and *Plenty* reaps : for , whereas *Warrs* destroy our Encrease , now *Peace* encreases our Stores : also I would have you know , That our Profession , which is *Husbandry* , is one of the Noblest , and most Generous Professions ; which is , to employ our selves like the Gods , and Nature : for , though we cannot Create Creatures , as Nature doth ; yet we , by our Industry , encrease Nature's Creatures ; not only Vegetables , which we produce in our Fields , and Store in our Barns ; but , Animals , which we breed in our

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Fields.

Fields. But, as Nature commits Errors and Defects, in producing her Creatures; so we, for want of *Knowledge*, have not the Good Effect of our Labours: for, though we are bred up to *Husbandry*, yet we are not all so knowing in *Husbandry*, as to Thrive and grow Rich by our Labours: for, as all *Scholars* are not *Learned*, that have lived and spent most of their time in Studies in *Universities*, but are meer *Dunces*: or, as *Artisans* are not all Excellent *Workmen*, although they have been Bound to their *Trade*, and have wrought long in it, yet are [but *Bunglers*: so for *Husbandry*, all *Husbandmen* are not so knowing in their Profession, as to Thrive; but they labour at random, without Judgment or Observation; and, like those that learn to Read by Rote, may understand the *Words* or *Letters*, but not the *Sense* and *Meaning*; so, we may be brought up to Labour, but not understand to make a Profitable Encrease; not knowing the Nature of the several Soils, as what is fit for *Pasture*, or *Meddow*, or *Tillage*; nor to foresee the Change of Weather, nor to take the most Seasonable Times, nor to observe the Course of the Planets; all which is very requisite, for the Breed of our *Animals*, and Encrease of our *Vegetables*. Wherefore, in my Opinion, it were very necessary for us to chuse the most Observing and Experienced men amongst us, that understand *Husbandry* best, to be our Publick and General Teachers, Instructors, Inform-

Informers, and Reformers, in our Profession of *Husbandry*: For, as there are *Divine Teachers* for the Souls of Men, *Moral Teachers* for the *Manners* of Men, *Human Teachers* for the *Bodies* of Men, and *Physicians* for the *Lives* of Men; so there should be *Natural Teachers* and *Informers*, for the Profitable Encrease of Men's Industry, who should be such as have not only *Experience* by *Practice*, and *Judgment* by *Observation*; but have so much Learning and Conceptions of *Natural Philosophy*, as to learn and search into the Causes and Effects of Nature's Works, and to know and observe the Influences of the Heavens on Earth, and on the divers and sundry Creatures in, and on the Earth; also, the *Sympathies* and *Antipathies* of the several Creatures, to each other; as also, the Natures and Proprieties of every Kind and Sort of Creature: so shall we know how to Encrease our Breed of *Animals*, and our Stores of *Vegetables*, and to find out the *Minerals* for our Use: for, as *Learning* without *Practice*, is of no effect: so *Practice* without *Knowledge*, is of small profit: yet, many will take upon them to instruct others, that want Instructions themselves: but, such Instructors Instructions, are more in Words, than for Use; as *Plutarch's Commonwealth*; or *Virgilius Georgic's*, two Famous men, the one a *Moral Philosopher*, the other a *Poet*: the one did form such a Commonwealth, as Men neither would nor could live in it; and so not fit for use. The

other could better set his *Wit* to work, than his *Hands*: for, if *Virgil* had left his *Husbandry* in Verse, to practise it in Prose, he had lived poorly, and dyed obscurely, as having more *Wit* and *Fancy*, to write of *Husbandry* in his *Georgic's*, than *Knowledge* or *Experience*, to practise it in his Farms. Thus *Poets* get *Fame*; and *Farmers*, *Wealth*; the one by their *Wit*, the other by their *Experience*; the one by *Imagination*, the other by *Practice*: for, a Clown or Peasant, gains more *Knowledge* by his *Practice*, than a Poet by his *Contemplations*. But, when *Practice* and *Wit* are joyned together, they beget *Wisdom* and *Wealth*; the one being adorned with *Gold*, the other enthroned with *Fame*: for, Emperors have ascended from the Plough, and Kings from the Sheep-Coats; converting their *Plough-sheerds* to *Thrones*, their *Sickles* to *Crowns*, and their *Sheep-hooks* to *Scepters*. Thus *Clowns*, *Boors*, or *Peasants* by *Name*, are become *Princes* in *Power*; and *Princes* in *Power*, are become *Beasts* by *Name* and *Nature*; Witness *Nebuchadnezzar*.

*A Peasant's Oration to his Fellow-Peasants.**Fellow-Peasants,*

Give me leave to tell you, We are the most Unhappy People in the World: for, we Live to labour, and Labour to live. And we are not only the *Unhappiest*, but the *Basest* men in the World: for, we are not only bred with Beasts, and live with Beasts, and dye like Beasts; but, we are the *Bands* and *Pimps* too, to bring Beasts to act bestially together. Also, we are the *Dungers* of the Earth, to carry and spread the several Excrements of several Creatures thereon: which makes us not only to have a continual Stink in our Nostrils; but, to be a meer Stink our selves. Thus we are Beastly *within* and *without*: for, all our Thoughts are employed on our Labours, which Labours are Brutish. Neither have we such Fine and Pleasant Recreations as other men; for our Recreation is only to Whistle, Pipe, and sometimes to Dance in a Crowd together; or rather, Jump and Leap together, being ignorant of Dancing Measures; and the only Pleasure we have, is to rumble and tumble our Countrey Lasses, who being more *Foul* than *Fair*, more *Gross* than *Fine*, more *Noisome* than *Sweet*, we soon Surfeit of them, and then they become a *Trouble*, instead of a *Delight*; a *Disease* instead of a *Pleasure*; a *Hate*, instead of a *Love*.

and as they are to us ; so, no doubt, but in the end we are to them, a Loathing-Surfeit: for, we meet wildly, associate brutishly, and depart rudely. And as for our Profits, though we labour, yet our Landlords have the Encrease. In short, we are Slaves to Beasts; and Beasts, in comparison of other men.

A Peasant's Oration, to prove the Happiness of a Rural Life.

Fellow-Peasants,

THE Peasant that formerly spoke, hath rather shewn his Ungratefulness to Nature, and his Unthankfulness to the gods, by his Complaining-Speech, than the truth of our Condition and Life: for he says, We are the *Unhappiest*, *Miserablest*, and *Basest* men in the World; all which is false: for, Can there be more *Happiness*, than *Peace* and *Plenty*? Can there be more *Happiness*, than in the *Repose* of the *Mind*, and *Contemplations* of *Thoughts*? Can we associate our selves more contentedly, than with *Innocent*, *Harmless*, and *Sinless* Creatures? Are not Men more *stinking*, *foul*, and *wicked*, than Beasts? Can there be more *Odoriferous Perfumes*, than the *Sweet Vegetables* on the *Earth*? or *Finer Prospects*, than *Stately Hills*, *Humble Valleys*, *Shady Groves*, *Clear Brooks*, *Green Hedges*, *Corn-Fields*, *Feeding-*

ing-Cattel, and Flying-Birds? Can there be more Harmonious Musick, than Warbling-Nightingales, and Singing-Birds? Can there be more Delightful Sounds, than Purling-Brooks, Whispering-Winds, Humming-Bees, and Small-voiced Grasshoppers? Can there be a more Delicious Sweet than Honey? More Wholsome Food than Warm Milk, Fresh Butter, Prest Curds, New-laid Eggs, Season'd Bacon, Savory Bread, Cooling Sallads, and Moist Fruits? Or more Refreshing-Drink than Whay, Whig, and Butter-Milk? Or more Strengthning-Drink than Ale, Meath, Perry, and Sider? And are not we at our own Vintage? Nay, should we desire to feed highly, we may: for, we are Masters of the Beasts of the Field, and the Poultry in the Grange; and know well how to catch the Fowls of the Air. Can we have Warmer and Softer Garments, than Cloth spun from the Fleece of our Flocks, to keep out Freezing-Cold? Or, Can we be cooler, than under Shady Trees, whose Waving-Leaves are Fanns to cool the Sultry Air? Or can we lye softer, than on the Downy Feathers of Cocks and Hens? And can we be Happier, than to be free from Stately Ceremony, Court-Envy, City-Faction, Law-Suits, Corrupt Bribes, Malice, Treachery, and Quarrels? And as for our Recreation, although we do not Dance, Sing, and Play on Musick Artificially; yet, we Pipe, Dance, and Sing Merrily: and if we do not make
Love

Love *Courtly*, yet we make Love *Honestly*. And for our Women, whom our Fellow-Peasant doth speak *Disgracefully*, *Scornfully*, and *Slandrously* of, although they are but Plain Countrey Huswives, and not Fine Ladies; yet, they be as *Honest Women* as they: for, they spend their time in *Huswifry*, and waste not their time in *Vanity*. And as for their *Beauty*, their Faces are their own, as Nature gave them, not borrowed of Art: and if they be not so *fair*, yet they are as *lovely*: and as they use no *Sweet Perfumes*, so they use no *Stinking Pomatum*: and, though their Hands be not *smooth*, yet they are *clean*: they use no Oyl'd Gloves, to *grease* them; but rub their Hands, when washed, with Coarse Cloth, to cleanse them. And as for their *Garments*, they are Plain, yet *Commodious*, *Easie*, and *Decent*: they are not ribb'd up with Whale-bones, nor incumbred with heavy Silver and Gold Laces, nor troubled with New Fashions: they spend not half their time in *Painting* and *Dressing*; and though they Patch their Clothes sometimes out of Good Huswifry; yet they patch not their Faces out of *Vanity*, as Ladies do. Neither do our Women sweat to make their Faces Fair; but, sweat for their Children's Livelihood. And though they breed not their Children *curiously*; yet, they breed them up *carefully*. But, our Discontented and Ambitious Peasant, would turn from a *Clown* to a *Gallant*, viz. to Waste Lavishly, to Spend Prodigally, to Live Idly,

ly, to be Accoustred Fantastically, to behave himself Proudly, to boast Vain-gloriously, to speak Words Constraintly, to make Love Amorously, to Flatter Falsly, to Quarrel Madly, and to Fight Foolishly; but not to Thrive Prudently, to Employ Time Profitably, to Spend VVisely, to Live Temperately, to Speak Truly, to Behave himself Friendly, to Demean himself Civilly, to Make Love Chastly, to Live Peaceably, Innocently, and Safely, as we that are of the Pefantry, do.

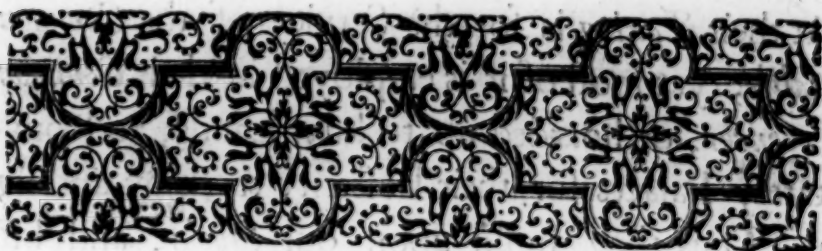
ORAY FORD

Jan 21/11

My dear Mr. Ford
I have just received your letter of the 19th inst. and am glad to hear that you are well. I am well at present and hope these few lines will find you the same. I have not much news to write at present but I thought I would write a few lines to let you know that I am still alive and well. I have not much news to write at present but I thought I would write a few lines to let you know that I am still alive and well.

ORA-

Jan 21/11



ORATIONS

In a Disordered and Unsettled
State, or Government.

PART XIV.

An Oration against Taxes.

Fellow-Citizens,

THis City is Taxed to Pay a great Summ
of Money, which Tax is more than we
are able to Pay, without being Impover-
ish'd: yet, if that were all that would be
laid upon us, there were some comfort; but that is
not likely, unless our Ministers of State, and Magi-
strates, were less *Covetous*, and more *Sparing*: for,
though they *get* much, they *spend* much, or rather
spoil much in Luxury, Vanity, and Bravery; which

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makes

makes them always *Needy*: and though they pretend, that their *Taxing* is for the Service of the *Commonwealth*; yet most of it is employed in their *Common-Expences*, or hoarded up to buy Lands, and build Stately Palaces for their Posterity to enjoy and live in. Thus they build upon our *Stocks*, and buy Lands with our *Labours*: so that we take *Pains* for their *Pleasure*; but if they Tax us often, we shall be so poor, that we shall not only have Nothing to pay, but Nothing to live on; which *Poverty* will either starve us, or force us to be their Slaves for Maintenance: for, when they have Ingross'd all the Wealth, they will become Lords of the People, or rather their Tyrants. Thus if we part with our Wealth, we part with our Liberty; but, to keep both, let us not part with our Money, until we know how it shall be employed: for, if it be employed in the Service of the *Commonwealth*, it will return to our *Profit*; which will be as *Traffick* to enrich, and not as *Robbery* to impoverish us: but, if they Rob the *Commonwealth*, employing our Moneys to their own Use, we are doubly robbed: for, they take our Fathers Goods, which is our Inheritance; and also, that which we have gotten by our own Industry: and if it be requisite for us to part with our Money, it is requisite they should give us an account of the *Distribution*: for, as the Magistrate or Ministers of State, are the Commonwealth's Stewards;

so

so the People ought to be their Overseers, lest they cozen the *Commonwealth*; by which the *Commonwealth* will Thrive, and become so Rich, that it will keep the Natives from all danger of *Beggery* and *Slavery*.

An Oration, contrary to the former.

Fellow-Citizens,

THE last Oration that was spoken concerning Taxes, was a *Factions Oration*, endeavouring to bring *Innovation*; and the Orator that spoke that *Mutinous Oration*, spoke not for the *Publick Good*, but his *Own Advancement*; hoping, by this Oration, to be a *Popular Man*, and embroiling the Commonwealth in a *Civil-Warr*, to work out his own Designs. Thus Men, for *Private Respects*, would make a *Publick Ruine*; and the People, through Ignorance, do never perceive them; but rather, do applaud and praise them for *Good Commonwealths-Men*, when they are oftentimes the occasion of the Commonwealth's *Destruction*. But, if you should follow his Instructions, you would not only lose all your Wealth, (which is worse than to part with some, on Necessary Occasions) but, you would part with *Lives* or *Liberties*: for, he advises you to Rebel against your *Magistrates*, and *Ministers of State*, by calling or forcing them to give a *Publick Account*, of the

State's *Private Affairs*. But, to shew you how foolishly he hath advised you; give me leave to speak to your *Sense* and *Reason*, in hope you are not void of either: for, in *Sense* and *Reason*, a Commonwealth cannot be Guided, Ruled, and Governed, without a *Sovereign Power*; which *Sovereign Power*, is in the *Magistrates* and *Ministers* of State; they are the *Head* to the *Body* of the Commonwealth; and to have a *Body* without a *Head*, is against *Nature*: and your *Reason* and *Sense* shews you, that if you take off, or divide the *Head* from the *Body*, both will dye, rot, and consume: so, if you take a *Sovereign Power* from the Commonwealth, it dyes, dissolves, and consumes, with *Disorder*, *Warr*, and *Ruine*. And if your *Sense* and *Reason* perceive, that a Commonwealth must of necessity have a *Supreme Power*, your *Sense* and *Reason* will shew you, that you must trust that *Supreme Power*; otherwise it would not be a *Supreme* or *Sovereign Power*, which is, to Command, Order, and Dispose of all, as it shall think fit, or as it pleases, without giving any Account: for, giving an Account, makes it of no Force or Effect: for, a Commonwealth cannot be Govern'd without *Subtlety*, and *Secrecy*, which is called *Policy*; which *Policy*, if divulged, is no *Policy*. Wherefore, a *Publick Account* ought not to be given of that, which is not fit *publickly* to be made known. And give me leave to tell you, That *Policy* is chargeable; not only

only that it costs much Study and Labour of the Brain; but it requires much Money, or Moneys, worth, to execute Designs: for, though it be the chief Design of *Policy*, to be a *Gainer* in the end, yet it is but a *Contriver* in the Beginning, a *Worker* in the Continuance, or Execution, and a *Possessor* in the End: and whilst it works, it must have something to work with; for the Old Philosophers say, *Out of Nothing, Nothing can be made*. Neither is it fit they should give an Account of the *Receits* or *Expences* of the Commonwealth: for, much Moneys must be employed, to have Intelligence from Foreign Parts and Nations, for fear of *Surprisals*; and perchance, great Summs of Moneys are required to corrupt some Enemies, to betray the Rest, and so to prevent *Danger*, if not *Ruine*; besides many other wayes of great Charges Abroad and at Home; which Expences are not fit to be made known, or an Account given for: for, Wise *Ministers* of State, make use of all *Passions*, *Appetites*, *Vices*, and *Vanities* of Mankind, as well as of their *Vertues*, *Courages*, *Generosities*, *Ingenuities*, *Abilities*, and the like, because that which would be *Base*, *Foolish*, *Dishonourable*, and *Wicked*, for private and particular Families, Persons, or Acts, is *Honourable*, *Justifiable*, and *Wise*, in the Publick-Weal. Wherefore, let me persuade you, to pay the *Taxes* willingly and readily; for Money is the Materials to Repair, Strengthen, En-

Enlarge, Enrich, and Adorn the Commonwealth, that you may live Safely, Magnificently, Plentifully, and Pleasantly; which otherwise you will not do, but Ruine your selves; at least, make your Lives Unhappy, through Covetousness. Which to avoid, part with some of your Wealth, or Profit, *contentedly*, that you may enjoy the rest *quietly, peaceably, and freely*; and follow not the Advice of the former Orator, whose Speech, although it was plausible to you, yet you might easily perceive that his Design was Dangerous; not only to the Magistrates, which are your *Fathers*; but to the whole State or Kingdom, endeavouring with his Speech, to embroil the whole State in a Civil-Warr; perswading you to be the first Risers, Stirrers, and Disturbers. Thus, through Private, Particular, and Self-respects, men oft-times make General Warrs. But, I hope you will live in Peace; and so I'll leave you.

An Oration against Collectors.

Fellow-Citizens,

THere ought some Order to be taken, to rectifie the Abuses and Cozenages of the *Collectors* and *Receivers* of Assesments, Contributions, and the like: for, they Collect and Receive much more than is Pay'd
into

into the Common Treasury ; so that they rob both the People, and the Common-Treasure ; impoverishing the Commonwealth, and dis-inabling the Rulers in the Discharges of Necessary Expences ; which *Thefts* they secretly Hoard up : so that in the end, if they be suffered, there will be such a *Scarcity* of Money, that there will be *none* to Pay, nor *any* to Receive. And, as those that Hoard up *Corn*, make a *Dearth* ; so those that Hoard up *Money*, make a *Mutiny* ; and *Money-boarders* cause *Civil-Warrs*, as *Corn-boarders* cause *Famine* : for, when there is but little *Money* stirring in the Kingdom, they that have *any*, are so loath to part with it, that they will rather part with their *Lives* ; and those that have *none*, are so greedy to have *some*, that they will venture their *Lives* to get it : and, if the Common-Treasure be Empty, and the People be Poor, we cannot live in Security : for, if we have no Means to provide for our Safety, the Kingdom will lye open to the Enemy ; *Money*, or *Moneys-worth*, being the *Ward* that locks up a Kingdom in Safety ; and is a *Key* to unlock the Gates of our Enemies, and sets them open for our Entrance : and *Money*, or *Moneys-worth*, is so Subtil and Insinuating, that it enters into the most Privy-Councils of our Enemies, brings us Intelligence of all their Designs, or makes them advise Treacherously, and give Counsel even against themselves : Such Power hath *Riches* ! It buys out Ho-

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neſty, corrupts *Juſtice*, betrays *Lives*, nay, even *Souls*: for, men will venture *Dammation*, for the ſake of *Money*. Wherefore it is neceſſary, that the Common-Treasure ſhould be well Stor'd, Good Commonwealth's-men ſhould be not only *Induſtrious* to Enrich the Common-Treasure, but *Sparing* in Spending in it, and *ſevere* in Punishing thoſe that endeavour to Cozen and Rob it: and none ſhould be ſuffer'd to Hoard up Riches, but in the Common-Treasure, which is to be ſpent generally for the good of all the whole Kingdom, in time of Neceſſity, as in the times of *Plagues*, *Famines*, and *Warrs*; alſo, for the Strength and Power of the Kingdom; for the Reward of *Merit*, advancing of *Trade*, and ſuch like ways of *Expences*; not in *Gay Shews*, and *Idle Paſtimes*; nor in *Vain* or *Unprofitable Buildings*, or the like. But, if we ſuffer the People to be Impoveriſh'd by theſe *Cheating*, *Cozening Purlainers*, we ſhall never fill the Common-Coffers: for, to Cozen and Rob the People, is to Cozen and Rob the Common-Treasure, which is the General Store of the whole People, fill'd and enrich'd by them, to be profitably laid out for them.

*An Oration for Taxes.**Fellow-Citizens,*

I Perceive a Discontent amongst you, by your murmuring at the *Tax* that is laid upon you: which murmuring, is dangerous: for, many Men's Murmurs, may in a short time amount to the Summ of *Rebellion*, which will make a *Civil-Warr*; in which Warr, you will lose more than you are now required to pay. But, give me leave to tell you, That you are both *Unreasonable*, and *Unjust*: for, you will live in the *Commonwealth*, and yet not help to *maintain* or *uphold* it. Also, you are *Ungrateful*, as not to return a *Small Gratuity* to the *Commonwealth*, for the *Many* and *Great Benefits* you have receiv'd therefrom. Indeed, in denying this *Tax*, you seem as *unnatural* to your *Country*, as *Children*, who should suffer their *Parents* to *starve*, whilst they *surfeit*: both which causes their *Untimely Deaths*, through *Want* and *Excess*. So, rather than you would abate your *Idle Expences*, and *Vain Pleasures*, to pay *Necessary Taxes*, you would suffer the *Kingdom* to be *Defenceless*, and open for an *Enemy*, to *Invade* and *Destroy* It, and your selves. But, if *Words* cannot persuade you, surely your *Rational Understanding*, *Wise Prudence*, *Careful Providence*, *Honest Minds*, and *Natural Affections*, will not only make you willing

and ready to pay this *Tax*, but any other *Tax*, at any time you are *Taxed*; which is for the *Common Benefit*, *Good*, and *Safety* of your *Countrey*, wherein you desire to live *safely*, and to dye *peaceably*, and to lye in the *Graves* with your *Fore-fathers*.

An Oration to binder a Rebellion.

Noble Citizens, and dear Countrey-men,

I Perceive by your *Humours*, *Dispositions*, *Factions*, and *Speeches*, that you intend to *Rebel* against your *King* and *Noble Governors*, endeavouring to alter the *Ancient Government* of this *Flourishing Kingdom*, that hath continued in, and under the *Reign and Rule of Kings*, these many *Hundred years*; which *Time* hath confirm'd so strongly the *Monarchical Power*, that you cannot easily make a *Change*; yet if you could, the *Action* would be very *Unjust*, *Unnatural*, *Wicked*, and *Damnable*. *Unjust*, to force away the *Rights* of your *King*. *Unnatural*, not to live under the same *Government* your *Fore-fathers* did. *Wicked*, to spill the *Blood* of your *Nobles*. And *Damnable*, to spill the *Blood* of your *Sovereign*. Thus it will be *Evil* and *Dangerous*: for, you cannot think they will part *peaceably* from that *Power* their *Ancestors* left them: they will not become your *Slaves*, if they can help it: nay, they

they will sooner part with their *Lives*, than with their *Honours*: and you are not sure of Victory; for all Honest men will be of their Party: yet, put the case you should have Victory, you will sooner make a *Confusion*, than settle the Kingdom into a *Republick*: for, the Nature and Constitution of most men, is not for it; having been bred up a long time to *Monarchy*: so that you may sooner change the Nature of Man into a Beast, than the Government of this Kingdom into a *Republick*: and, could you make it a *Republick*, you would not be so happy as you are now: for, now you are Govern'd easily, without troubling your selves; but then you would be troubled, not knowing how to Govern your selves, nor the Commonwealth; for you must be forc'd to set up some to Govern you: and, Is it not better to be Govern'd by your *Superiors*, than your *Equals*? Which *Equals* would *Rule* you by Corrupting-Flattery; or *Terrifie* you with Reports of Dangers, and so Rule you by *Fear*. Thus, by *Insinuations* or *Terrors*, you would be more enslaved, and poorer, than you are now: for, though you *Commons* have not Power to Rule as a *King*; yet, you have Wealth to spend on what you please; witness your *Luxuries* and *Vanities*: whereas, if you were Poor, you could not exceed in *Plenty*, as you do; insomuch, that you can hardly afford God some *Fasting-dayes*. Besides, those *Sycophants* and *Cheats*, which perswade you to this

Change, would not only spend your *Wealth*, but waste your *Lives*: for, they would perswade you to make Warrs Abroad, to keep you in Subjection; because in Warrs they *command* you; and in time of Peace, they are afraid you will *Command* them: and rather than you should live in Peace, they will corrupt your Neighbours with Bribes, or provoke them with Injuries, to make Warr with you. Thus you would be enslaved by being out-witted by those that have more Brain than your selves. O Foolish People! that will quit your *present Happiness*, for a *voluntary Slavery*! And as for a *Monarchical Government*, which you seem to be weary of, it is the most Ancient and Divine, as being an Imitation of God and his Angels, in Heaven; wherein are Degrees, *Higher*, and *Lower*, from and to his Throne. But, as God hath *Evil Angels*, so our King hath *Evil Subjects*, which ought to be cast out of the Kingdom, like *Devils*, as they are.

An

*An Oration against Civil-Warr.**Noble Auditors,*

I Perceive this Kingdom hath Two Faces, like *Janus*; and both look with a Lowring and Frowning Countenance, which doth foreshew a Storm. And by your *Accusations* and *Factions*, your Hearts seem full of *Malice*, and your Heads full of *Design*; as if you did intend each other's Ruine, and so the Kingdom's Destruction, by a *Civil-Warr*; not considering, that a *Civil-Warr* is far worse than a *Forrein Warr*: for, against a *Forrein Enemy*, the whole Strength of a Kingdom is united, to defend it self: but, in a *Civil-Warr*, the Strength is divided, to destroy the whole Kingdom; and so much difference there is between those Warrs, that a *Forrein Warr* is but like an outward Sore on the Body; but a *Civil-Warr* is as an inward Disease, even in the Vital Parts, which causes a Consumption. Indeed, I may similizing say, That in a *Civil-Warr*, the Kingdom doth, as it were, spit up its Lungs: for, *Civil-Warrs* often-times cause *Famine* and *Plagues*, which is to a Kingdom, as a *Hæctick Leanness*, *Heat*, and *Corruption*, in a Man's Body; which causes Death and Destruction. But, *Dear Countrey-men*, what can you propound to your selves in a *Civil-Warr*? Can any man be happy, when *Injustice* Reigns, and
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Force Rules? Or, Can any man hope to enrich himself, when *Fury* and *Malice* makes a Spoil of all? Or, Can any man think to advance himself, when every Particular desires and endeavours to be Superior? For, though Authority may be pull'd down; yet, where no *Single* Authority is suffer'd, by the Power of *Many*, no Particular Person can be Advanced; they must all continue *Equal*, or be all destroyed to One Man; and that Man will only be Superior in his Single Person, and Life; but not have Authority or Power over other Men: for, if there be none to be *governed*, it cannot be said, he *governs*: and, when there is none to *obey*, there is none to *command*. But, should several Parties chuse *Chiefs*; yet, if one Party should get the better of the other Parties, 'tis probable the *Chief* of that Party could not Rule long; for there would always be Divisions between the Head and the Body of that Party; and every several Party of that Body, would be the Head: so that, in effect, there would neither be Head, nor Body; but, in the end, the Whole would be destroyed. And as for Spoils, if any be gotten in *Civil-Warrs*, the Possessors have not Assurance to enjoy them: for Spoils, in *Civil-Warrs*, are toss'd from man to man; where, everyone striving to have them, not any one can keep them. And as for Lands, though they cannot be removed, yet several Claimers will move to them, and every one strive to

to possess them. Thus *Civil-Warrs* do level Power and Wealth, and in the end, destroy them. And since men can neither have *Rest*, *Safety*, *Plenty*, *Honour*, or *Authority* in *Civil-Warrs*; it were a Madness to make such Warrs, wherein they are sure to be Losers, at least, no Gainers: nay, were there any thing left to be enjoyed, those that never ventured in the Warrs, would go away with the Spoils: for, the Ruins of a *Civil Warr*, are left to succeeding Ages; the *Quarrellers* and *Fighters*, being, for the most part, destroyed in the Warr. In truth, there is nothing so Miserable, Hateful, Cruel, and Irreligious, as *Civil-Warr*: for, it is an Enemy against *Law*, *Nature*, and *God*: it pulls down the Seats of Justice, throws down the Altars of Religion, digs up the Urns of their Parents, disperses the Dust and Bones of their dead Ancestors, spills the Blood of their Fathers, Sons, Brethren, Friends, and Countrey-men, and makes a Total Destruction and Dissolution, or at least, leaves their Countrey so weak, that it becomes a Prey to Forrein Enemies, and the remainder of the Natives, become Slaves. So that, *Civil-Warr* begins with *Liberty*, but ends in *Slavery*. Wherefore, those Turbulent Spirits that will not live in *Peace*, but endeavour to make *Civil-Warr*, ought to be hang'd, to prevent it; so shall the *Peaceable* and *Innocent*, live in Safety, which otherwise will be devoured and destroyed by the Merciless men in Arms.

An Oration against a Tumultuous Sedition.

Fellow-Citizens,

I Observe, that a *Turbulent Spirit*, or rather a *Spirit of Fury*, hath possess'd most of this City, to rise Tumultuously and Mutinously, one against another. But, What can you propose to your selves in this *Civil-Broil*, or rather *Civil-Warr*, but *Ruine*, *Death*, and *Destruction*? And, By what Authority do you do thus? For *Common*, *Canon*, and *Civil-Laws*, forbid you: the like doth *Humanity*, *Morality*, *Divinity*, and *Charity*. Also, *Nature* forbids you: for, What is more Unnatural, than for *Fellow-Citizens* and *Countrey-men*, to spill each other's Blood? And if Injuries have been done, and Faults committed, this is not the way to rectifie them; but, to the contrary, to heap Faults upon Faults, and Injuries upon Injuries: and if it be intended for *Justice*, certainly you ought not to claim *Justice*, in an *unjust way*: and if for *Right* or *Priviledges*, let me tell you, you have no *Priviledg* to make *Civil-Warr* or Disorders in this City, nor consequently, through the Kingdom, by your Ill Examples. And if it be several *Factions* of several Parties, that cause this Disorder; know, you may sooner destroy each other's Parties, than either Party be Victor. And if it be through the *Poverty* of some, and *Envy* of others,

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in hope to Plunder the Rich, and pull down the Powerful; though your Designs should have Success for the present, you may chance to suffer for this Disorder in the end, and neither enjoy your Plunder'd Goods, nor save your own Lives: for, Plundering is *Robbing*; and Killing in a Mutiny, is *Murder*: so that, unless you can get above the Laws, the Laws will accuse you. Wherefore, if you be Wise, you will moderate your *Covetousness*, qualify your *Spleens*, cast your *Arms* away, and crave Pardon for your *Faults*, whilst you may have it: but, if you consider not your own *Lives* or *Tranquillities*; yet, have Pity and Compassion of your *Old Parents*, *Young Children*, *Caste Wives*, *Dear Friends*, *Brethren*, and *Countrey*; wherein, infallibly, many must suffer in this great Disorder and Outrage. But, if nothing can perswade you, Heaven protect the Innocent, and lay a Heavy Punishment upon the Guilty. To which I leave you, whether I live or dye.

*An Oration to Mutinous, yet Fearful
Citizens.*

Fellow-Citizens,

GIve me leave to tell you, That I did not wonder more at your *sudden Courages*, in your *sudden Rebellion*, than I do now at your *sudden Fear*, and *sudden Obedience* to those you Rebell'd against, obeying whatsoever they Command; delivering up your *Purses* and *Arms*, in hope to get Pardon for your *Lives*: for, your fear was such, that you no sooner saw an Army come towards your City, as an Enemy, but you presently drew up your Bridges, shut fast your Gates, Chain'd up your Streets, and run to your Prayers for Heaven's Help. I confess, you had great reason to fear, when a Sharking, Needy Army, was at your Gates, which would have fought more valiantly, to get into the City to Plunder, than you to keep them out from Plundering. Besides, there is a Castle, or Fort, that is built so near your City, and stands so advantagious, that the Cannons placed thereon, can easily beat down your City over your Heads. But, these things, at the first, you did not, or would not, consider; resolving madly to Rebel; having, at that time, neither *Fear*, nor *Wit*: for, before such time that you saw the Army, believing it was far off from you;
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a Stranger, had he seen and heard your Boasts, Braggs, and Bravadoes; your Arming, Drumming, and Trumpetting; might have believed, you had both *Valour* and *Power* equal with the *Old Romans*, that Conquered all the World. But, you appear'd more Terrible than you were; for your *Deeds* were not answerable to your *Words* and *Behaviour*; and your *Countenances* did change with your *Fear*. The truth is, your *Courage* was a *Rebellious Courage*; and your *Fear* seems to be a *Loyal Fear*: for, before your Enemies did appear, you did boast like *Soldiers*; but now you ask Pardon, you flatter like *Courtiers*: yet for all your *Flattery*, you must pay for your *Disorders*, and buy your *Peace* with a huge Summ of Money. And if I should ask you, Why you did put your selves into a *Warring-Posture*, without Leave or Command from your King, or Ministers of State? You will answer me, *For the Defence of some of your Priviledges*: so that, for the sake of *some*, you endanger'd *all*; the readiest way, and surest means, to lose your *Priviledges*, being to Rebel against your Sovereign: which shews your *Ignorance*, *Folly*, and great *Simplicity*. Wherefore, by this *Rebellious Stir*, you have not only lost your *Priviledges*, but you are forc'd to pay more than your *Priviledges* are worth, might you enjoy them; so that, you must lose the *one*, and pay for the *other*: and all this *Loss* and *Charge*, is caused through your *Factionous Humours*,

and *Restless Natures*, being unprofitably busie. Indeed, you are like *Troubled Waters*, Muddy and Foul. Yet it is likely, and hoped, that the Fine that is set upon you, will draw you clean, making you *clear* and *smooth*; which is, to be *Loyal* and *Peaceable*: only the chief Misery is, that in the Loss of your *Priviledges*, and Payments of *Money*, Good Men (for, *all* were not *Traytors*, though *most* were) must suffer with the Bad, the Fine being generally laid upon the whole City, wherein every particular must pay his Share, and the loss of the *Priviledges* falls upon all. By which we may observe, That *Peaceable men*, suffer with *Troublers*; and *Honest men*, with *Traytors*; which cannot easily be avoided, the *few* that are Good, being obscured and hid amongst the *many* that are Bad, and so cannot be easily cull'd out: and suppose it could be done; it would, in this case of *Taxes*, make a Confusion in the Levies of Money. Thus, neither *Good* nor *Wise men*, can suddenly avoid those *Misfortunes*, that *Fools* and *Knaves*, many times, bring upon them. But, *Wise men* did see, at your first *Rising*, *Arming*, and *Soldiering*, that you would sooner *yeeld* to your Opposers, than *fight* them; and rather *pay* for your *Follies*, than *dispute* for your *Priviledges*: for, you were all *Body*, and no *Head*; and so consequently, no *Brains*. But that I wonder at most, is, that so Great a Body as you were, should not only be *Headless*; but also, *Heartless*,

less, having neither *Wit* nor *Courage*. Wherefore, to conclude, let me persuade you, having never a Head of your own, to send to your *Gracious Sovereign*, to send you a Head; and he will not only send you a Head, but a *Wise* Head, to Rule and Govern you: and as for a Heart, *Fortune*, in time, may give you one.

An Oration concerning Trade, and Shipping.

Dear Country-men,

FOR some Small Errors in the former *Government*, and for some Few Oppressions by our former *Governors*, we were *discontented*, and through a *Discontent*, began to *Murmur*, then to *Complain*, and at last to *Rebel*; in which *Rebellion*, we enter'd into a *Civil-Warr*, wherein *Fortune* was our Friend: for *Fortune*, for the most part, is a Friend to *Fools* and *Knaves*: and though we were *Honest men*, fighting only for our *Liberties*; yet our *Enemies* say, we fought for their *Lands* and *Riches*, having none of our own. But, let them say what they will, since we have what we desire: the Misery only is, that now we have both their *Wealth* and *Power*, we know not how to use it; a shrew'd sign that we are more *Covetous* than *Provident*; more *Ambitious* than *Wise*: for, every man striving to make a particular Profit to himself,

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we shall, at last, bring the whole Commonwealth to a Confusion. The truth is, that, striving to make *Particular Profits*, you make a *General Spoil*: for, you cut down Woods, pull down Houses, set open Inclosures, live idly upon the Fundamental Riches of the Commonwealth, not labouring to Manure the Land. But, if you take not Care of Two things, your Ruine will be sooner than you imagine: these Two Necessary Considerations and Actions, are, *Trade* and *Shipping*. As for *Trade*, you give your Neighbours leave to take part of it away from you; and that Part which you keep to your selves, is so ill managed, that it brings but Small Profit or Advantage to this Kingdom: for, you Trade rather like *Pedlers*, than *Great Merchants*: besides, you Send out of the Kingdom, the most Profitable Commodities, those that are call'd *Staple-Commodities*; and bring in the most Unprofitable Commodities, such as are only for *Vanities*, and not such as are for *Necessary Use*. Also, you raise your *Customs* to so high a Rate, that the *Custom* is beyond the *Profit* of *Trade*: but, could Merchants gain; yet if the Gain of their far-fetch'd Commodities, be uncertain; and the *Customs* for those brought-home Commodities, be certain, few would venture, or be Merchants: so that *Trade*, upon necessity, must fall, and then the Kingdom cannot be Rich. And as the Kingdom cannot be Rich without *Forrein Trade*, so it cannot be safe without

without *Home-Shipping*, which is the other necessary Consideration and Action: but you do not consider enough of it, being blinded with *Covetousness*, regarding your *particular Profits*, more than the *general Safety*; Cutting down, and making a Spoil of all such Woods that should Repair and Encrease Shipping, which Wood is Oak; whereof this Island had the best in the World. Indeed, there is no such Oak in any part of the World, as is in this Kingdom; which is the reason, there are no such Ships in the World, as do belong to this Island: for, one of our Ships, is able to vanquish two, or more, Ships of other Nations, by reason our Oak is not apt to Cleft or Splinter, being Smooth, Sound, Strong, and Close; not Porous or Spongy: but we, out of *Covetousness*, or for *present gain*, cut down this Excellent full-grown Timber, to be burnt into Coals for Iron-Forges; whereas our Ancestors were so careful, that they would not Cut more than was for Necessity, although there was great store of it: for, by reason this sort of Wood requires above a Hundred years growth, to be Tall, Firm, Strong, Close, and free from Splintering, they would not Cut it before the Age made it fit for use: nay, our Ancestors did oftner Plant Young, than Cut down the Old, and all for the sake and safety of their Posterity. But, we do not consider Posterity; for if we did, we should not do as we do. Wherefore, what with a

Standing-Army, no *Trade*, and *daily Spoils*, the Kingdom will be *Impoverish'd*, and of necessity fall to Ruine.

An Oration for the Disbanding of Soldiers.

Senators and Citizens,

IF I might, I would Counsel you to *Disband* most of the *Soldiers*, since we perceive no *Visible Enemy*: for, we have more reason to fear our own *Soldiers*, than any other Power, by reason they are become so *Proud* and *Insolent* with their *Victories*, that *We*, that were their *Masters*, (if not speedily prevented) may chance to become their *Slaves*, at least, their *Servants*, *Stewards*, and *Purveyors*, to get them *Mony* and *Provision*. But, were they as *Obedient*, as *Insolent*, yet it were fit that most of them should be *Disbanded*, otherwise they will *Impoverish* the *Commonwealth*: for, there is no greater *Expence* and *Charge*, than to maintain an *Idle Army*, that feeds upon other's *Labours*, and is cloth'd upon other's *Cost*. Besides, they are not only *Unprofitable*, through their *Idleness*; and *Chargeable*, to be *Maintain'd*; but, they are great *Destroyers*, with the *Spoils* they daily make: for, their *Idleness* makes them *Mischievous*, and so *Insolent* and *Proud*, that *We*, their *Masters*, dare not speak roughly to them: but, when they are *dis-*
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arm'd, they will be *Humble*, and the Common-Soldiers will follow their former *Trades*, and several *Occupations*. Thus the *Charge* and *Expence* of Maintaining the Army, will not only be taken off, but Trading will then encrease; by which the Commonwealth will be Unburd'ned and Enriched, and we our selves, out of Danger and Fear of being disposse's'd of our Power.

*A Soldier's Oration for the Continuance of
their Army.*

Fellow-Soldiers,

THose that would be our Masters, if you will give them leave, will Disband us, turning us out of our *Power*, by their *Authority*: but, if we submit and yeeld thereto, we shall not only lose our *Pay*, at least, part of it; but, we shall be subject to their *Tyranny*, ruled by their *Laws*, and commanded by their *Power*. In short, we shall be their *Slaves*, that are now their *Masters*; our *Arms* being stronger than their *Laws*. Wherefore, let us keep our *Strength*, and pull down their *Authority*: for, it were a shame for *Sword-men* to yeeld to *Gown-men*, who only love to *talk*, but dare not *fight*: and, Shall their *Tongues* wrest the *Swords* out of our *Hands*? Shall their *Gowns* pull off our *Arms*? Shall they give Law to

us that are *Victorious*? Or, Shall we suffer them to make *Ill Laws*, that broke *Good Laws*? Or, Shall we be *govern'd* by them, that cannot *govern* themselves? Shall they that have sat in *Safety*, when we ventured our *Lives*, reap the Profit of our *Victories*? Shall we that have Conquered *with* our *Swords*, be Conquered *by* their *Words*? Shall we that have fought for our *Liberty*, be subject, at last, to their *Commands*? No, *Fellow-Soldiers*, let us subject them to our *Commands*, as being their *Betters*; and let not *Us*, that have made our selves *Gentlemen* by *Arms*; *Noble-men*, by *Victories*; and *Kings*, by *Absolute Conquest*, and so have *Absolute Power*, be subject to the *Common*, *Cowardly Rout*, to *Parish-Officers* with their *Tip staves*, to *Unjust Judges*, *Corrupt Magistrates*, *Babbling Lawyers*, *Foolish Counsellors*, *City-Serjeants*, *Tub-Preachers*, and the like? No, we will *Preach*, *Teach*, *Decide*, *Rule*, and give the *Law* our selves; and, having *Absolute Power*, we can *Command* our *Pay*; for every man's *Purse* is ours: but it is best, if it can be, to have our *Pay* gather'd a *Legal way*. Wherefore let me advise, That these *Men* that are our *seeming Masters*, be made our *real Servants* and *Officers*, to raise us *Money*, and to collect it from every *Particular* throughout the whole *Nation*; whereby they will only get the *Hatred* of the *People*; and we, their *Money*.

*Another Oration against the Former.**Senators, and Citizens,*

WE that were the first that did study and stir to alter the Government of the Commonwealth; We that have Pray'd, Preached, and Plead'd down *Tyrannical Power*, which was in *Monarchical Hands*; We that have pull'd down the *Nobles*, and have advanc'd the *Lowly*; enriched the *Poor*, and impoverished the *Rich*; Shall we now be subjected and ruled by those we employed in our Service, to lead our Armies, to fight our Battels, and to keep our Cities, Town, and Forts? Shall these, I say, Command us, when we, at first, Commanded them? For you well know, the Army that is now in this Kingdom, was Rais'd, Arm'd, and Paid, by our *Order* and *Industry*: for, it was we that combin'd, joyn'd, plotted, and contrived this Warr; and by our *Subtilty*, *Policy*, and *Wisdom*, we made *Factions* and *Divisions*; drawing, thereby, Numbers to our Party; and by our *Ingenuity*, we drain'd their *Purses*, as well as drew their *Persons*, to maintain this Warr: and yet, now, this our Army Disputes with us, and are Disobedient to our Command; nay, they threaten to Overthrow our Counsels, and to put us out of our Authorities, forcing the *Supreme Power* from us; which ought not to be suffer'd, but seri-

ously consider'd, how we may Disband them: for, it is dangerous to let the same Men continue long in Arms, especially *Commanders*; but, it is fit to change their *Commanders* often, lest they may gain so much the *Love* and *Obedience* of their Soldiers, as to make them Absolute. Yet, I leave them all to your Better Judgments.

*A Soldier's Oration concerning the Form of
Government.*

Fellow-Soldiers,

NOW we are Absolute Masters of this Kingdom, having cast out the *Gown-men* out of their Power and Authority; the Question will be, What kind of Government we shall settle this Kingdom in? Whether it shall be *Celestial*, *Aereal*, or *Terrestrial*? The *Celestial* is *Monarchy*: the *Aereal* is *Aristocracy*: the *Terrestrial* is *Democracy*. The *First* is to be govern'd by *One*; the *Second*, by *Few*; the *Third*, by *Many*. The *First* is to be govern'd by a *King*; the *Second*, by *Nobles*; the *Third*, by *Commons*. But, one of these Governments we must settle in, otherwise all the Kingdom will be in a Confusion: for, if there be no *Order* and *Method*, there will be no *Rule* nor *Government*, since every one will do what he list; and then none will take care of any thing; so that
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there will be neither *Tillage* nor *Trade*; and if there be no *Tillage* nor *Trade*, there will be neither *Food* nor *Money*: for, where there is no *Government*, there can be no *Assurance*; and who will take pains for that, they are not sure to keep, or rather I may say, they are sure to lose? Wherefore, some Government we must chuse; and all kinds of Governments are divided into these Three I have mentioned. As for *Democracy*, I like that the worst: for, the Common-
People are not only *Insolent*, when they have Power, Commanding Imperiously, Condemning Unjustly, Advancing Unworthily; but they are so *Inconstant*, that there is no Assurance in them; and so *Foolish*, that they know not what to chuse; only, like little Children, they will be perswaded with a Flattering Tongue, sometimes to Reason; but oftner, against all Reason and Sense. The truth is, though they seem to Govern, yet they are Rul'd by some Particulars; first, by *one*; and then, by *another*: chiefly, by those that can flatter *best*; or rather, *most*; who become Slaves to an Insinuating Tongue. Wherefore, it is no fit Government for us: for, we are *Soldiers*, and not *Pleaders*; we are *Fighters*, and not *Flatterers*. The truth is, that a *Pure Democracy*, is all *Body*, and no *Head*; and an *Absolute Monarchy*, is all *Head*, and no *Body*: whereas *Aristocracy* is both *Head* and *Body*; it is a Select and Proportionable Number, for a Good Government; which Number

ber being united , Represents and Acts as one Man : for, as many men's Voices , agreeing and consenting, make it as one man's Decree; so a Proportionable Number , makes it as One Man's Ruling or Governing. Wherefore, this is the best kind of Government for us; for so all the Chief Commanders in our Army , being united together, may be this whole Person, in this *Aristocratical Government* ; in which, the whole Power of the Kingdom will be in us, and so we may Govern as we shall think good.

Another Soldier's Oration, contrary to the former.

Dear Countrey-men, and Fellow-Soldiers,

VWE are Disputing with our selves, what Government we shall agree upon, whether *Democracy*, or *Aristocracy*, or *Monarchy*; and I perceive you are inclin'd to *Aristocracy*, because that Government gives room for all the Chief Commanders to share in the Government. But give me leave to tell you, That we shall never agree in that Government: for, though we should be *Fellow-Statesmen*, as we be *Fellow-Soldiers*; yet, if we be *Fellow-Governors*, we shall ruine the Commonwealth, and our selves: for, we shall be like a Kingdom divided in it self, which, the *Holy Writ* says, cannot stand.

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So we shall be divided amongst our selves; striving which shall bear sway. Wherefore, I am of opinion, That *Monarchy* is the best and safest Government: for, as there be many *Dangers*, and but one *Courage*; many *Miseries*, and but one *Patience*; many *Appetites*, and but one *Temperance*; many *Injuries* and *Wrongs*, and but one *Justice*; many *Cheatings* and *Cozenages*, and but one *Honesty*; many *Falshoods*, and but one *Truth*; many *Creatures*, and but one *Creator*: so, where are many *Subjects*, there ought to be but one *Governor*, which is a King, and He to have the Sovereign Power.

Another Oration, different from the Two Former.

Fellow-Soldiers,

THE Two former *Orations*, were, one for *Aristocracy*; the other for *Monarchy*: but I am of opinion, to have neither an *Absolute Aristocracy*, nor a *Monarchical Government*; but a Government that shall be mixt of the two former; neither to have it perfect *Monarchy*, nor perfect *Aristocracy*; but mixt of both: for, as the Nobles are as the Head, to Guide, Direct, Rule, and Govern the Common-People, which are as the Body: so a King, or a Chief Governor, is as the Brain to that Head: for,

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without a Brain, the Head would be but an Empty Scull; and without a Head and Brain, the Body would be but as a Senseless Block. Wherefore, a King or Chief Ruler, joyn'd to a Grand Council, is the best Government of all: for, the Grand Council, is the Eyes, Ears, Nose, Mouth, and Tongue, for, and in the Commonwealth, to spye out *Errors*, to see *Advantages*, to hear *Complaints*, to smell out *Dangers*, and to Advise, Counsel, and speak *for*, and *of* that, which will be best for the Commonwealth: The *King*, as the Brain, is to consider, reason, judg, approve, and conclude of what the Council hath seen, observed, heard, found, and spoken. Wherefore, let us chuse out one amongst us, to make an Elective King, and he to give Judgment, drawing all the severall Opinions, Debates, and Disputes, to a Conclusion; otherwise, we shall have a Division amongst us; for, we shall Reason and Discourse of *many* things, but Conclude not *any*.

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An Oration, which is a Refusal of an Absolute Power.

Kind Countrey-men,

YOU have exprest not only your Good Opinion of me, but your Extraordinary Love, by the Honour you intend me, in making me your *Absolute Governor and Ruler*; which is, to be your *King in Effect*, though not in *Name*. Which Honour, I neither *desire*, nor *deserve*: for, I never did my Countrey so much Service, as to merit such an Honour: neither have I those Abilities or Capacities of *Knowledge, Understanding, Ingenuity, and Experience*, that are required for to Manage and Govern a Kingdom; and to conform the divers and different Humours, Extravagant Appetites, Unruly Passions, Various Dispositions, and Inconstant Natures, of a Numerous People, and Head-strong Multitude, to a *Setled Order*, and *Obedience*: for, they are apter to *set up*, and *pull down* Authority, than to *obey* it. But, had I those *Abilities*, and *Wisdom* to govern, that are necessary; and were the whole Nation ready and willing to obey, and industrious and careful to perform all my Commands, and were devoted wholly to my Rule and Government; yet, considering the Trouble, and continual Labour, in the Employment and Affairs of State, and the Cares

and Perturbations in the Mind, concerning the *Maritime*, *Martial*, and *Judicial Affairs*; as also, the *Civil*, *Common*, and *Canonical*; besides, the *Forrein* and *Home-Affairs*, as *Trade* and *Intelligence*, and the like; I should not willingly take upon me that Power: for, a Kingly Power, is a Slavish Life, especially if he Governs as he ought to do, and is the Chief Actor and Overseer himself, not trusting those Affairs to the Government and Ordering of some whom he favours, keeping only the *Name* and *Title* to Himself, quitting the *Labour* and *Trouble*, to others: for, he will not have much Spare-time for Himself, either for Soul or Body. The truth is, A Good Governor is to be a *Trusty*, *Industrious*, *Laborious*, *Royal Slave*: but, if he be a *Tyrant*, he enslaves the People. And though I am willing to take any Pains, and to employ all my Time; nay, to lose my Life or Liberty, for the Sake or Service of my Countrey: yet, by reason I am not capable to Govern, nor fit to Rule so large a Nation, and so many People, I cannot take this great Charge upon me, but most humbly desire you to excuse Me, and chuse some other who may better deserve it, and may more wisely Govern it, that it may flourish in it self, with *Peace* and *Plenty*, and be Renowned and Famed through all the World. To which end, let me advise you To chuse one that is Born a King, and Bred a King, who will Rule and Govern Magnificently,

cently, Majestically, Heroically, as a King ought to do.

*An Oration concerning Disorders, Rebellion, and
Change of Governments.*

Dear Countrey-men,

YOU know well, without my repeating, that *Monarchy* is a Government of *One*; *Aristocracy*, of *Some*; and a *Republick*, of *Most*, or rather, *All*. Also, you have found, by Woful Experience, that this Kingdom hath been tofs'd from one sort of Government to another; and is now so exhausted, that it is almost expir'd. It was, at first, *Monarchical*; wherein, a long Peace, Flattery, Vanity, and Prodigality, got into the *Monarchical Court*, which caused *Poverty*, and so *Injustice*; (for, *Poverty* and *Necessity*, is, at all times, a *Page* to *Prodigality*) which caused the Selling of all Offices and Places of Judicature: for, those that *buy dear*, are forced to *sell dear*: and this caused Exactions and Extortions; besides Bribes given and taken; insomuch, that no Justice was done, for Justice sake, but Bribe's sake; and they who gave the greatest Bribes, had their Suit or Cause judged of their side, whether Right or Wrong: nay, many Judges and Officers, were so ignorant, that they knew not how to judg rightly, or execute

any Publick Affairs, as they should have done, had they a will to do Honestly: but, how should they do either Wisely, Knowingly, or Honestly, being not chosen for *Parts*, *Abilities*, *Understanding*, or *Merit*; but, by *paying so much Money*? This Fault in Government, was a *Great Grievance*. Also, *Monopolizers* Ingross'd *several*, and almost *all* Commodities in the Kingdom, heightning their Price as they pleased; which hindred the General Trade and Traffick: and this was another *Great Grievance*. Also, there were Great Taxes laid upon the Kingdom, which was another Grievance. Moreover, Needy Poor Courtiers, would *beg* that which ought not to be *granted*; or accuse some Rich men, to get some of their Estates; at least, to get a Bribe to be freed. All which, begot such Dislike and Hatred, that the whole Kingdom Rebell'd with such a Fury, that they pull'd down *Monarchy*; and, after much Blood was spilt in the Warr, they set up a *Republick*; in which Government, the Commons chose the Magistrates and Officers of State; for which, the Commons were grossly flattered by the Nobler Sort: which Vice of *Flattery*, became a Studied and Practis'd Art; by which the Chief men became most Elegant and Eloquent Orators, every man striving to out-speak each other. But this Practise and Strife, begat *Ambition* and *Envy*, in the Better Sort, and *Pride* in the Commons; which *Pride* was heightned,

ned by their Power, to make Peace or Warr; to chuse Magistrates and Officers; to Pull down or Advance, to give Life or Death, to Banish or Recall, to Condemn or Reprieve; and all this Power, lay in their *Voices*. O Powerful Voice of a Headless Monster! This Power caused the Brainless People to be so Proud, and withall, so Envious and Malicious to those men that had Merit and Worth, having none themselves, that they would often Banish, if not put to Death, their Generous Nobles, Valiant Commanders, and Wise Magistrates; as also, those that were more Rich than their Neighbours. Besides, they would Advance Mean and Worthless men, such as were of their own Degree and Quality, to Places and Offices of Dignity; which discontented the Nobles; and that *Discontent*, bred a Faction betwixt the Commons and Nobles; which Faction being encreas'd by the Friends of the Banished or Executed Persons, brought forth a Civil-Warr: long was the Strife, but at last the Nobles got the Better; and then the State, or Government, became *Aristocracy*: in which Government, for some time, they liv'd lovingly, and govern'd justly and orderly: but, by reason *Aristocracy* is a Government of *some* of the Nobles, and not of *one*, they could not long agree, every one striving to be Chief, and most Powerful; insomuch, that, through Envy and Ambition, they would cross and oppose each other:
for,

for, some would keep Peace with their Neighbours; others would make Warr; and some would have such or such Laws made; others would not: some would have some old Laws abolished, or dissolved; others would oppose them. Neither was Justice executed as it ought: for, some would *punish* those, that others would *save*: some would *reward* those that others would disgrace. Thus every one was striving for Supreme Power, although they did hinder one another; and by the means of *Doing* and *Undoing*, *Decreeing* and *Opposing*, the People could not tell to whom to address their Suits, Causes, and Grievances: for, what one spake for, another would speak against; till at last, by their pulling several ways, the *Aristocratical* Government broke in pieces; and then those Nobles set up each one for himself; and so there came another Civil-Warr. Long was that Warr: for, sometimes one had the better, and then another; and sometimes two or three Sides would join against the rest; and then, most against one: but now, at last, being weary with Warr, yet they know not how to agree in a Peace; insomuch, that we have neither Warr, nor yet Peace, nor any settled Government. The truth is, the Kingdom is like a *Chaos*, or *Confused Substance*; and there is no way to bring it to an Orderly Form, but to have a Native King, to bring *Light* out of *Darkness*, that we may see our own *Errors*, and Reform our *Faults*, and
hereafter

hereafter live happily under the Government of a Good and Wise King: Which I pray the gods to send you.

An Oration to a Discontented People.

Noble Citizens, and Dear Countrey-men,

AFter many Disorders, several Governments, Cruel Warrs, much Losses, and almost Absolute Ruine, we desire to associate and agree in a Peace with our First Government, which was *Monarchy*; a Government our Fore-fathers chose for the best. But our *Natures* (I may say, *Mankind*) are so restless, that we are never contented with what we have, were it the best: for, should the gods Reign and Rule visibly upon Earth, we should find Fault, and be apt to Murmur, if not Rebel, against them: Wherefore, I fear, we shall never continue long in Peace; if a Celestial Power cannot perswade us, a Terrestrial will never be able to keep us in Order: for, if Mankind desire to be above the gods, a Fellow-creature will never be satisfied with any Power, nor will the rest of men ever be satisfied with any Government; so that we shall never live in a Setled Peace in this World, nor dwell Peaceably, but in the Grave; nor ever be happily govern'd, but by that Grim and Great Monarch, *Death*.

R r

An

An Oration , in complaint of the Former.

Noble Citizens , and Dear Countrey-men ,

THE former Orator's *Oration* , although it was *short* , yet it was *sharp*: for, though it was but a *Dagger for length* , yet it was a *Sword for death* ; for, he partly perswaded men to dye *voluntarily* , and to dwell in the Grave *peaceably*: A Cruel Perswasion, and a Wicked one: for, Death is the Punishment of Sin: And shall we embrace our *Punishment* , without Hopes of *Redemption*? Shall we dye , before a *Repentance* and *Amendment*? But surely he believes, That after this Life, there is none other. But, that is more than he knows, or can prove: for, I am confident, he hath no Intelligence from Death: for, Death is so obscure, that there is not any that goes to her , which ever returns from her , into this World. But, setting aside the former *Orator* , and his *Oration* , give me leave to tell you , That you are in the way of being Happy , in that you are resolved to agree peaceably , under a *Monarchical Government* , and to have a King , who shall have Absolute Government: which Government , King , and Power , is a Type of Heaven , God , and his Omnipotency; and I hope , we shall all prove as Angels and Saints. Which I pray God to grant , that we may live in *Unity* , *Peace* , and *Love*.

An

*An Oration or Speech of a King to his Subjects.**Beloved Subjects,*

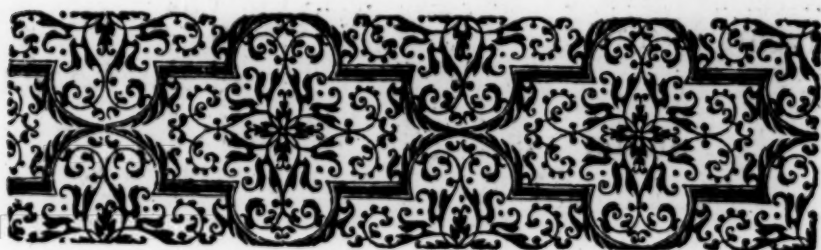
AND I hope you will prove such; you are return'd to your *Obedience*, and I to my *Rights*, after a long Absence the one from the other: but, since your *Loyalty*, and my *Royalty* have been parted, we were never *happy*; nay, we were never out of *mifery*: and, Whose Fault was it, that caused such Miseries? You, in the time of Rebellion, laid the Fault on *Me*; and I, on *you*; which was a sign we were of either side, guilty; but of your side, most; for, though a King may err in his *Government*, yet a People err more in their *Rebellion*: for, the greatest Tyrant that ever was, was never so Destroying or Cruel, as a Rebellion, or Civil-Warr; for this makes a Dissolution, whereas the other makes but some Interruptions. But, now we have found our Errors, we shall mend our Faults; I in *Governing*, you in *Obeying*: and I pray the gods to bless us with *Industry* and *Uniformity*, *Unity* and *Love*, *Plenty* and *Tranquillity*; that this Kingdom and People may flourish in all Ages, and have a Glorious Fame throughout the World.

*An Oration of a General, to his Chief
Commanders.*

Fellow-Soldiers, and Gallant Commanders,

I Have required this Assembly at this time, to persuade you to practise both *Riding* and *Fencing*, when you have spare-time from *Fighting*: for, it is impossible you should atchieve any Brave or Extraordinary Actions, by your Single Persons, in the Day of Battel, unless you be Excellent and Skilful in the Manage of your *Horses*, and in the Use of your *Swords*: for, your *Horses* well Managed, and well Rid, shall not only overthrow your Opposites (Man and Horse) that are ignorant in the Art; but any one of you will be able to disorder an Enemies Troop. 'Tis true, an Ignorant Horse-Commander, hath less Assurance than a Foot-Commander: besides, it is a double Labour, and requires a double Art, to Manage a *Horse*, and to use a *Sword*, skilfully at one time: but then, he hath a double Advantage, if he can Ride well, and hath a good Managed Horse, that obeys well the *Hand* and the *Heel*; that can tell how to Turn, or to Stop on the *Hanches*; or to go Forward, or Sideways, and the like. The truth is, a good Horse-man, although not so well skill'd in the Use of the *Sword*, shall have advantage of an Ignorant Horse-man, although well skill'd

skill'd in the Use of the *Sword*: but, to know both Arts, is best for a good Horse-Soldier. As for Foot-Commanders, they must chiefly, if not only, practise the use of the *Sword*; for it is the *Sword* that makes the greatest Execution: for, though neither *Horse* nor *Sword*, is either *Defensive*, or *Offensive*, against Cannon-Bullets; yet, they are both Useful against Bodies of men: for, all sorts of Bullets, either from Cannons, Musquets, or Pistols, will miss ten times, for *bitting* once: whereas an Army joyn-ing so close, as to fight hand to hand, the *Sword* is the Chief and Prime Executor: insomuch, that a *Sword* Skilfully or Artificially used, hath the Advantage over the Strength of Clowns, or their Clubs, or the Butt-ends of their Musquets. Wherefore, a Compleat Soldier should be as knowing, and well-practised in the Use of the *Sword*, and the Management of his *Horse*, as in Drawing up a Body of men, or Setting or Pitching an Army in Battel-Array: for, by the fore-mentioned Arts, you will make a great Slaughter, and a quicker Dispatch to Victory, and gain a great Renown or Fame to each particular Person, to be so well Bred or Taught to be *Horse-men* and *Sword-men*.



SCHOLASTICAL ORATIONS.

PART XV.

A Sleepy Speech to Students.

Fellow-Students,

VHo *study to think, and think, to dream:*
As there are Three sorts of Worlds,
so there are Three kinds or sorts of Life,
viz. The *Material, Poetical, and*
Drowsie World; and the *Dreaming, Contemplative,*
and *Active Life;* but, of all these Three Worlds,
and Three Lives, the *Drowsie World, and Dream-*
ing Life, is most wonderful: for, it is a Life in Death,
and a Death in Life. And this *Drowsie World, and*
Dreaming Life, is a Type of an Unknown World,
and an Unknown Life: for, *Sleep* is a Type of *Death;*
and

and *Dreaming*, is a Type of the Rewards and Punishments in the other World. Good Dreams, are like the Rewards for the Blessed; and Bad Dreams are like Punishments for the Wicked: the one receives *Pleasure* and *Joy*; the other, *Fear* and *Torments*, and these *Joys*, *Pleasures*, *Fears*, and *Torments*; are as sensible to the Senses, and as apparent to the Understanding and Knowledg, as when awake. Also, *Memory* and *Remembrance*, and the same Appetites and Satisfactions, are as perfect in Dreams, as when awake; the Passions of the Mind as *forcible*, the Natural Dispositions and Humours, as *various*; the Will as *obstinate*, the Judgment as *deep*, the Wit as *quick*, the Observation as *serious*, Reason as *rational*, Conception as *subtil*, Courage as *daring*, Justice as *upright*, Prudence as *wary*, Temperance as *sparing*, Anger as *violent*, Love as *kind*, Fear as *great*, Hopes and Doubts as *many*, Joys as *full*, Hate as *deadly*, Faith as *strong*, Charity as *pitiful*, and Devotions as *zealous*, in perfect Dreams, as Awake. Also, they are as Uncharitable, Wicked, Foolish, Cowardly, Base, Deboist, Furious, and the like, in perfect Dreams, as Awake: but, Dreams in Sleeping-Senses, are shorter than the Actions of Waking-Senses, and not so permanent: for, they suddenly fade; and their sudden fading, oftentimes, makes a Confusion, and more Disorder, than in the Waking and Active Life. But, to speak of the Sleep-

Unities. In short, It is a World that is extracted out of Infinite Wit, Ingeniofity, Judgment, Experiences, Understanding, Knowledg, and Good Nature, it is the Heaven; and Contemplation is the Spiritual Life, in this *Poetical World*.

Of Parts and Wholes.

Fellow-Students,

THE Question in the Schools, at this time, is, *Whether a Part taken from a Whole, remains a Part after the Dividing or Separating; or becomes a Whole of it self, when it is Divided?* Some are of Opinion, That after a Part is divided from the Whole, it is no longer a Part of such a Whole, either of Figure, or Matter; but is a Whole of it self. But if it be as we believe, that the Bodies of Men shall have a Resurrection; which cannot be, unless the severall Divided, Separated, and Dispersed Parts, with their Joyning and Consistent Motions and Essential Powers, shall meet and joyn to make the Whole Body. Which proves, That although Parts be separated, yet they are Parts of such or such a Whole Body or Figure; and that they remain distinctly in Nature, as Parts to such a Body; otherwise they could not return, at the Resurrection, so readily, to compose the Whole, by the joyning and uniting of

T t

every

every Part, into One Whole Body. But to conclude; As all Creatures are Parts of Infinite Matter; so the divided Parts of every Creature, are Parts of the Whole Figure or Body of every Creature: and, as there is Infinite Matter, so Infinite Creatures, and Infinite Parts, and Infinite Figures of every, and *in* every Part and Whole.

Another of the same Subject.

Fellow-Students,

THE former Student endeavours to prove, *That Parts pertain to their Wholes.* And I will endeavour to prove, *That Wholes pertain to Parts, as much as Parts pertain to Wholes:* for, there can be no Whole without Parts, nor no Part without a Whole: but howsoever, all Parts and Wholes of every Creature, were *from* all Eternity; and so consequently, shall be *to* all Eternity: for, as they *were*, so they *will be*: for, if such Matter, Motions, Powers, Creatures, Parts, and Figures, had not been formerly in Nature, it would not, nor could not be in Nature's Power, at this time, to produce them. But some might question, *What Nature is?* I answer, That Nature is Matter, Motion, and Figure. Then some might question, *What Power Nature hath?* It may be answered, Nature hath Power to *Create*, and *Uncreate*. Again, others

others might ask, *Who gave Nature that Power?* It may be answer'd, That Nature's Power proceeds from *Infinite*, and *Eternity*; and that it is not a Gift. And some may question, *How Infinite, and Eternity, came?* But, that is such an *infinite Question*, as is not to be answer'd: for, whatsoever is *Infinite* and *Eternal*, is GOD; which is Something that cannot be Described or Conceived; nor Prescribed or Bound: for, it hath neither Beginning nor Ending.

Of the S O U L.

Fellow-Students,

THE Argument at this time, is to prove, *Whether the Soul be A Thing, or Nothing; a Substance, or no Substance.* Some of our *Fellow-Students* endeavour to prove the Soul to be *Nothing*, and *no Substance*, but, as they call it, an *Incorporeal Thing*, because it alters or forms every thing to its own *Likeness*, or as it pleases: for, (say they) *whatsoever the Senses bring Corporeal, the Soul makes Incorporeal.* But it may be answered, That Fire makes all things, or at least, most Things or Substances, like it self, so long as it works on Combustible Matter: and, Shall we say, or can we believe, that Fire is an *Incorporeal thing*, because it transforms most things into its own *Likeness*? Wherefore, my Opinion is, That the Soul is a *Sub-*

stance; yet such a *Substance*, that it is the Rarest and Purest *Substance* in Nature; which makes it so apt to ascend, and to make the Brain its Residing-place: It is the *Celestial* Part of Man; whereas the Body is but the *Terrestrial* Part.

A Speech concerning Studies.

Fellow-Students,

WE *Study* to *Argue*; and *Argue* to *Study*: for, the chief Design of our *Study*, is only to dispute, either by the *Tongue*, or *Pen*, or both: but, all Disputes are more full of *Contradictions*, than *Informations*; and all *Contradictions*, confound the Sense and Reason; at least, obstruct the Understanding, and delude the Judgment: for, it keeps the one from a *clear Insight*; and the other, from a *settled Conclusion*: so that we argue, rather to make our selves *Fools*, than to make our selves *Wise*.

Another of the same Subject.

Fellow-Students,

THE former *Student* speaks against *Arguing* and *Disputing*; and so, in effect, against *Study* and *Learning*. But, To what purpose should we *Study* or *Learn*, if we did not inform each other, of our
Con-

Conceptions; or at least, of our Opinions, which are bred or learned by our Studies. Also, What Advantage should VVise, or Subtil, or Eloquent Orators, or great School-men have, if they had not Studious Disciples to Follow them, Admire, Praise, and Imitate them? But, as it is Honourable to be Learn'd; so it is VVise, to Learn: for, Knowledge is gotten by *Information*; and the best Informers are, *Wise Books*; which Books must first be read and studied, before they can be understood. Also, *Arguing* and *Disputing*, is a great Encrease of Knowledge: for, it distinguisheth *Truth* from *Falshood*, clears the Understanding, quickens the VVit, and Refines the Language. It exercises the Memory, makes the Tongue voluble, and the Speech tunable: and, if it were not for *Study*, *Learning*, and *Practice*, there would neither be *Religion*, *Law*, nor *Justice*; neither would there be *Preachers*, *Pleaders*, nor *General Orators*: for, should *Study* be neglected, and *Arguments rejected*, Men would, in time, degenerate their Kind, from being Men, to be like *Beasts*: whereas *Learning* makes Men *Divine*, and to resemble *GOD* and *Nature*, in Knowledge and Understanding. Also, it makes Men, in some things *Creators*, viz. in *Conceptions*, *Imaginations*, *Fancies*, *Arts*, and *Sciences*.

Another, concerning the same Subject.

Fellow-Students,

THE former *Student* contradicted the first *Students* Speech; and if I should contradict this Second *Student's* Speech, as he did the first, it would be the Perfect Figure, Picture, or Character of *Controversie*, and *Controversers*: and if every *Disputant* or *Arguer*, should contradict each other, in time there would be a great Confusion, not only in the Schools, but in the Minds of men; and not only in the Minds, but in the Souls of Men: for, if every *Controverser*, or *Disputer*, were of a several Opinion, and those Opinions should be concerning *Religion*, there would be more several *Religions*, than the SON of GOD, as He was MAN, could Decide or Judg at the Last Day. But, all *Controversies* in *Divinity*, are apt to breed *Atheism*. Wherefore, it were very necessary, that all Divine Scholars, or Scholars in *Divinity*, should agree on One Ground, and Substantial Belief; otherwise the World, in time, will be Confounded in *Factions*, and Damned through *Atheism*.

An

Another, concerning the same Subject.

Fellow-Students,

OUR former *Fellow in Learning*, perswades us to an Impossibility; which is, *That all men should agree in one Opinion, or Belief.* But, how can that be? Since *by*, and *in* Nature, all men, especially Scholars, are so Opinative and Conceited of their own Wit and Judgment; that every man thinks himself as Wise as his Neighbour; and that his Opinion may be as probable, and his Belief as well-grounded, as another man's. And they have reason: for, Why may not I think I am as Wise as another? and, Why may not another think himself as Wise as I? and yet be both of different Opinions. And, though our Opinions be *different*; yet, our Degrees of Judgment may be *equal*: for, I do not perceive that Nature hath made any One Man, to transcend All other Men in Wisdom: for, Nature's Gifts are *general*, and not *particular*. And if any one should say, He is inspired from Heaven; How can we believe him, since we cannot tell whether he be so, or not? Also, it is as difficult to find out another man to judge of his *Inspiration*, as to know whether he be *inspired*. Wherefore, to conclude; All mankind will never agree about one Teacher or Judge; and so cannot be of one Opinion, or Belief.

An

Another, of the same Subject.

Fellow-Students,

WE complain of the Differences in our Arguments, Disputes, and Opinions; but we never complain of the Subjects of our Studies, Arguments, or Disputes: for, we spend our *Time*, and wear out our *Lives* in our Studies and Discourses, to prove *Something*, *Nothing*: Witness *Motions*, *Notions*, *Thoughts*, and the like: nay, all Scholars and Students, endeavour to make, or at least, persuade us to believe, That our Rational Souls are *Nothing*, being Incorporeal; which is, to have a Being, but not the Substance of a Body: which is as impossible, as to be a Body, and no Body. Also, they endeavour to make the Matter of the Universe to be *Nothing*, viz. that it is made of *Nothing*, and shall return to *Nothing*. The worst of all, is, that they dispute so Elevating, as to make all *Divinity*, like a *Logistical Egg*, which is, *Nothing*. But, if they could make *Sin* and *Punishment*, *Nothing*, their Arguments would be *Something*: whereas now; their Arguments are *Empty Words*, without Sense or Reason; only fit for Fools to believe, and Wise men to laugh at. But I wish, that our *Studies* and *Arguments* may be such, as to *benefit* our *Lives*; and not such, as to *confound* our *Saving-belief*.

FINIS.

